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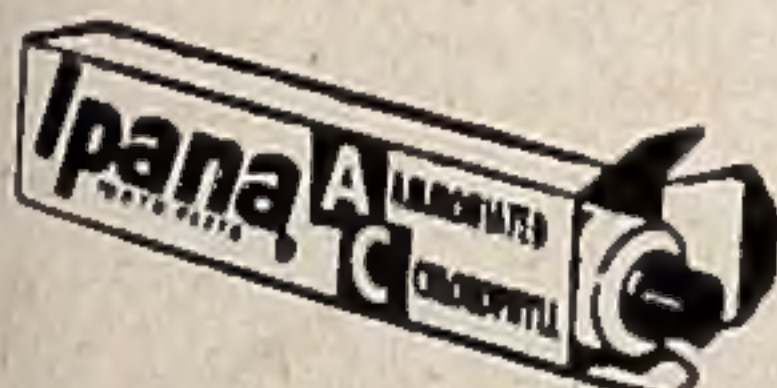
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FIRE**



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WITH

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THE HOLLYWOOD STORY

BY SHIRLEY THOMAS
NBC's Hollywood Correspondent

For the past few days the young man had been brooding.

Maybe he should have stayed in the Army. There your decisions were made for you. But even he had to laugh at that one. He went back over some of the decisions he had made in the Army—Split-second conclusions, decisions that affected his life and those of his comrades. No decisions in the Army? That was a joke.

But those decisions seemed easy now. They didn't involve going back on a promise you had made to yourself and had sworn to keep; they didn't mean swallowing your pride; they didn't mean exposing yourself to a strange new world where you felt ill at ease and out of place. He wouldn't do it—and that was final.

And yet there was his brother, who asked him to do it; there were his friends. He'd do most anything in the world for them, if only it didn't require that he return to Hollywood. He'd had it. He remembered it all too well. The weeks he had sat around, collecting a salary, doing nothing. Speech lessons, voice lessons, acting and singing and walking and fencing—and all the time he felt like a fool. He appreciated everything they were doing for him and he knew he could act certain parts—roles that were close to his own experience.

He'd never make the grade as a Shakespearean performer and he would never feel at home in some of those costume pictures. But put him in a
continued on page 6



Tomorrow, the deadliest mission ... tonight, the greatest love!

Two of today's most exciting stars teamed in a love story you'll remember forever!

William Holden
as Lt. Brubaker, who'd
done more than
his share!



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followed her man
to the ends of the earth!



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as Mike, the 'copter
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and fearlessness!

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Screenplay by VALENTINE DAVIES • From the Novel by James A. Michener • A Paramount Picture

WORLD PREMIERE AT NEW YORK'S RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
AND SOON IN LEADING THEATRES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY!

Continued

Western setting that he knew well or an action picture and he might get by. Finally, bored to death with all the lessons, tired of the inaction, of testing for parts he never got, he threw up his hands and headed for home.

Back home he toyed with the idea of going into some business for himself. And then his friends had told him of a movie. The profits would go to the Variety Clubs, would help them build more boys' clubs, more orphanages—like the one where his brother had stayed and had been given such excellent care.

Since coming back from the war, he had read enough and seen enough to know what juvenile delinquency meant. Hundreds, maybe thousands, of boys might be guided in the proper path with the money from the movie.

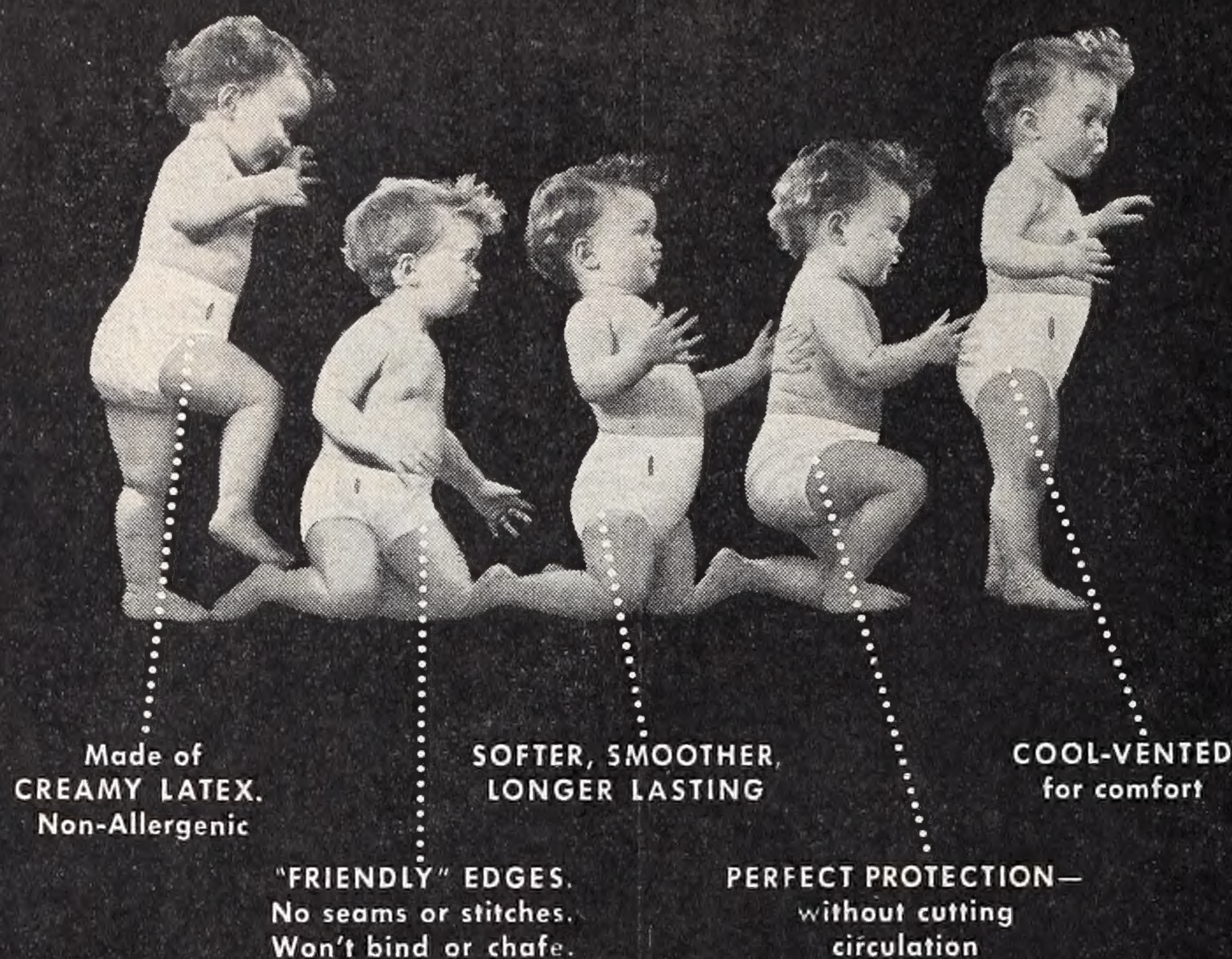


This decision was made for him

Okay, so he'd eat a little crow. It wasn't a dish he liked, but he could get it down. After all, it was just for one picture. So the young man said yes to the deal and returned to Hollywood. "Bad Boy" was a hit and he signed with Universal-International, which gave him the kind of parts, like *Destry*, he could play—and that made him a star. In helping others, he helped himself. That's why the decision to do "one for his brother" will always be remembered by AUDIE MURPHY.

THE END

Listen to Shirley Thomas from Hollywood on NBC Radio in the Pacific coast area at 5:30 P.M., PST Sundays. Also to Shirley Thomas Reports on Weekend, 3-5 P.M., EST Sundays, over NBC Radio. Consult your local newspaper for time and station.



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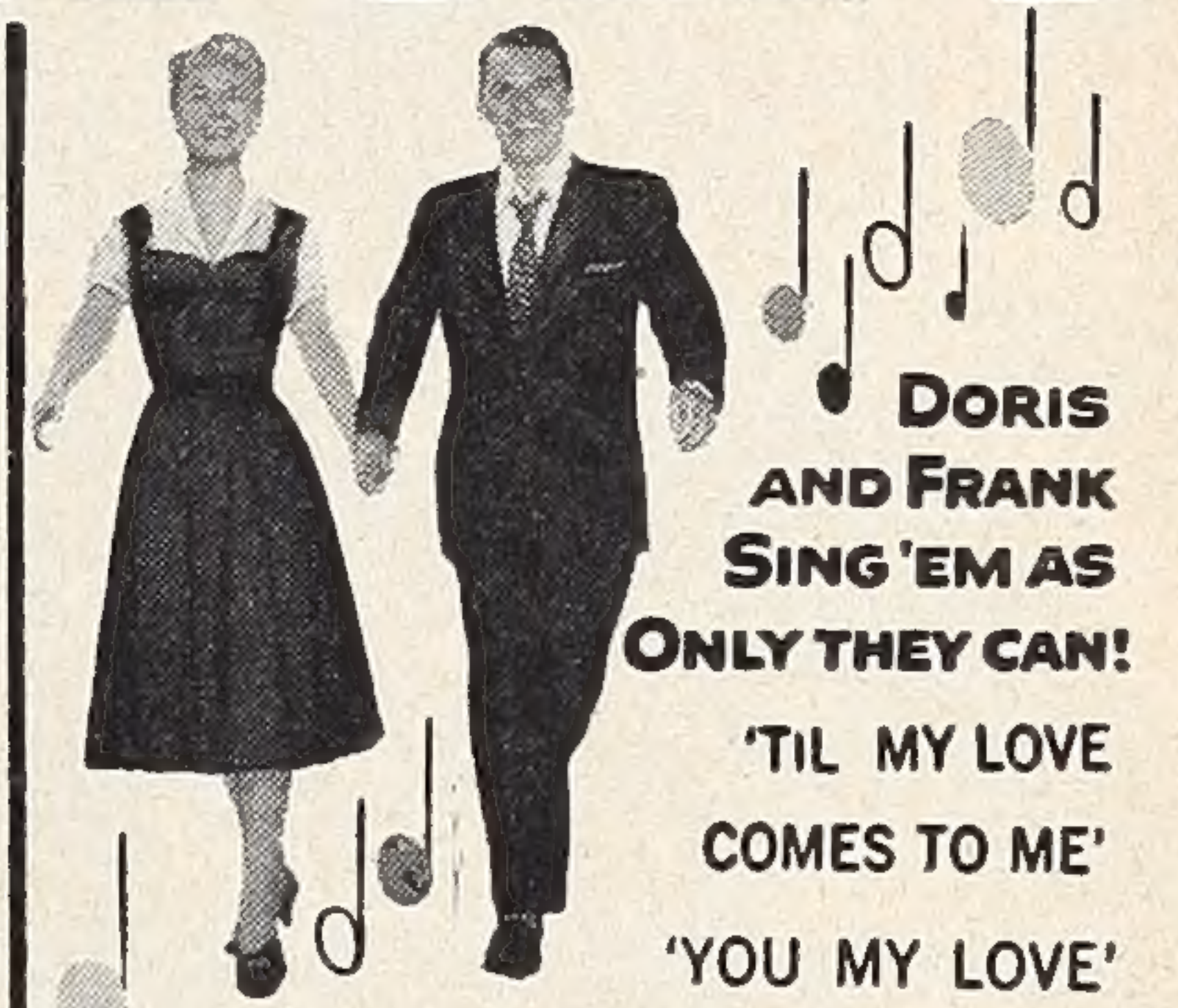
DORIS DAY AND FRANK SINATRA

mad
for
each
other
and
singing
their
hearts
out
for
you

in

"Young at Heart"

WARNERCOLOR



DORIS
AND FRANK
SING 'EM AS
ONLY THEY CAN!

'TIL MY LOVE
COMES TO ME'

'YOU MY LOVE'

'JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS'

'ONE FOR MY BABY'

'SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME'

'YOUNG AT HEART'

'HOLD ME IN YOUR ARMS'

'THERE'S A RISING MOON'

'READY WILLING AND ABLE'



*Nobody knew what
Barney would do next—
and she didn't care,
just so he did it
with her!*

Another
sensation-role
for Sinatra,
dream-teamed
with Doris and
presented
by WARNER
BROS!



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GIG YOUNG



ETHEL BARRYMORE



DOROTHY MALONE

SCREEN PLAY BY JULIUS J. EPSTEIN AND LENORE COFFEE • PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR AN ARWIN PRODUCTION • PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE DIRECTED BY GORDON DOUGLAS • PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

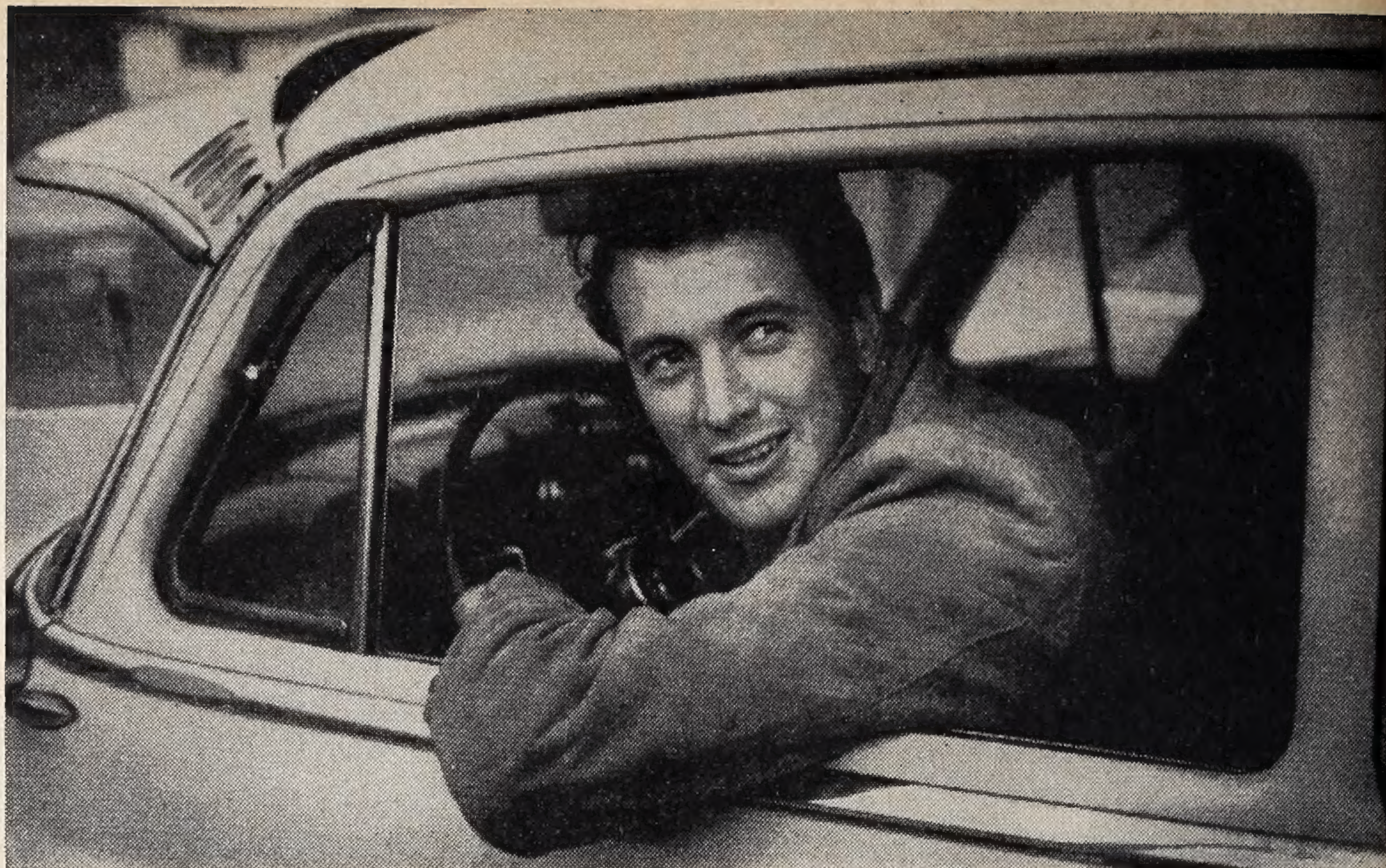
AND WATCH FOR WARNER BROS' SPECTACULAR FILMING OF THOMAS B. COSTAIN'S FAMED BEST-SELLER
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There's one sure way to rile Rock—start a rumor

IMPERTINENT INTERVIEW

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

"How do you like being coupled romantically with girls that are simply friends?" I asked Rock Hudson. The question was prompted by the many magazine and gossip column items linking Rock romantically with the Countess Maria Cicogne, Betty Abbott, Phyllis Gates, Joan Crawford and many more.

Rock was quite vehement. "I hate rumors of any kind—about myself or about anyone else," he told me. "It's kid stuff. The stories are so ridiculous and so unnecessary. All a reporter has to do with me if he wants the truth is to pick up the phone and call me. The studio will always put him through to me, if he is an accredited Hollywood correspondent. And I will always level with him—or her."

As an example of how even the most innocent-appearing rumors can become ridiculous, and sometimes even ugly, Rock cited the instance of the studio publicity man who wanted to find an easy way of turning down a television producer's request. He asked the studio to let Rock do a personal appearance on tv to plug Rock's new movie and, incidentally, the producer's product. The publicity man took a deep breath, reached 'way out, and then said to the producer, "Rock has put on an awful lot of weight in the past few months and is too fat to appear on tv." The producer passed the publicity man's tall one along to a newspaperman. The newspaperman could have easily ascertained that Rock, all six-foot-four of him, weighed a lean-and-lanky 187 pounds at the time; instead he went ahead and printed Rock was fat, comparing the star to Mario Lanza. The tv

show was called off because of the rumor and a producer at M-G-M giving credence to the falsehood, was talked out of trying to borrow Rock from his home studio, U-I, for a big movie.

"That was bad enough," Rock said, "but not long after that incident a columnist printed a story that Betty Abbott caught me dining in a restaurant in Ireland with the Countess Maria Cicogne and became so infuriated at finding us together that she flew back to America! May I tell you the real truth about this incident—and also the true sequence of events? It goes like this:

"A few days after we finished shooting 'Captain Lightfoot' in Ireland I threw a dinner party for Betty, who'd been script girl on the picture, and Barbara Rush, the film's co-star, at Les Ambassadeurs, a London club. Betty flew back to Hollywood. Her job was finished. The studio wanted her back in Hollywood to work on another picture there.

"Not long after that I visited Venice and met the Countess Maria. It was in Venice that I dined with the Countess. So how could Betty have caught us dining out together when Betty had long since gone home? As for a romance with the Countess, there was none."

Rock is always amazed at each new rumor. That's because he is so honest with himself. There is one rumor, however, that he kind of enjoys. That's the one, and this I must confess I passed along to him at the end of our very pleasant interview, that he's rumored to be one of the brightest and longest reigning stars in the Hollywood heavens.

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"How dare you intrude!" Amelie shouted. Then she recognized Richard and her eyes softened. (Lord Vanity)

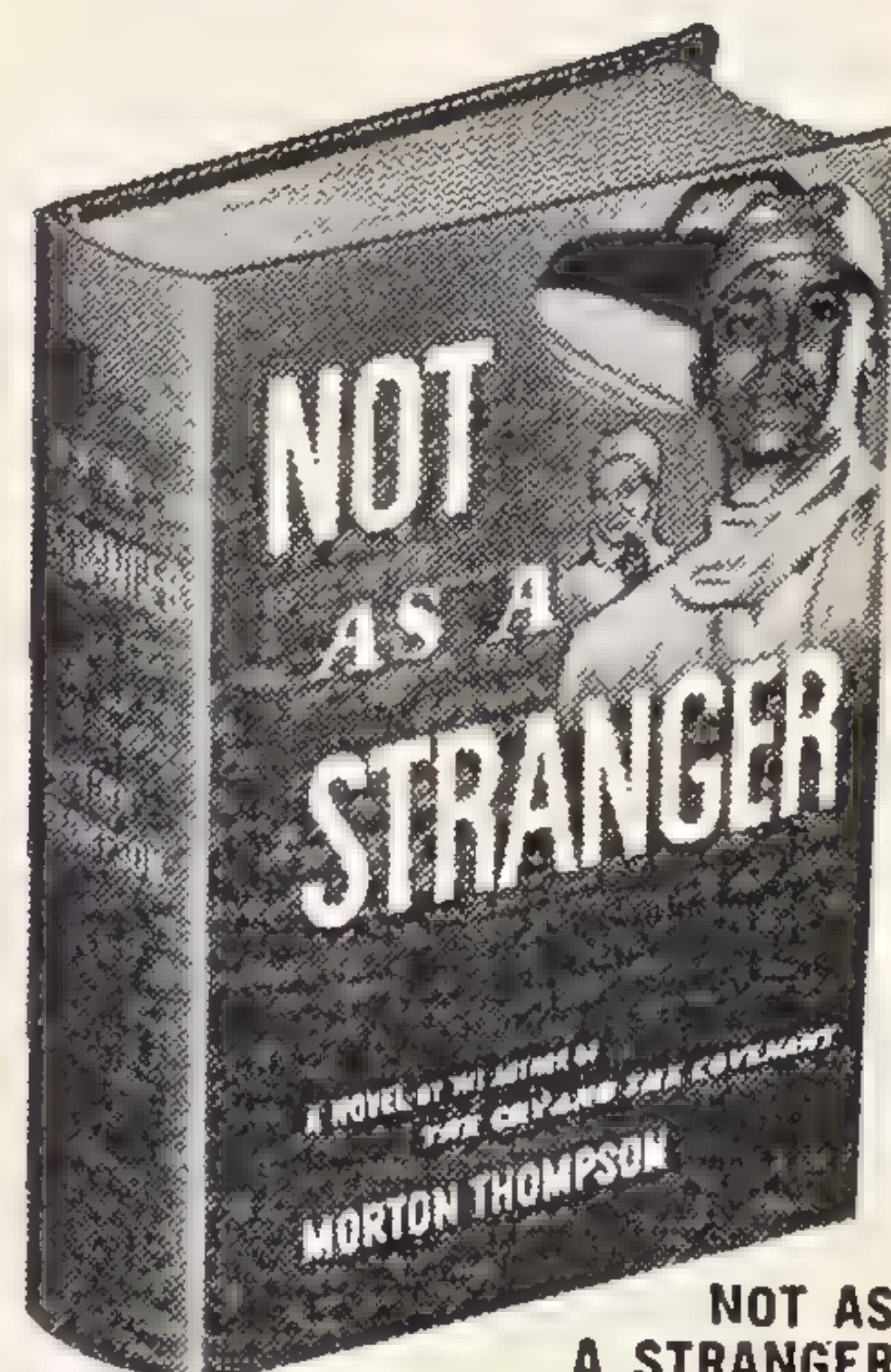
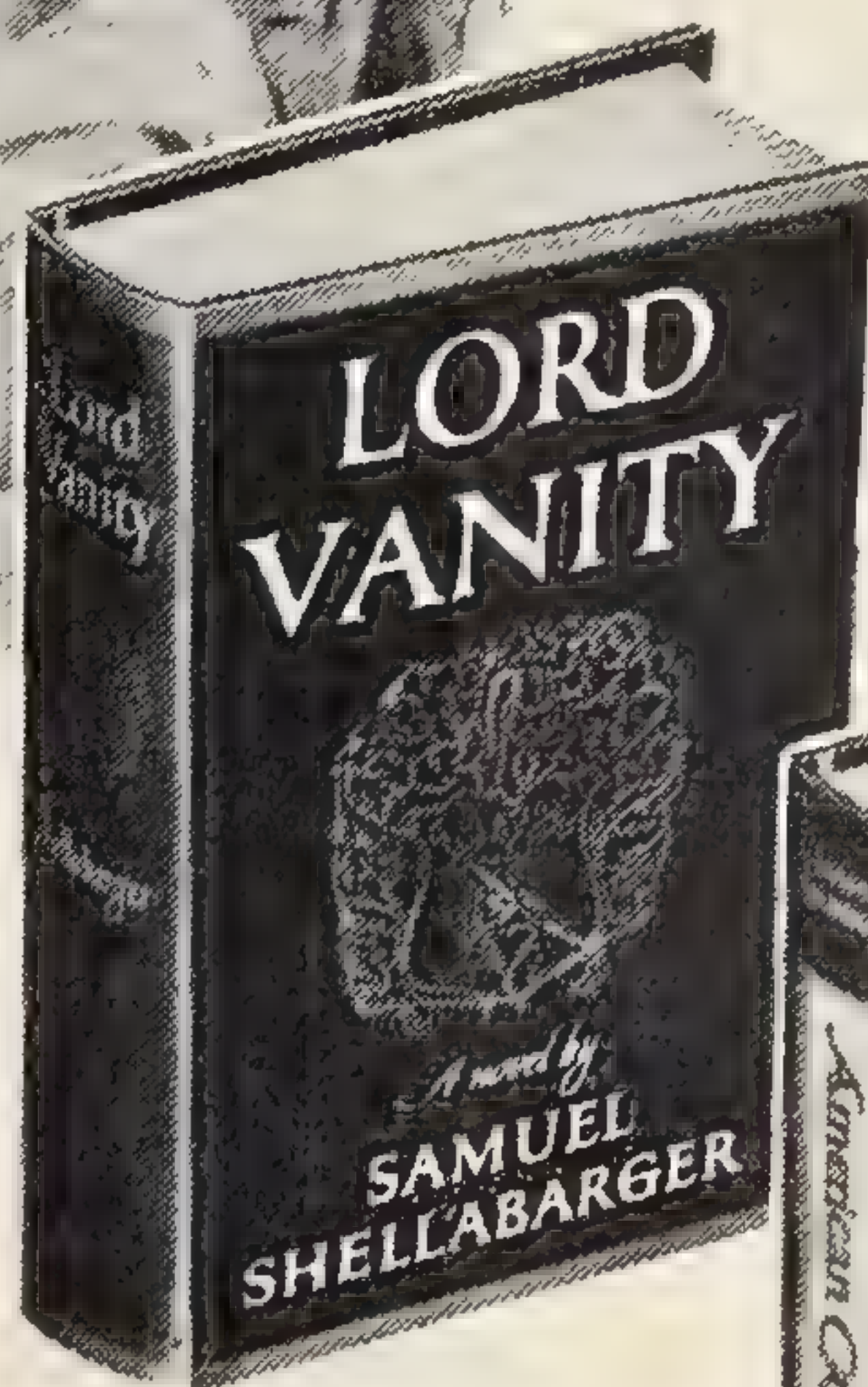
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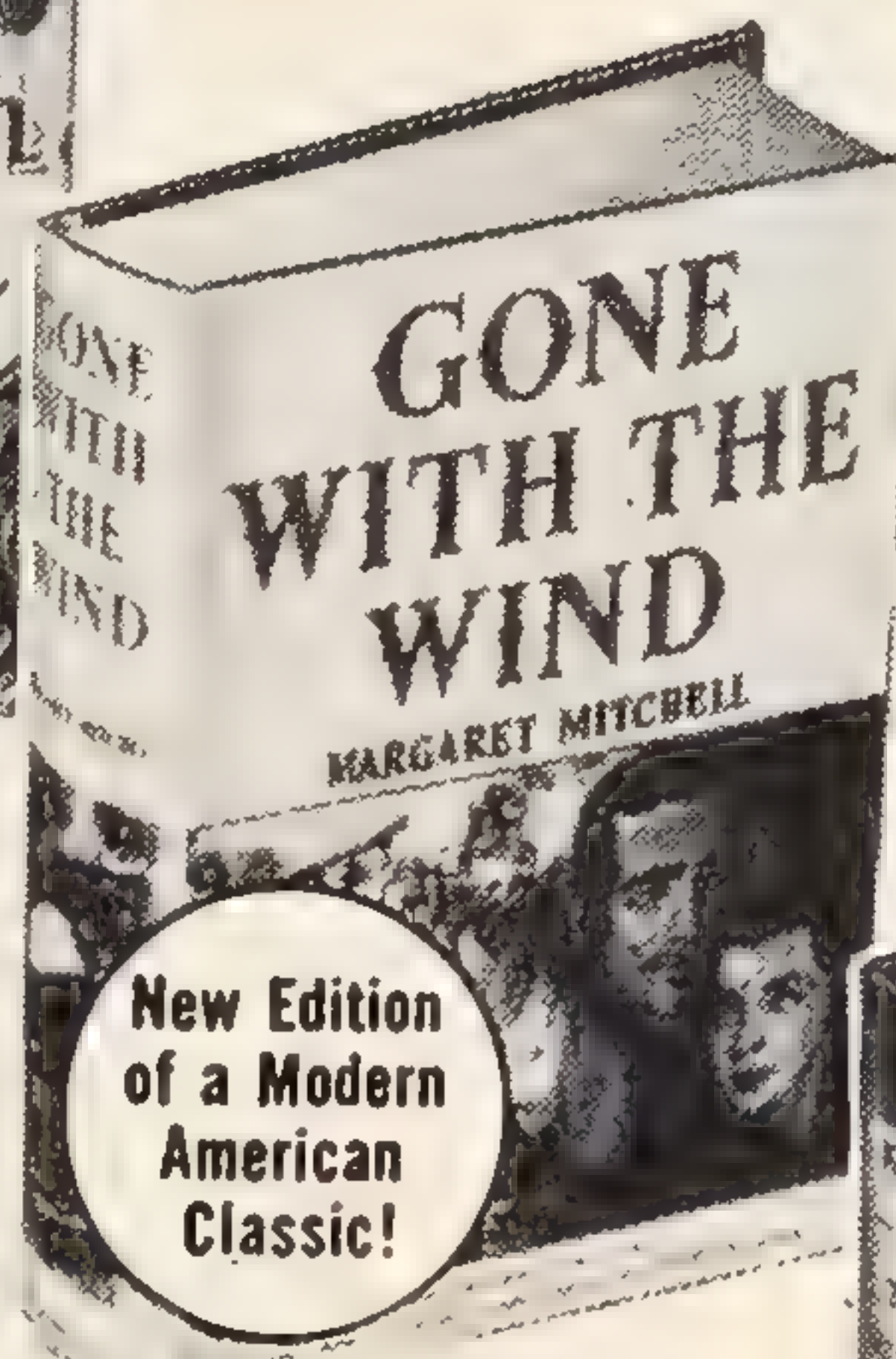
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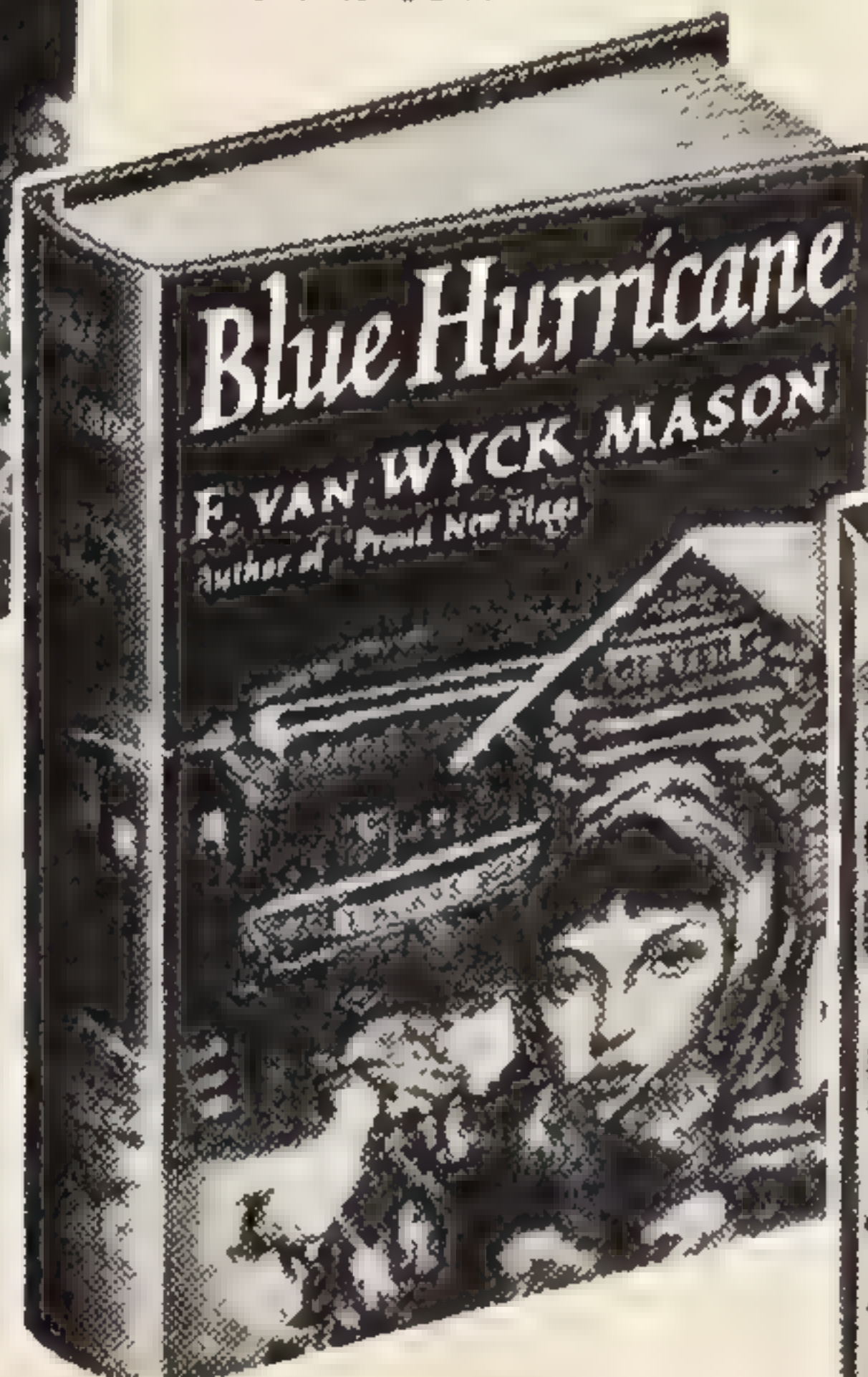
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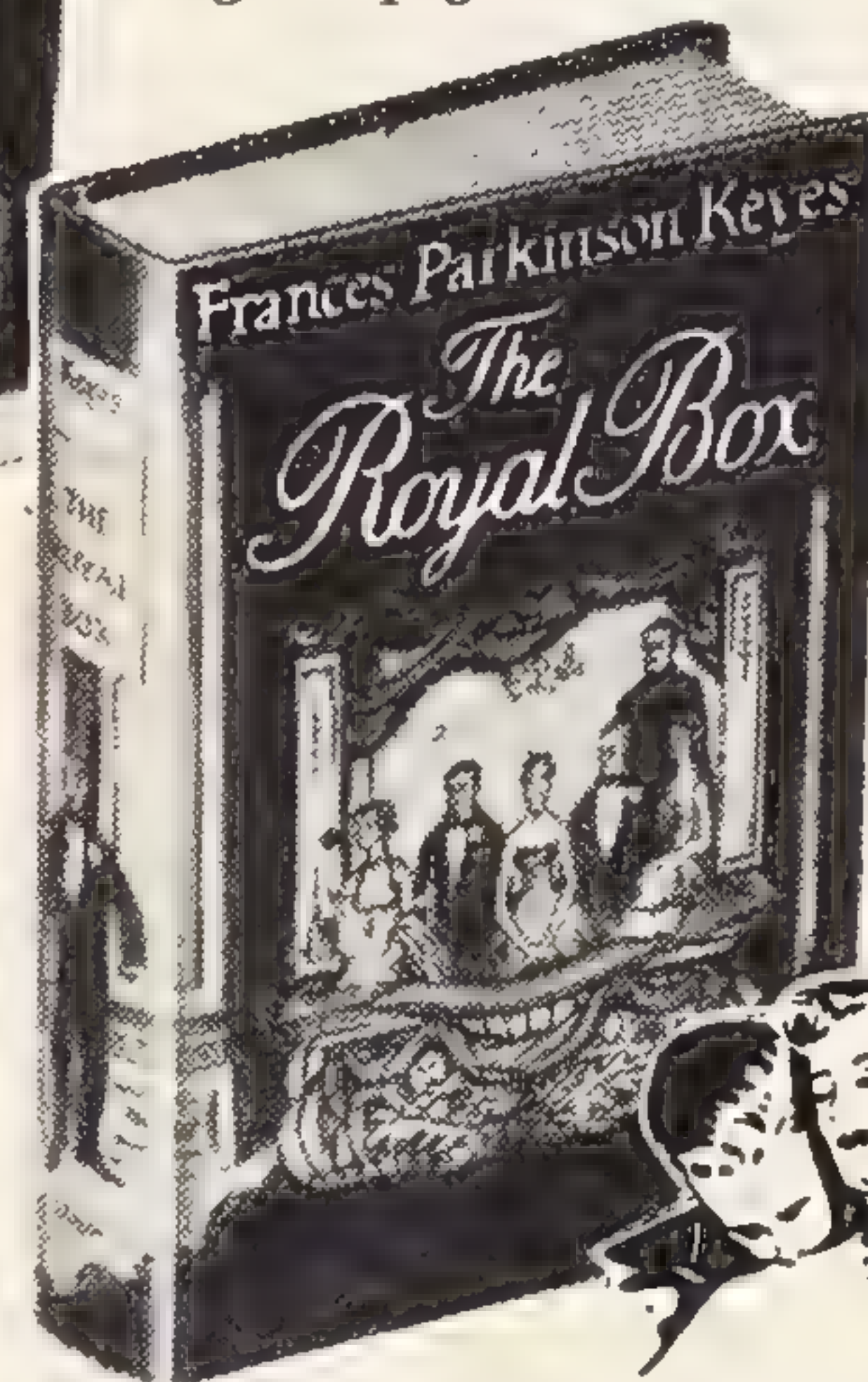
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La Bacall, with Sinatra, has stamina



Jacques Sernas keeps Terry rushing



The wedding of the year: Pier Angeli becomes Mrs. Vic Damone



Sidney is irresistible to Joan Crawford

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

I wish Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher *don't* make a picture together for quite a while. Don't think it will be good for Debbie and Eddie personally, even if the movie is a giant hit. . . . Ava Gardner likes to walk barefooted around the house. Did it long before she was the Contessa. . . . Even in the movies you never see an actress putting on lipstick without looking into the mirror. They do many impossible things in pictures, but they wouldn't attempt to make an audience believe this! . . . Piper Laurie still seems a bit bewildered by the fact she is a movie star. . . . When Terry Moore was asked why she keeps working, studying, rushing from place to place, dating, etc., she replied: "A long time ago I was given the advice that it's better to wear out than rust out." . . . People I never thought were interested in Academy Awards tell me that Marlon Brando should win the Oscar for "On the Waterfront." I'll be pulling for him all the way. . . . Even on CinemaScope they can't make a football game look real in the movies. It just can't be staged. . . . There's Rock and Tab and Race, but I appreciate Wayne because he manages to remain popular with such an ordinary first name as John. . . . I've watched Joan Crawford knit

while watching a movie. Joan is a frantic knitter and does it while doing everything. . . . Monty Clift doesn't object to appearing in a movie that is about something. "I believe," says Monty, "there is an audience that wants to escape from the escapes."

Marilyn Monroe's favorite singer, bar none, is Ella Fitzgerald. The Monroe has Fitzgerald records on tap at home and in her dressing room. . . . I like Tony Curtis' eagerness because it has sincerity. . . . At M-G-M I heard Elizabeth Taylor say to her poodle: "Listen, you're going to walk there—even if I have to carry you."

I don't think Grace Kelly is as difficult to understand as most people would have you believe. She's a smart chick—pardon me, lady! . . . Wonder whose records Vic Damone played when he was romancing his bride, Pier Angeli? . . . I don't know of an actress who looks sexier dancing on celluloid than Cyd Charisse. She comes on strong! M-G-M should come on stronger with her! . . . I like the way June Allyson and Dick Powell smile at each other at parties. . . . Lauren Bacall told me: "When I first started going with Bogey, I couldn't last as long at parties as he did. Now

he often goes home before I do. Progress, Buster, progress." . . . Jean Simmons shouldn't be so bright, she's too beautiful. . . . It's difficult for me to realize that Doris Day is being Ruth Etting and Susan Hayward is being Lillian Roth. Yet it shouldn't be difficult for me, who welcomed Larry Parks as Al Jolson and Keefe Brasselle as Eddie Cantor. . . . Any movie star giving a sustained performance in a stage play still surprises me. . . . I'd love to be listening, unobserved, to one of the Audrey Hepburn-Mel Ferrer discussions about the theatre, the movies and acting. . . . I'm told that after Mitzi Gaynor gave new husband Jack Bean a TV set for the bedroom, she attached a note reading: "I guess there'll be no sleeping with you now." . . . I liked it when Burt Lancaster mentioned it during a conversation: "A pessimist is a fellow who is worried that the optimist may be right."

Bob Mitchum consistently is the most outspoken, and honestly so, actor. . . . This Janet Leigh is becoming a character. A girl friend phoned and asked if she'd sing at her wedding. "I'd love to," answered Janet, "but I'm working so hard; I'm so busy, maybe next time." And that's Hollywood for you.

Which is your hair problem?



Hair too dry?

Oh, lady, you need SUAVE! No other hairdressing turns dry hair shimmery-soft so quickly... or gives it such healthy-looking glow—thanks to SUAVE's amazing new *greaseless* lanolin.



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SUAVE hairdressing makes hair comb instantly into just the arrangement you want. Leaves hair so silky, so free of oily film—for SUAVE is *truly* greaseless. *Nothing* works like Helene Curtis SUAVE!



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See it—you'll want it! Wear it—you'll love it! The Playtex Living Bra uses elastic and nylon in a *new* way, to g-i-v-e with your every motion . . . to l-i-v-e as you live. Exclusive criss-cross design lifts your loveliness, contours your curves, rounds and raises as no bra ever before. For the first time in bra history, you can enjoy *upmost uplift* in *utmost comfort*. You'll see the beautiful difference . . . feel the comfortable difference!



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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 21.

✓✓✓✓
EXCELLENT

✓✓✓
VERY GOOD

✓✓
GOOD

✓
FAIR

A—ADULTS

F—FAMILY

✓✓✓✓ AIDA—I.F.E., Ferraniacolor: Satisfying version of Verdi's opera about the love of a captive Ethiopian princess and an Egyptian general. Handsome players do the acting; voices of opera stars are neatly dubbed in. (F) November

✓✓✓ BAREFOOT CONTESSA, THE—U.A., Technicolor: Strange, absorbing, frequently witty story of a Spanish dancer who becomes a Hollywood star. Ava Gardner is the girl, hopelessly seeking the right man; Humphrey Bogart is her loyal friend, a director. (A) December

✓✓✓ BEACHCOMBER, THE—Rank, U.A.; Technicolor: Missionary Glynis Johns tries to reform drunkard Robert Newton in an amusing comedy-melodrama. Gorgeous island locale. (F) January

✓✓✓ BEAU BRUMMELL—M-G-M, Technicolor: Handsome, stately historical romance, with Stewart Granger as the 19th century English dandy. Liz Taylor's his high-born beloved. (F) January

✓✓ BENGAL BRIGADE—U-I, Technicolor: As a dashing British officer, Rock Hudson opposes a rebellion in India of the last century, is loved by aristocrat Arlene Dahl and by a native (Ursula Thiess). Oriental-style Western. (F) December

✓✓ BLACK KNIGHT, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Alan Ladd plays mysterious avenger, saving King Arthur's realm and winning Patricia Medina. Filmed in England, Spain. (F) January

✓✓✓ BLACK WIDOW—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Glitzy whodunit about New York cafe society. Van Heflin, Ginger Rogers are involved in a young girl's murder. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ CARMEN JONES—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Brilliant, unusual musical, set in America's South. Dorothy Dandridge, as the temptress, and Harry Belafonte, as the soldier she ruins, head an all-Negro cast. (A) January

✓✓✓ COUNTRY GIRL, THE—Paramount: Strong theme, intelligent acting. Bing Crosby fights alcoholism to try a stage comeback, aided by wife Grace Kelly and Bill Holden. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ CREST OF THE WAVE—M-G-M: A story of American and British Navy men working together on dangerous torpedo experiments rouses laughs, tension. With Gene Kelly. (F) January

✓✓ DETECTIVE, THE—Columbia: As a priest turned sleuth, Alec Guinness trails thief Peter Finch in a quaint English movie. (F) November

✓✓✓ DRUMBEAT—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Lively Indian-fighting yarn. Alan Ladd's a peace commissioner subduing rebel warriors, wooing Audrey Dalton. (F) January

✓✓✓ FOUR GUNS TO THE BORDER—U-I, Technicolor: Rory Calhoun plots a bank robbery, woos Colleen Miller and fights Indians in a vigorous Western. With George Nader. (F) December

✓✓ HANSEL AND GRETEL—RKO, Technicolor: Puppets of a new and captivating design act out the opera about two children lost in a forest, menaced by a fearsome witch. Very young movie fans should be spellbound. (F) December

(Continued on page 14)

Somebody Loves Me...

When other girls of her age were out with their boy friends of a Saturday night, Marilyn sat home with Rover. Good, old faithful Rover . . . he didn't mind the trouble* that put Marilyn in wrong wherever she went.

Even your best friend won't tell you

The insidious thing about *halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, seldom realize you're guilty of it . . . and even your best friend won't tell you.

You needn't be a wallflower

Why risk offending needlessly? And why trust to lesser precautions that deodorize only momentarily? Why not let Listerine Antiseptic look after your breath with that wonderful germ-killing action? Listerine instantly stops bad breath and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end . . . four times better than any tooth paste.

No tooth paste kills odor germs like this . . . instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills bacteria . . . by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.*

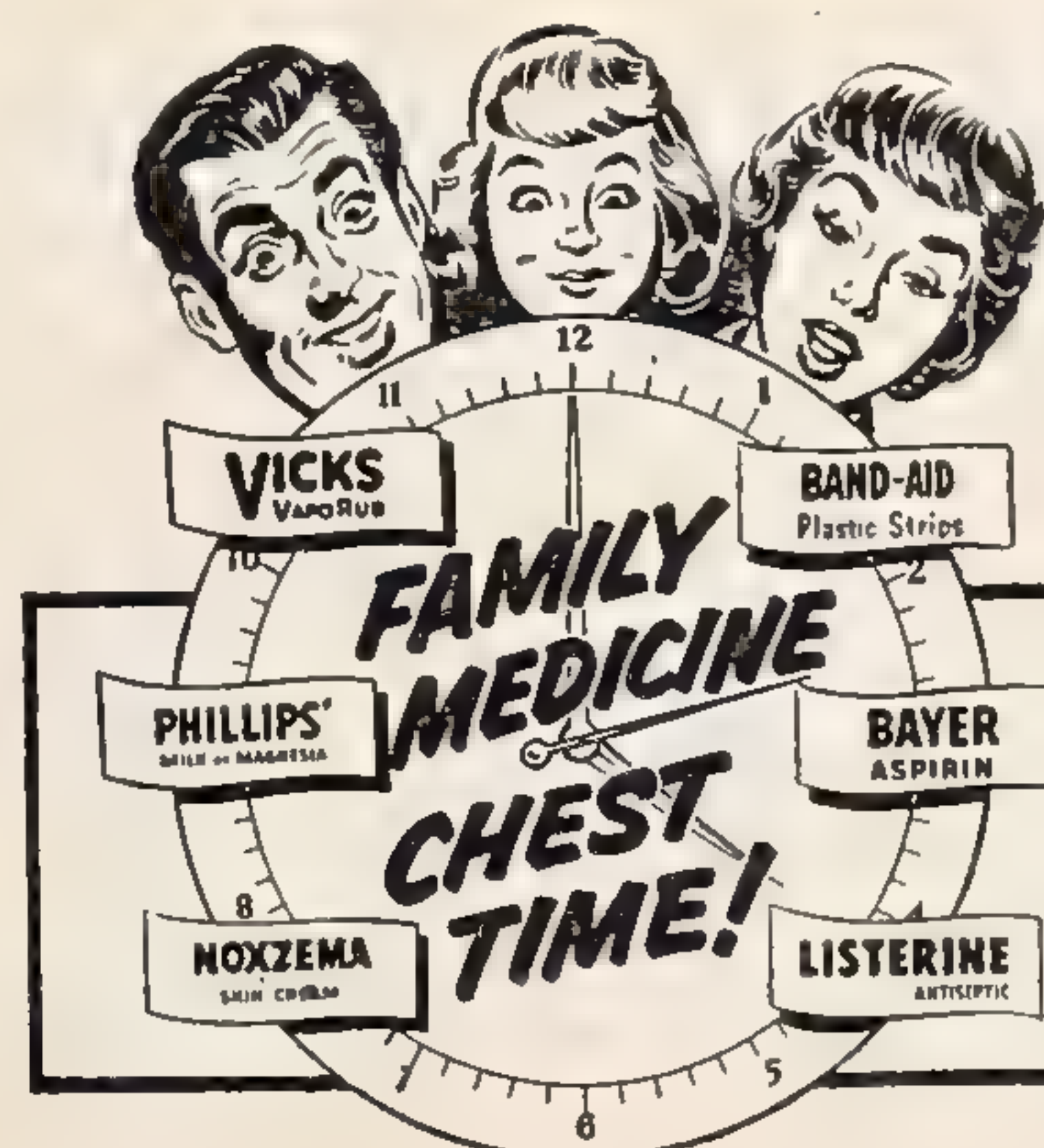
Listerine clinically proved 4 times better than tooth paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? Make it a habit to always gargle Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better than any tooth paste**



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display at your favorite store.

defies...



absolutely defies chipping!

Pound a typewriter. Play a piano. Put your hands in water, time and time again!

Amazing new Chip-pruf Cutex, made exclusively with Enamelon, *absolutely defies chipping and peeling!* Actually lasts from one week to the next!

Tests prove even nail polishes that cost over twice the price cannot out-wear this revolutionary new Cutex formula!

Keeps fingertips always beautifully groomed—always glowing with color! In the safe Spillpruf bottle, 25¢.

why pay more?

CUTEX

Prices plus tax.



for matching lips...
CUTEX LIPSTICK
Longest lasting! Creamiest!
Contains **SUPER-LANOLIN**, 59¢

BRIEF REVIEWS

Continued from page 12

✓✓✓ **HIGH AND DRY**—Rank, U-I: Pleasing British whimsy. As a high-pressure American tycoon, Paul Douglas gets the worst of a business deal with a pixie Scottish skipper. (F) November

✓✓ **HUMAN DESIRE**—Columbia: Mournful tale of passion and murder. Glenn Ford's ensnared by Gloria Grahame, a married woman. (A) November

✓✓✓✓ **LITTLE KIDNAPPERS, THE**—Rank U.A.: Delightful story of Nova Scotian settlers. Two orphan boys are adopted by their stern grandpa. Adrienne Corri's a wistful heroine, in a forbidden romance. (F) October

✓✓ **NAKED ALIBI**—U-I: Modest action film. Aided by Gloria Grahame, ex-cop Sterling Hayden seeks the crook who got him fired. (F) November

✓✓✓ **PHFFFT**—Columbia: Judy Holliday and Jack Lemmon expertly portray a divorced pair who grimly try to lead gay single lives. Slight but smoothly done farce. (A) January

✓✓✓ **ROGUE COP**—M-G-M: Detective Bob Taylor regrets his sell-out to the rackets when the life of kid brother Steve Forrest is threatened. Janet Leigh's a night-club singer. (F) November

✓✓✓✓ **ROMEO AND JULIET**—U.A.: Beautiful, absorbing English version of Shakespeare's play, shot in Italy. Youthful Susan Shentall, Laurence Harvey are lovers parted by a feud. (F) January

✓✓ **SHIELD FOR MURDER**—U.A.: As a ruthless police detective, Edmond O'Brien tries to get away with robbery and murder, deceiving fiancée Marla English and pal John Agar. (F) November

✓✓✓✓ **STAR IS BORN, A**—Warners; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Judy Garland and James Mason are excellent as a rising film star and her alcoholic husband. Dazzling music-drama. (F) January

✓✓ **THIS IS MY LOVE**—RKO, Pathe Color: Suspense film about tangled emotions leading to murder. Spinster Linda Darnell plots to take Rick Jason away from Faith Domergue. (A) January

✓✓✓ **THREE HOURS TO KILL**—Columbia, Technicolor. Taut, straightforward Western with unexpected angles. Bent on vengeance, Dana Andrews returns to the town where he was nearly lynched. With Donna Reed. (A) December

✓✓ **THREE RING CIRCUS**—Wallis, Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Martin and Lewis create a fair number of laughs in a vaguely plotted tale of the big top. (F) January

✓✓ **TRACK OF THE CAT**—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Uneven, occasionally interesting. Bob Mitchum's the bully of an unhappy ranch family. With Tab Hunter. (F) January

✓✓ **TWIST OF FATE**—U.A.: Filmed on the Riviera, a confusing story of intrigue casts Ginger Rogers as a lady of leisure whose protector is a crook. With Jacques Bergerac. (A) January

✓✓✓ **UNCHAINED**—Bartlett: Earnest, moving close-up of an honor prison designed to rehabilitate inmates. Chester Morris is the warden; Elroy Hirsch, a rebellious convict. (F) January

✓✓✓ **WHITE CHRISTMAS**—Paramount: VistaVision, Technicolor: Likable tune-film with a dazzling star quartet. Ex-GI's Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye use their show-business success to aid their former general. Rosemary Clooney and Vera-Ellen provide romance. (F) December

✓✓✓ **WOMAN'S WORLD**—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Romantic comedy about big business. Considering Cornel Wilde, Fred MacMurray and Van Heflin for a top job, Clifton Webb bases his choice on the behavior of their wives: June Allyson, Lauren Bacall, Arlene Dahl. (F) December

Puts Dancing Highlights In Your Hair!

NEW FORMULA OUT-LATHERS, OUT-SHINES OTHER* SHAMPOOS

MAKES YOUR HAIR EXCITING TO TOUCH!



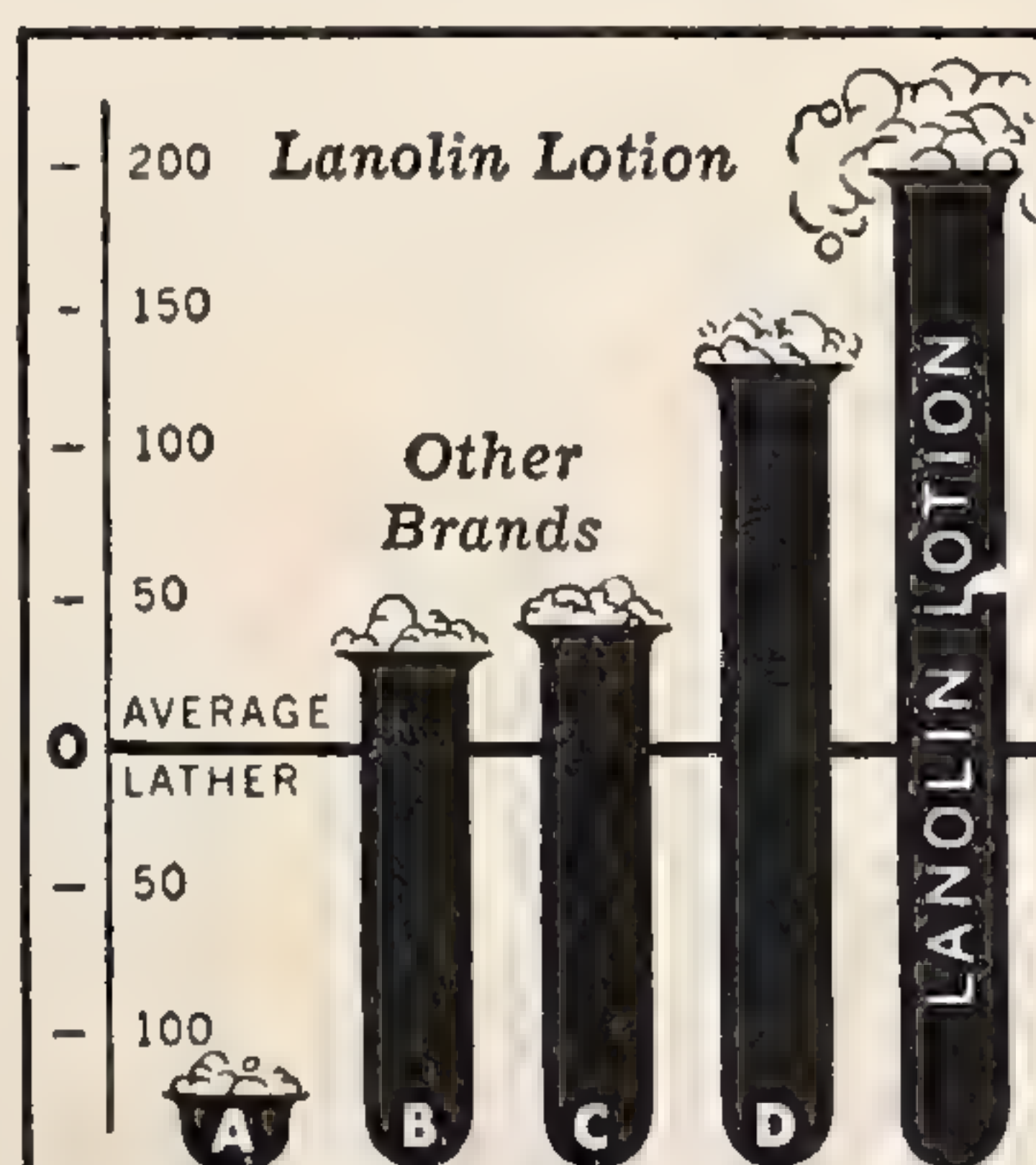
Hair's so satiny after a Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo it irresistibly calls for a love-pat! You can't always wear a satin dancing dress for the man in your life—but now, with Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo he'll see the satiny beauty of your hair every day! You'll find that never before in your shampoo experience has your hair had so much shimmer, so much softness.

Double Lanolin Is The Reason

Enriches Your Hair With Beauty Instead of Drying It!

Lanolin Lotion was purposely formulated with twice as much lanolin as ordinary shampoos. That means double the lanolin protection against dryness...double the lanolin polish and beauty for *your hair*. For even problem hair — hair that's had its beauty oils dried away...washed away...bleached away...benefits astonishingly from this double-lanolin lather. It not only *feels* twice as rich—it *actually is* twice as rich. Don't confuse this utterly new Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo with any so-called "lotion" or "lanolin" shampoo you've ever tried before.

***PROOF THAT NEW SHAMPOO
OUT-LATHERS OTHER BRANDS**



Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo out-lathers four other brands given the Cylinder-Foam Test.

Billows of Fleecy Foam Leave Hair Shimmering, Obedient, "Lanolin-Lovely"

You'll discover an amazing difference the moment this revolutionary shampoo touches your hair. For never before has *any* shampoo burst into such mountains of snowy *lanolin* lather—lather that actually **POLISHES** hair clean. Because only Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo brings you this foaming magic. No old-fashioned "lazy-lather" shampoo can shine your hair like this—'til it shimmers like satin in the moonlight!

The radiance of your hair shampooed this new way will be instantly visible to everyone — but you, yourself, are the best judge of results. So after you've brushed your Lanolin Lotion shampooed hair, take your hand mirror and stand in a strong light. You'll see how much more brilliance dances in your hair!

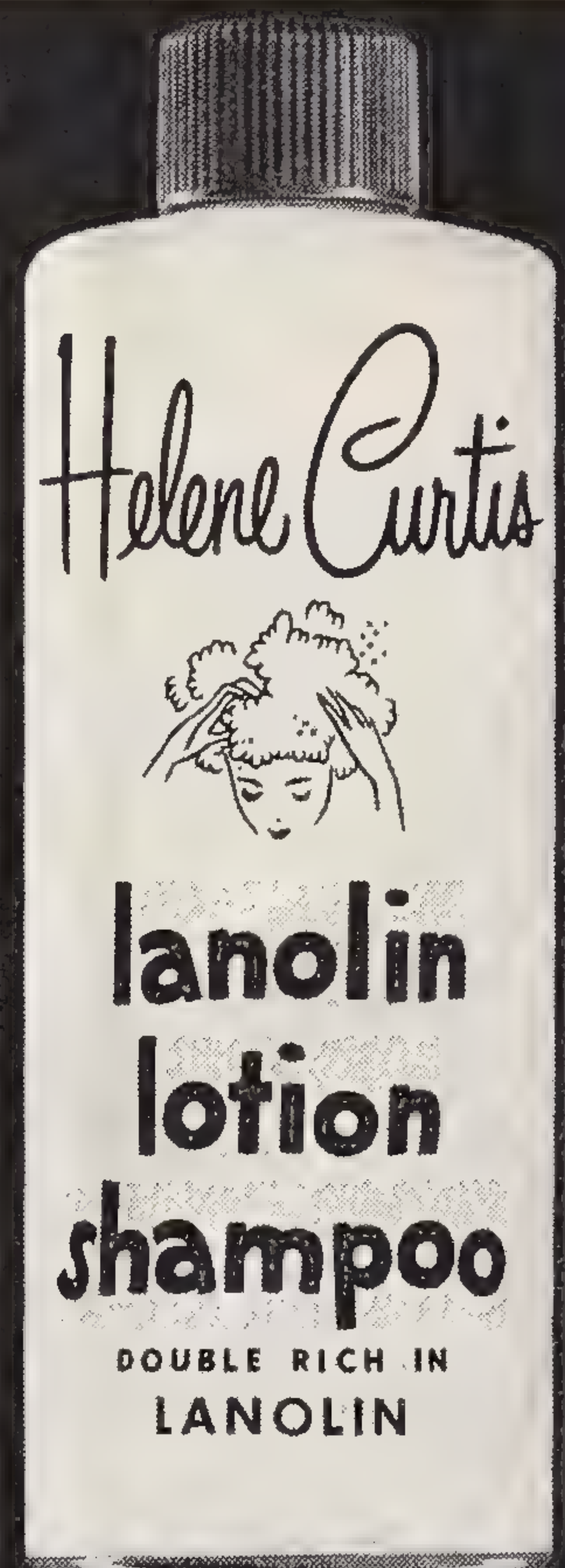
And this shampoo is so good for hair...for there's *twice* the lanolin in it! It *can't* dry your hair or leave it harsh, brittle and hard to handle. Instead, it leaves your hair in superb condition—supple, temptingly soft, far easier to manage. Tangles slip away at the touch of your comb! Your waves come rippling back

deeper, firmer, and more pliantly lovely than ever before.

So let this sensational shampoo discovery bring out the thrilling beauty hidden in *your* hair! All the vibrant, glowing tone... the natural softness. Treat *your* hair to Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo—29¢, 59¢ or \$1. On sale everywhere!

**OCEANS OF LATHER
EVEN IN
HARD WATER!**

An amazing *built-in* water softener in this Lanolin Lotion Shampoo gives you piles of lather that rinses quick, leaves hair bright—even in the *hardest* water!



29c, 59c, \$1



Vera-Ellen cried at nuptial to Vic Rothschild

BY EDITH GWYNN

Mitzi Gaynor shrieked at bridal shower gift



Ava Gardner glittered at "The Barefoot Contessa"



Marla English jingled at "White Christmas" preem

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

Cupid took almost complete command of the parties, showers, shindigs and preems this month.

There were bridal showers for Jane Powell, Pier Angeli, Eleanor Parker and Mitzi Gaynor. One of the fanciest girl-and-gift soirees was given jointly by designer Helen Rose, Ann Strauss and Esme Chandlee for Jane and Pier. It took them two hours to open their gorgeously wrapped packages. Aside from the lovely lingerie and other glamour bits, Pier got a black velvet, sequin-studded hatbox and Janie got a solid silver tissue box. Sighing on the sidelines were Ann Miller, Debbie Reynolds, Ann Blyth, Cyd Charisse, Abbe Lane, Marilyn Erskine and Leslie Caron. There was mucho gossip about Marlon Brando's engagement to Josanne Berenger—and Esther Williams flipped, "You might know a fisherman's daughter would land a Marlon!"

Jane Powell wore a lovely misty-blue chiffon with a chiffon cowl at the neck and a very full skirt to her altar-march at Ojai with Pat Nerney. Pat wore a misty blue necktie to match his bride's costume. He gave Jane a swanky new

car for a wedding gift—plus a sterling silver set for her overnight bag. Next night, before the Nerneys hopped to Europe, they dined at La Rue, were promptly spotted by Clark Gable (with Kay Spreckels) and first thing you know most of the people in the place rose and toasted the happy pair.

Marla Powers tossed a bridal shower for Mitzi Gaynor, who, too, got married in blue; Terry Moore, with her new 20-inch waistline, wishing out loud she had a "serious" beau of her own, feted Vera-Ellen. Vera became Mrs. Rothschild in a charming candlelit ceremony at St. Paul's Church in the valley—and the bride was a half-hour late! Vera said her vows in a satin gown of pearly tones, featuring a bodice of champagne-colored jersey. After the ceremony, at which the bride cried, a reception was held for fifty friends.

Pier Angeli and Vic Damone said their "I do's" in a lavishly planned and executed all-white affair. The ceremony took place at St. Timothy's Church and Pier's gown was whipped up by Helen Rose; the maid of honor, who was

Marisa Pavan, Pier's twin, and the bridesmaid gowns were made in Italy. After the marriage, a lovely champagne reception was held at the Bel-Air Hotel in Hollywood for hundreds of Hollywood's citizens.

The Eddie Cantors threw a huge affair for Debbie and Eddie at the Beverly Hills hotel—with hundreds on hand. Debbie was in her favorite shade—a powder-blue dress. That just happens to be Eddie's favorite color, too.

Now to the preem of "The Barefoot Contessa" at which Ava Gardner garnered envious stares in her sirenish outfit of pale pink—halter-necked, low, low cut—and solidly sequined from neck to its slinkily sheathed hemline.

Another glittery opening was the "White Christmas" bow. At this one Marla English wowed the lens lads by being done up something like a Xmas tree herself. Her long, full-skirted gown was of white lace and silver threads, and it was trimmed with little round silver tree ornaments with tinkling bells, too—so were her long earrings.

NEW



Kotex now comes in this soft grey package

Selected by thousands of women as first choice of many designs — this new Kotex* package reflects the quality you've learned to trust. For Kotex gives you the complete absorbency you need . . . the softness you're sure of.

Kotex holds its shape, keeps its comfortable fit. Moreover, this is the only leading napkin with flat pressed ends to prevent revealing outlines. So look for the new Kotex package — soft grey, with a graceful K, symbol of highest quality.



Your choice of three sizes. Regular—blue panel; Junior — green panel; Super — rose panel. And with Kotex you'll want a new Kotex belt. They go together for perfect comfort.

READERS INC...



SOAP BOX:

It won't be long before Academy Award time is here again and, like everyone else in Hollywood, I am wondering who will be the recipients of the Awards for 1954. I hope that I'll be there to present an Oscar and my congratulations to one of the winners. However, there's one thing I hope I won't do—burden the winners with any advice.

I received a great deal of advice after receiving my Oscar last year, and I'm certain that it was well-meant. But if I'd actually taken it, I'm afraid I couldn't vouch for the results today. "Now you'll have to



No advice is good advice

be twice as careful about the roles you accept," I was told. "You'll have to stop and give them some real thought. Analyze them—no amount of concentration is enough!"

Well, I've always given thought to my roles. And I've worked hard on them. However, there's danger in too much concentration. You're dedicated. You're driven. Before long, you find that you're excluding everything else in your life. It adds up to an obsession that will complicate your career, and your everyday living off the soundstages. And as for decisions, I've found that the wisest ones are made when you're relaxed.

To my mind, an Academy Award is a solid gold foundation. But it's a foundation for progress, rather than self-imposed handicaps. It's something to build on. And any award, or for that matter, any applause, any compliment, any recognition in public or in personal life, should be just that.

DONNA REED

I have just seen "On the Waterfront," with Marlon Brando. I am only fourteen and most people would say a fourteen-year-old is not a very good judge of acting ability, but I have never had such a great experience as seeing Brando act. I have read that some critics and producers think of him as a genius and now that I have seen "On the Waterfront," I am sincerely convinced of it.

VIRGINIA FOSTER
Angleton, Texas

I was born and lived in Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay in South America, and I arrived in the United States in September

1954. I am a graduate student at the University of Michigan, following studies in the teaching of English as a foreign language.

It is very difficult to obtain the only copy of PHOTOPLAY we received in our Asuncion library every month, without waiting at least two or three weeks, due to the great demand of people interested in reading it. And if any other copy is found in some bookstore downtown, it is gone the minute it is put on sale.

I went to Detroit two weeks ago and saw "A Star Is Born," and I was completely amazed to watch the wonderful, superb and terrific work of Judy Garland. She is tops, and if anyone really deserves an Oscar this year, Judy Garland does. I am looking for this movie to come to local theatres in Ann Arbor because for a long time I haven't enjoyed a movie as much as I did this with magnificent Judy Garland.

GLORIA R. QUIROGA
Ann Arbor, Michigan

I am sixteen and my ambition is to meet Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. To me and millions of others, they are the greatest. Maybe they will read this poem I wrote on them.

DEAN AND JERRY—THE GREATEST

Martin & Lewis are two of a kind,
A team like them is hard to find.
To millions of people they're known by sight
And loved for bringing much delight.
There's Dean with his soft romantic voice
And Jerry who supplies the noise.
They're a symbol of teamwork to everyone,
But behind all they do there's more than fun.

A career for them long ago was a dream,
But now, it's as bright as a silvery beam.
They're the kind who, off-stage, have a
spark of trueness
While on-stage, chase away all your blue-
ness.

And if you know and love them the way I do,

You will only forget them when the moon turns blue.

After all they'd done together it looked like they'd forget

That like a cup and a saucer, Martin & Lewis are a set.

So now Dean & Jerry, may I say from the bottom of my heart,

We love you both together and not apart.
You're the best that will ever live

For you have more than comedy to give.

Just looking at you is a treat—

You're the best, Martin & Lewis, and you can't be beat!

ANN FRITTITTA
Brooklyn, New York

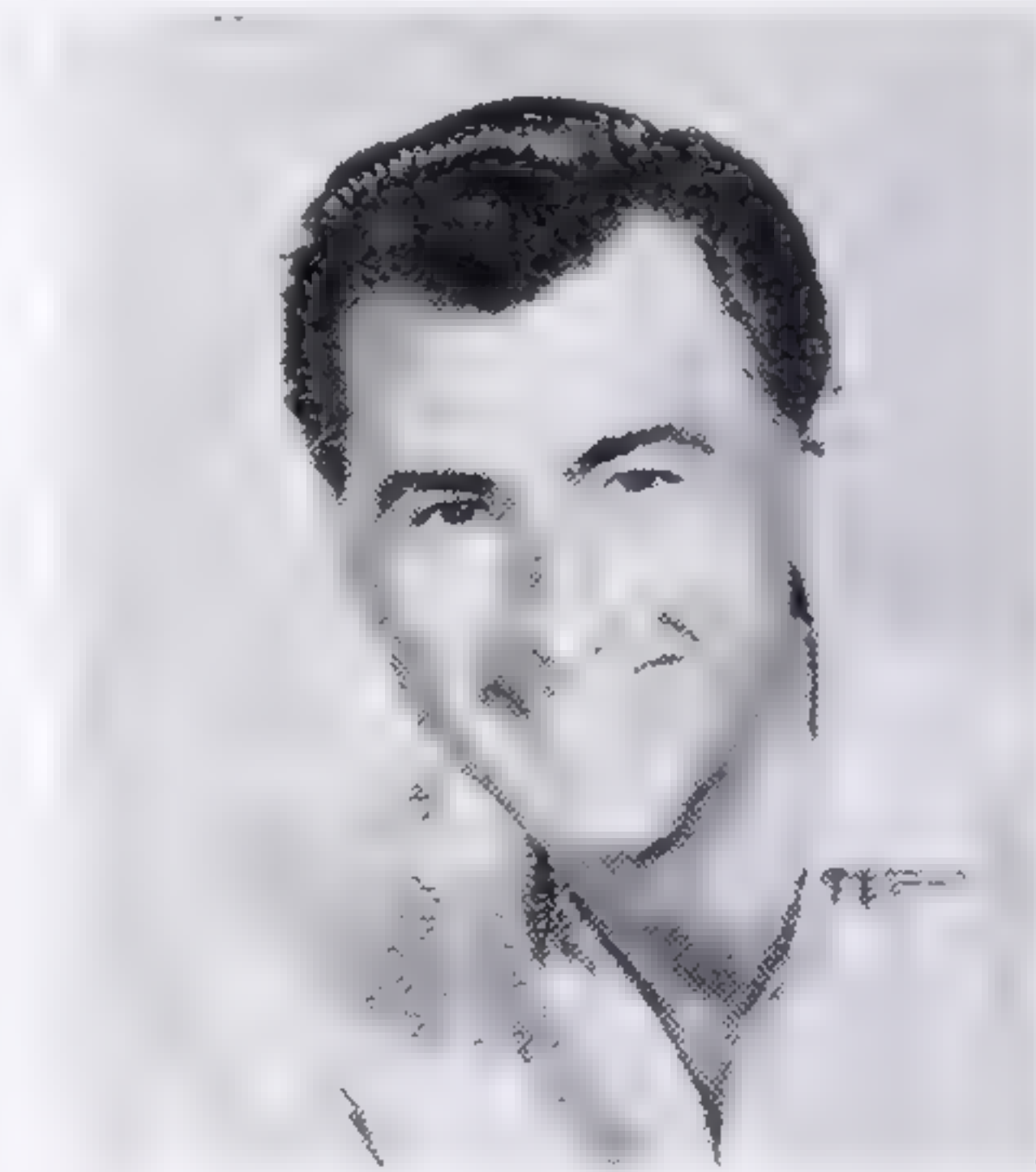
CASTING:

I have just read "The Twelfth Physician" by Willa Gibbs, which I think would make a wonderful movie. I also think John Wayne would be perfect as Dr. Flouen, Ruth Roman as Diane, Carlos Thompson as Ange, and Rita Moreno as Fidèle.

CLARA MIERTSCHIN
Houston, Texas

I read somewhere recently that David O. Selznick bought "The Scarlet Lily," a novel about Mary Magdalene, and in time was going to make a movie out of it. I also read that Mr. Selznick postponed the picture, for he could find no actress capable of playing the part with conviction. After seeing Grace Kelly in a few pictures I am convinced that she would do the part justice.

JIM KINDERKNECHT
Kansas City, Kansas



The man behind the mask?

I think the *Saturday Evening Post* serial story "The Mask of Alexander" would make a wonderful movie with Stewart Granger as *Alexander* and Grace Kelly as *Bettina*. I think James Mason would do a fine job as *Falconieri*.

KATHRYN HART
Boise, Idaho

I think Bob Stack would be wonderful in the role of Lindbergh when they make the movie of his life entitled "The Spirit of St. Louis." . . . Bob has the characteristics of Lindy, being tall, blond and handsome, and a World War II veteran himself.

DELPHINE SCHWARTZ
Plaquemine, Louisiana

Recently I've read "A Woman Called Fancy" by Frank Yerby and thought it was terrific. As a movie, with Yvonne DeCarlo as *Fancy*, this thrilling novel would really come to life.

MARY MORABITO
Barnesboro, Pennsylvania

We have recently finished reading "A Stone for Danny Fisher." We think it would make a great picture with Tab Hunter in the leading role. The fine story by Harold Robbins would no doubt increase in popularity if Terry Moore had the femme lead. We think Elia Kazan should direct it.

MARTIN ELGARTEN, RICKY FRANCIOSA
New York, New York

I think Marilyn Monroe would be super in a picture starring her as a "rhythm and blues" singer. She should stick to the sexy roles that made her famous.

PEB. FORD
East Boston, Massachusetts

continued on page 20



This is an actual photograph of a woman's hands after taking the detergent test. The right hand was given Jergens Lotion care — the left wasn't. Even scientists were amazed at the difference. *This photograph is unretouched.*

Proof: You can stop "Detergent Hands"

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Do you wish your hardworking hands were as pretty as your neighbor's? They can be. Read this story of a dramatic experiment.

Recently, 447 women volunteers soaked both hands in detergents three times a day. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to the right hand. The left hand was untreated.

In 3 or 4 days these women saw an amazing change! Untreated hands were

roughened and reddened. Hands treated with Jergens remained soft, smooth, *without a trace* of detergent damage!

No other lotion tested proved as effective as Jergens. The women were delighted with this significant discovery.

Jergens Lotion has been steadily improved for 50 years. Use it daily and your hands will be pretty despite wind, weather and housework. Never sticky or greasy, Jergens takes just seconds to apply!

Get a bottle today, and notice how much richer and creamier the Jergens formula is now. It has a lovely new fragrance, too, yet still costs only 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.



*NOTICE to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.

Jergens Lotion positively stops "Detergent Hands"

Has anyone ever considered making Shellabarger's "The King's Cavalier" in a movie? Here is a list of the stars I think you might use for the production. Blaise de Lallienne—Robert Wagner; Milady Ar Russell—Bella Darvi; Jean de Norville—James Mason; Marquis de Vaulx—Brian Aherne; Pierre de la Barre—Race Gentry; Duchess of Angouleme—Irene Dunne; Francis I—Jay Robinson; Renée de Lallienne—Jean Simmons; Francois the Sorcerer—Leon Askin.

JEANNE RUBBA
South Egg Harbor, New Jersey



He's a Prince among men

QUESTION BOX:

Could you tell me what Richard Burton's next American picture will be?

C. A. S.
St. Paul, Minnesota

"Prince of Players" for 20th.—ED.

I just read that Edmund Purdom was in the cast of "Julius Caesar." I wonder if you could tell me the part he plays. I don't remember seeing him at all.

LARRY JENKINS
Clarksdale, Mississippi

He portrayed Strato in a very brief scene towards the end of the film.—ED.

Three cheers for the handsomest actor in Hollywood, Guy Madison. . . . Please clear up a few things for me. In one magazine Guy Madison was mentioned as playing the part of Tom Destry in "Destry." In an issue of PHOTOPLAY Audie Murphy was listed as the star of "Destry." Which is right? . . .

JOANNE WINSKILL
Madison, Wisconsin

Audie Murphy has the starring role in "Destry."—ED.

My girlfriend and I have been debating who the Prince was in the movie "Beau Brummell." He later became king. I've seen him in quite a few other movies.

MARION MACHMUELLER
Ripon, Wisconsin

Peter Ustinov. He's also a playwright.—ED.

We'd like nothing better than to answer every single letter we receive asking for information and addresses of the stars. We can't! Each week hundreds of letters are received. We can only answer a limited number in Readers Inc. each month. We suggest, therefore, that if you want to start a fan club or write your favorite stars, address them at their studios. And if you're collecting photographs, a good bet is to investigate the commercial organizations that have pictures for sale. For a list of studios see back of book. ED.

Cream or Lotion



"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Doris Day. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!



Doris Day co-starring in "YOUNG AT HEART" An Arwin Production
in WarnerColor. Presented by Warner Bros.

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

Désirée

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Marlon Brando, with his commanding presence, has an ideal role as Napoleon Bonaparte, from the conqueror's early days as an obscure, ambitious young military man to his final defeat. His saga is seen through the eyes of Désirée Clary, briefly his fiancée, a girl he never forgot. Jean Simmons makes a graceful, captivating figure of Désirée, who finally became a queen. Rich in spectacle, the picture still emphasizes the personal note, favors romance over history. As the general who married Désirée and rebelled against Napoleon's dictates, Michael Rennie shows dignity and charm, while exquisite Merle Oberon draws sympathy as Josephine, the empress that Napoleon discarded. But Brando dominates the cast, though it's difficult to give such an amazing character any common touches of humanity. FAMILY

Past and future loves link Jean with Marlon and Michael



Best Acting: Marlon Brando
Jean Simmons

Green Fire

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Stewart Granger and Grace Kelly are a highly decorative love team in this robust adventure yarn about a hunt for emeralds in Colombia. But Paul Douglas makes a nice picture-stealing try. Granger's a footloose type who's been looking for quick money in mining ventures all over the world; Douglas is his weary partner, maneuvered into one last attempt. The supposed emerald mine, dug centuries before by conquistadores, is on a mountainside in the South American country (where many of the scenes were filmed). Grace and brother John Ericson own a coffee plantation at the foot of the mountain, and her interests eventually collide with Granger's. There's gunplay, too, thanks to some ruffianly bandits. It's all done in good-natured style, with amusing verbal sparring. FAMILY

In a quarrel with Stewart, Grace and Paul are of one mind



Sign of the Pagan

U-I; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ The sweep of savage armies and the clash of ancient battles build up plenty of visual excitement in this story of Attila's assault on the Roman Empire of the fifth century. As the leader of the Huns and the conquered barbarian tribes, Jack Palance looks appropriately ferocious. His respected adversary is Jeff Chandler, as a Roman officer who tries to persuade the emperor at Constantinople to join forces with Rome against Attila's expected invasion. The emperor, however, thinks he can do business with the Hun. Ludmilla Tcherina is a rather wooden heroine, a princess who is Jeff's ally. But Rita Gam gets sufficient fire into the role of Attila's daughter, who, under Jeff's influence, rebels against her father's plans. Plots and counterplots are sometimes a bit confusing, but events move fast. FAMILY

Jeff commands Ludmilla Tcherina's palace guard—and heart



MOVIES

CONTINUED

★★★★ EXCELLENT

★★★ VERY GOOD

★★ GOOD

★ FAIR



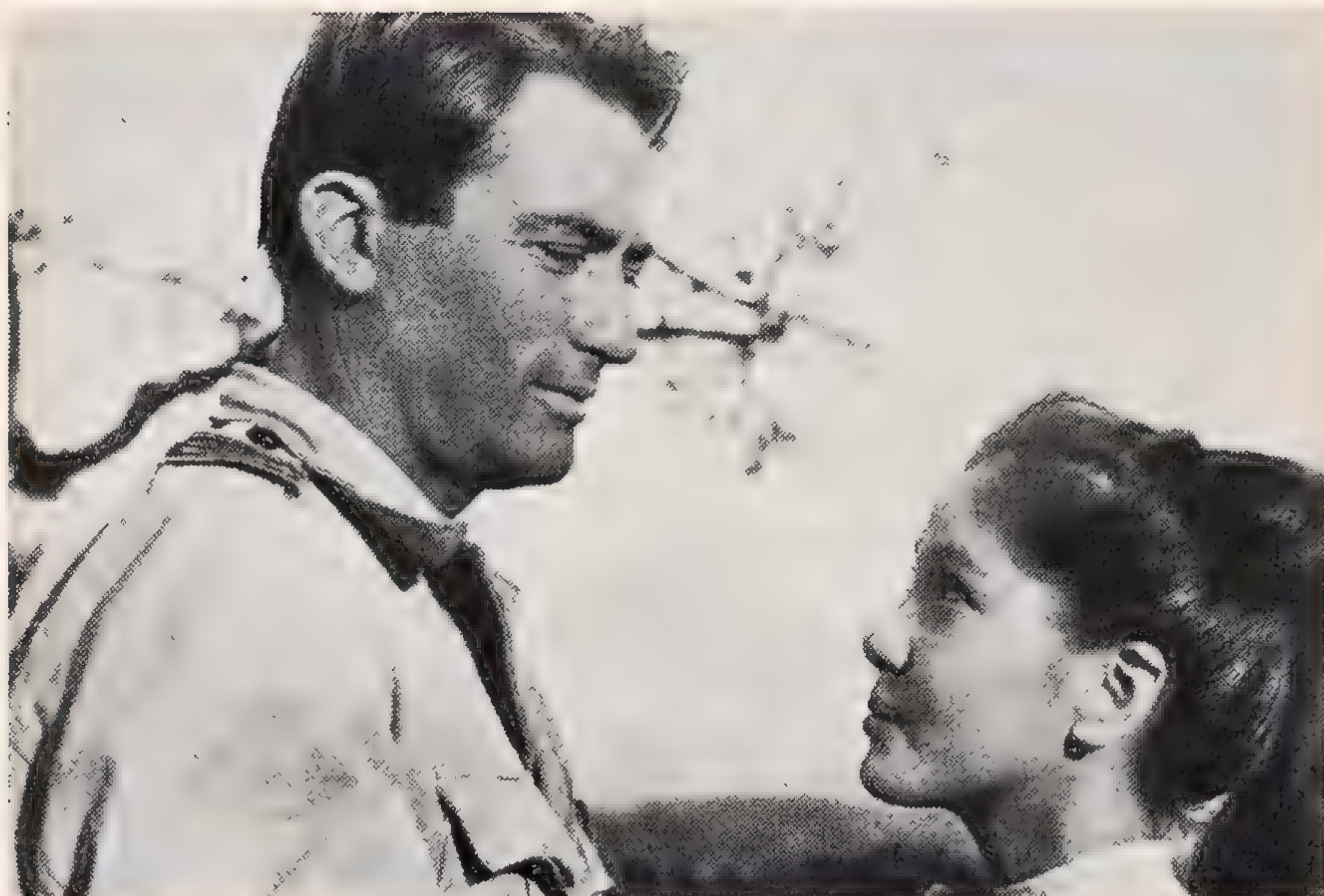
Deep in My Heart

M-G-M, EASTMAN CO

★★★ The beloved operetta music of Sigmund Romberg po from the screen in a generous-sized, all-star film biograp with José Ferrer as the composer. His is a lightheart performance, with a couple of hilarious interludes dur his progress from the job of orchestra leader in a Vienn restaurant on New York's East Side. The statuesque He Traubel, with her magnificent voice, is utterly endearing the café's jovial owner. Other ladies in his life are Me Oberon, as his collaborator on such hits as "The Stud Prince," and Doe Avedon, as his wife. While José and He do several delightful numbers, most of the music is sung danced by top "guest" stars, including Jane Powell, Damone, Gene Kelly, Ann Miller, Howard Keel and Charisse (in an eye-filling routine).

FAM

With wife Doe Avedon, José revisits Helen Traubel's c



The Purple Plain

RANK, U.A.; TECHNICO

★★★ Here's an international movie—a British product starring Gregory Peck with a Burmese leading lady in a st laid in her country but shot in Ceylon. The result combi action and a gentle love story with exotic backgrounds ; vivid war scenes. Greg plays an RAF man sent to Bur during World War II. Utterly reckless in combat, he co destruction to escape the memory of his bride's death, at side, in a London air raid. But his meeting with the lov Win Min Than sets his spirit on the road to healing. W he's forced down on a flight over a desolate countryside, finds his will to live has revived. His trek back is a gruel thrilling sequence. The supporting players are capa especially Brenda De Banzie (the heroine of "Hobs Choice"), as a hearty Scottish missionary.

FAM

Win Min Than's thoughtful sympathy restores Greg's he



So This Is Paris

U-I, TECHNICO

★★★ In a cheerful, youthful tune-film, Tony Curtis st out as a song and dance man. He plays one of tl American sailors who hit Paris with the traditional sh leave plans in mind. Tony first latches on to Gloria Haven, a night-club singer. But his fancy shifts to Cori Calvet, an heiress—though Gene Nelson, Tony's pal, her first. In the meantime, newcomer Paul Gilbert, tl member of the trio, pursues a more placid romance y cashier Mara Corday. Heart throbs enter the story w Gloria's project of caring for six French war orphans i into financial difficulties. As usual, the musical num overshadow the plot. They're done in carefree fashion- taxis, on Paris streets, wherever the whim strikes. T performs creditably; Gene does some fine dances.

FA

French girls greet Paul Gilbert, Tony and Gene at a ba

SCRABBLE FANS! CROSSWORD PUZZLERS!

Here are 400 chances to win

\$40,000.00



SEND \$2 DONATION
With Puzzle Answer
and Qualify to Win
\$3000.00

A FORTUNE FOR SOMEONE!

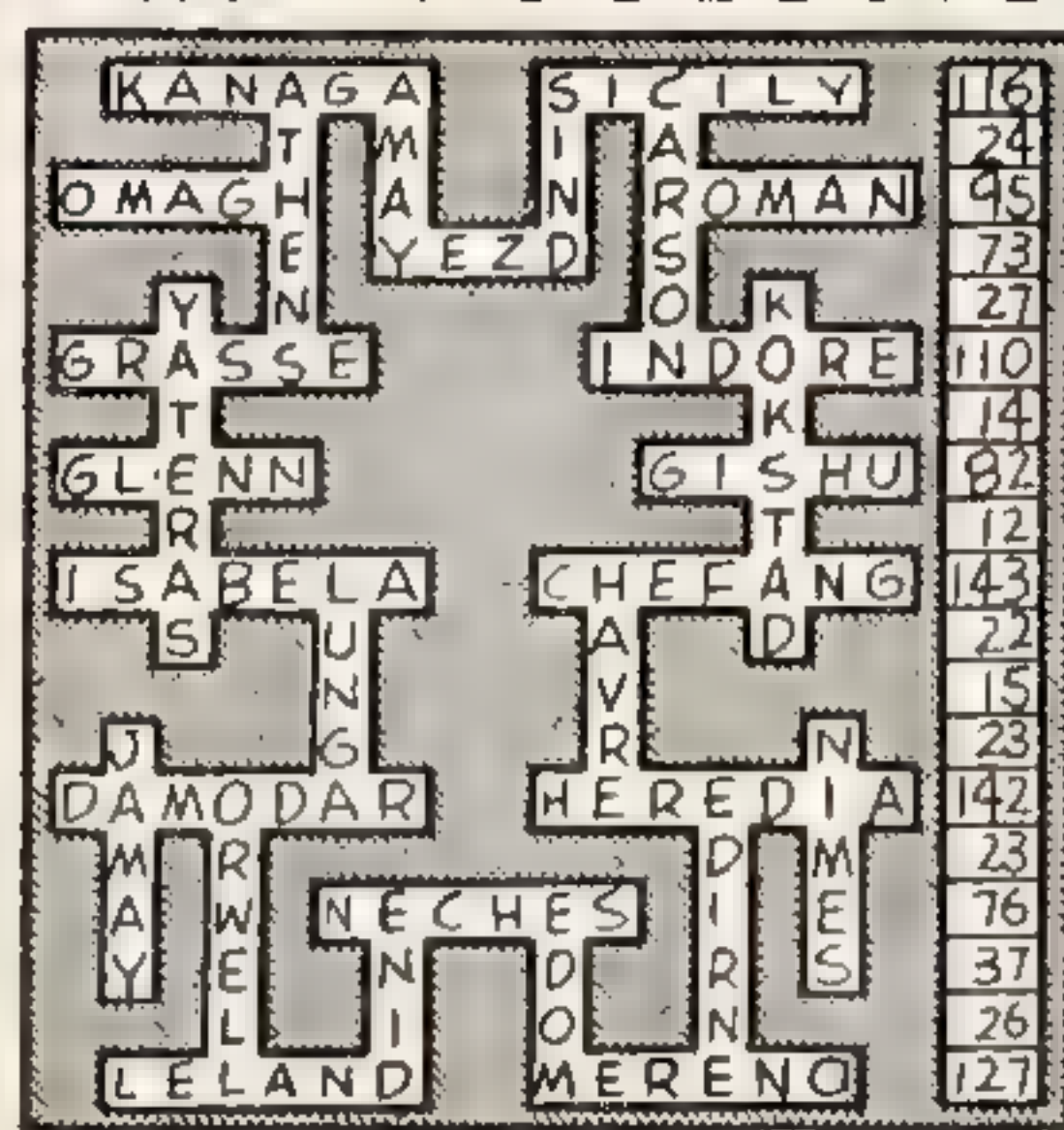
We're going to give away \$40,000.00, and soon! Besides the GRAND AWARD of \$10,000.00, there will be 399 other cash awards. 2nd Prize is \$6,000.00, 3rd Prize is \$3,000.00, 4th Prize is \$2,500.00, and 5th Prize is \$2,000.00. If you have never "hit the jackpot," here is a puzzle made to order for you. It's exciting; it's thrilling; and the rules are crystal-clear. ACT NOW, for here's an opportunity you may never have again!

Help Build this Urgently Needed Hospital in Seattle

In our previous Hospital contests, thousands of generous persons contributed over \$350,000.00; and \$50,000.00 IN CASH AWARDS WAS PAID BACK TO 400 LUCKY WINNERS. The Hospital now owns a 35-acre site, and has at present in the bank sufficient cash to justify immediate plans for the building of the first 200-bed unit of the Hospital. Our Trustees are now faced with the gigantic task of raising an additional 2 million dollars in the next few months.

The Northwest Memorial Hospital invites the support of our friends and well-wishers everywhere. Your donation will provide you with the satisfaction of having supported this Hospital which is so urgently needed by the people of Seattle, with the added opportunity to WIN A SMALL FORTUNE WHICH CAN BE AS MUCH AS \$10,000.

SAMPLE SOLUTION



This example solution illustrates how the words interlock and shows the manner in which the subtotals are obtained. The words used are all different from the Master List and of course cannot be used in your puzzle solution.

LETTER VALUES

- A — 5
- B — 8
- C — 6
- D — 7
- E — 5
- F — 8
- G — 5
- H — 9
- I — 5
- J — 8
- K — 6
- L — 9
- M — 6
- N — 6
- O — 6
- P — 7
- Q — 8
- R — 4
- S — 6
- T — 8
- U — 4
- V — 9
- W — 4
- X — 9
- Y — 9
- Z — 9

ENTER WITH CONFIDENCE

G. F. Gerneroy, supervisor of this contest, was named "AMERICA'S FAVORITE CONTEST SPONSOR" for 1953-1954 by the National Contesters Association.

Gerneroy contests have been declared legal and lawful. Judge Felix Medina, presiding over the Federal Court, Southern District of New York, declared: "G. F. Gerneroy's business of conducting, managing and supervising fund raising campaigns, through the medium of puzzle contests, is a lawful business entitled to protection in equity."

ALL Gerneroy contest awards are paid promptly and in full! At the close of the contest, every entrant will receive a complete list of prize winners, plus a reproduction of the actual prize-winning puzzle solution.

PRIZE MONEY NOW ON DEPOSIT! The magnificent sum of \$40,000 is now on deposit at the Seattle 1st National Bank, ready to be paid to winners of this puzzle contest.

MASTER WORD LIST

AKRON	ELMA	KENT	QUAY
ALBANY	EMME	KIROV	RACINE
AMAZON	ENZELI	LHASA	ROHATYN
APACHE	ERIE	LOGAN	RUMMEL
BEAVER	EUREKA	LOWELL	SALEM
BETHEL	FAIRFAX	MIAMI	SEATTLE
BOZEMAN	FELLIN	NOHANT	STALIN
CANTON	GHENT	OAKLAND	TACOMA
CHICAGO	GIZEH	OGDEN	TAFT
CHOATE	HELENA	OLNEY	THUR
DENVER	HIERA	OMAHA	XANTHUS
DESOTA	HODGE	ORION	YORK
DETROIT	JESSUP		

A BRAND-NEW FUN-PUZZLE CONTEST

No dictionaries or reference books needed. Everything is right here. You know exactly what words to use and how to spell them. There is no worry or uncertainty about it. MATCH YOUR SKILL IN THIS THRILLING "BATTLE OF WITS" WITH PUZZLERS EVERYWHERE.

**ENTER NOW—
HERE'S HOW!**

To solve this easy puzzle, fill in all the blank white squares on the puzzle chart with individual letters to spell 30 different interlocking words. Use only words selected from the 50-word Master List. Spell from top to bottom for vertical words, and from left to right for horizontal words. The 18 Key letters spotted on the chart must remain in the positions shown. No word to be used more than once.

Starting with the 6-letter horizontal word section at the top left corner, select a 6-letter word with "A" as fourth letter. Next, choose a 4-letter vertical word that begins with the last letter of your top-left word. To help you get a good start, it's easy to see that "ALBANY" is the 6-letter word to use in this position. Proceed in the same manner until all the blank letter squares are filled.

Each letter used is given a definite point value (see letter chart), and all interlocking letters are allowed triple (3 times) value. It is not necessary to show separate values in each letter square. Note—Triple-value letter spaces have all been circled. To compute each of the subtotals in the long-ladder-like column at the right, add together the letter values in each horizontal path or row. (Study example chart to see how these totals are obtained.) The GRAND TOTAL, being the total of the horizontal line totals, MUST be added together and shown at the bottom in the space marked "GRAND TOTAL". In other words, the GRAND TOTAL is simply the total value, added together, of all the letters used in all the letter squares in the entire puzzle, not forgetting the triple values where such occur.

The object of the puzzle, when ALL the blanks have been filled, is simply to obtain the highest possible Grand Total when these horizontal sub-totals have been added together. Pen, pencil or typewriter may be used. Residents of the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico are eligible to enter this contest.

TIEBREAKER MAILED IMMEDIATELY

Each and every person who submits a solution with a score within 25 points of the Correct High Grand Total, accompanied by a donation of \$2 for the Hospital fund, will be eligible to proceed at once to the Main Event Tiebreaker without a further donation. The Tiebreaker will be the same style as this Initial Puzzle, but will be larger and will require more words. To break the ties, consecutive puzzles—or to exceed two more—will be employed.

The same day your puzzle solution is received, we will send back by First Class Mail your Main Event Tiebreaker, accompanied by complete rules and instructions.

In this same letter, you will also receive a full explanation as to the Special Options available whereby you have the opportunity to increase your Prize up to the maximum Grand Award of \$10,000.00. REMEMBER NO ADDITIONAL DONATION BEYOND YOUR INITIAL \$2 WILL BE NECESSARY AT ANY TIME TO PARTICIPATE RIGHT TO THE END OF THE CONTEST.

Start working the Puzzle now. When completed send your solution with \$2 donation to the NORTHWEST MEMORIAL HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION, MUTUAL LIFE BLDG., SEATTLE, WASHINGTON. In a few weeks you may have the thrill of winning a big CASH AWARD up to \$10,000.00.

**G. F. GERNEROY HAS GIVEN \$276,000 TO
PUZZLE HOBBYISTS IN PAST 8 YEARS!**

HURRY! CONTEST CLOSING SOON!

Mail Your Entry Today—\$1500 Bonus for Prompt Action—
Your last opportunity to qualify to win a fortune!

GRAND TOTAL

Send addressed stamped envelope for large size extra puzzle charts if you need them.

I have shown above my Grand Total for this Crossword Puzzle and also enclose my \$2 donation for the Northwest Memorial Hospital. It is understood the Main Event Tiebreaker will be forwarded by return mail provided my answer is within 25 points of the Correct Total. DEADLINE FOR ENTRIES: March 25, 1955.

Name.....

Address.....

City or P. O. State or Prov.

Mail to: Northwest Memorial Hospital, 209 Mutual Life Bldg., Seattle, Wash. Remit in Cash, Money Order or by Personal Check.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES



BLONDES have a magic . . .

Poets through the ages have sung of blonde beauty. With Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, you can be a devastating golden-top — safely, easily, right at home. If time has darkened your hair, lighten just a little or go honey bright. Brunettes can add sunny highlights or a glow of bronze. Golden Hair Wash is the all-in-one package, safe home hair lightener preferred for 50 years. Ideal for lightening arm and leg hair, too.



At fine drugstores everywhere
60¢ and 90¢ plus tax

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH



another
famous
MARCHAND product

If going lighter is not your choice . . .
There's a Marchand's Rinse to brighten your natural hair color, add shining lights. Special shades blend in gray streaks. 12 smart shades, Govt. approved colors, wash out easily. At all fine drug and variety stores.

6 Rinses 25c, 2 Rinses 10c

ATHENA—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Thorpe: Athena, Jane Powell; Minerva, Debbie Reynolds; Niobe, Virginia Gibson; Aphrodite, Nancy Kilgas; Calliope, Dolores Starr; Medea, Jane Fischer; Ceres, Cecile Rogers; Adam Calhoun Shaw, Edmund Purdom; Johnny Nyle, Vic Damone; Grandpa Mulvain, Louis Calhern; Grandma Salome Mulvain, Evelyn Varden; Beth Hallson, Linda Christian; Mr. Tremaine, Ray Collins; Mr. Griswalde, Carl Benton Reid; Mr. Grenville, Howard Wendell; Roy, Henry Nakamura; Ed Perkins, Steve Reeves; Miss Seely, Kathleen Freeman; Bill Nichols, Richard Sabre.

CATTLE QUEEN OF MONTANA—RKO. Directed by Allan Dwan: Sierra Nevada Jones, Barbara Stanwyck; Farrell, Ronald Reagan; McCord, Gene Evans; Colorados, Lance Fuller; Natchakoa, Anthony Caruso; Yost, Jack Elam; Starfire, Yvette Dugay; Pop Jones, Morris Ankrum; Nat, Chubby Johnson; Hank, Myron Healey; Powhani, Rod Redwing.

DEEP IN MY HEART—M-G-M. Directed by Stanley Donen: Sigmund Romberg, Jose Ferrer; Dorothy Donnelly, Merle Oberon; Anna Mueller, Helen Traubel; Lilian Romberg, Doe Avedon; J. J. Shubert, Walter Pidgeon; Florenz Ziegfeld, Paul Henreid; Gaby Deslys, Tamara Toumanova; Bert Townsend, Paul Stewart; Mrs. Harris, Isobel Elsom; Lazar Berenson, Sr., David Burns; Ben Judson, Jim Backus. Guest stars: Rosemary Clooney, Gene and Fred Kelly, Jane Powell, Vic Damone, Ann Miller, William Olvis, Cyd Charisse, James Mitchell, Howard Keel, Tony Martin, Joan Weldon.

DESIREE—20th. Directed by Henry Koster: Napoleon, Marlon Brando; Desiree, Jean Simmons; Josephine, Merle Oberon; Bernadotte, Michael Renne; Joseph Bonaparte, Cameron Mitchell; Julie, Elizabeth Sellars; Paulette, Charlotte Austin; Mme. Bonaparte, Cathleen Nesbitt; Marie, Evelyn Varden; Mme. Clary, Isobel Elsom; Talleyrand, John Hoyt; Despreaux, Alan Napier; Oscar, Nicolas Koster; Etienne, Richard Deacon; Queen Hedwig, Edith Evanson; Mme. Tallien, Carolyn Jones; Fouché, Sam Gilman; Louis Bonaparte, Larry Craine; Caroline Bonaparte, Judy Lester; Lucien Bonaparte, Richard Van Cleemput; Elisa Bonaparte, Florence Dublin; Baron Morner, Louis Borell; Count Brahe, Peter Bourne; Queen Sofia, Dorothy Neumann; Barras, David Leonard; Princess Sofia, Siw Paulsson; Caulaincourt, Lester Matthews; Von Essen, Gene Roth; General Becker, Colin Kenny; Jerome, Peter Reynolds; Pope Pius VII, Leonard George; Count Reynaud, Richard Garrick; Marie Louise, Violet Rensing; Montel, A. Cameron Grant.

DESTROY—U-I. Directed by George Marshall: Tom Destry, Audie Murphy; Brandy, Mari Blanchard; Decker, Lyle Bettger; Martha Phillips, Lori Nelson; Rags Barnaby, Thomas Mitchell; Mayor Hiram Sellers, Edgar Buchanan; "Doc" Curtis, Wallace Ford; Bessie Mae Curtis, Mary Wickes; Jack Larson, Alan Hale, Jr.; Eli Skinner, Lee Aaker; Sheriff Joe Bailey, Trevor Bardette; Henry Skinner, Walter Baldwin; Curley, George Wallace; Mac, Dick Reeves; Dummy, Frank Richards; Dealer, Mitch Lawrence; Bartender, Ralph Peters.

GATE OF HELL—Daiei. Directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa: Lady Kesa, Machiko Kyo; Moritoh, Kazuo Hasegawa; Wataru, Isao Yamagata; Kiyomori, Koreya Senda; Shigemori, Yataro Kurokawa; Rokuroh, Kotaro Bando; Kogenta, Jun Tazaki.

GOOD DIE YOUNG, THE—U.A. Directed by Lewis Gilbert: Rave, Laurence Harvey; Denise, Gloria Grahame; Joe, Richard Basehart; Mary, Joan Collins; Eddie, John Ireland; Angela, Rene Ray; Mike, Stanley Baker; Eve, Margaret Leighton; Sir Francis Ravenscourt, Robert Morley; Mrs. Freeman, Freda Jackson; Tod Maslin, Lee Patterson; Dr. Reed, Walter Hudd; Carole, Patricia McCarron; Stookey, Leslie Dwyer; Burns, Thomas Gallagher; Bunny, George Rose; David, James Kenney; Milton (Boxer), Alf Hinds; Carruthers, MacDonald Parke; Boxing M. C., Patsy Hagate (Himself); Barmaid, Marianne Stone; Air Hostess, Sheila McCormack; Air Hostess, Zena Barry; Doctor (Baths), Hugh Moxey; Doctor (Hospital), Harold Siddons; Policeman, John McRae; Young Man, Alexander Davion; Young Woman, Stella Hamilton; Promoter, Philip Ray; Pretty Girl, Sandra Dorne; Switchboard Girl, Joan Heal; Referee, Joe Bloom; Winnie, Patricia Owens; Doris, Susan Shaw.

GREEN FIRE—M-G-M. Directed by Andrew Marston: Rian X. Mitchell, Stewart Granger; Catherine Knowland, Grace Kelly; Vic Leonard, Paul Douglas; Donald Knowland, John Ericson; El Moro Murvyn Vye; Manuel, Jose Torvay; Father Ripero Robert Tafur; Jose, Joe Dominguez; Officer Perez Nacho Galindo; Dolores, Charlita; Hernandez, Natividad Vacio; Antonio, Rico Alaniz; Roberto, Paul Marion; Juan, Bobby Dominguez.

LAST TIME I SAW PARIS, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Brooks: Helen Ellswirth, Elizabeth Taylor; Charles Wells, Van Johnson; James Ellswirth, Walter Pidgeon; Marion Ellswirth, Donna Reed; Lorraine Quarl, Eva Gabor; Maurice, Kurt Kasznar; Claude Matine, George Dolenz; Paul, Roger Moore; Vicki, Sandra Descher; Mama, Celia Lovsky; Barney, Peter Leeds; Campbell, John Doucette; Singer, Odette.

PURPLE PLAIN, THE—U.A. Directed by Robert Parrish: Forrester, Gregory Peck; Anna, Win Min Than; Dr. Harris, Bernard Lee; Blore, Maurice Denham; Mr. Phang, Ram Gopal; Miss McNab, Brenda De Banzie; Carrington, Lyndon Brook; Aldridge, Anthony Bushell; Sgt. Brown, Jack McNaughton; Navigator Williams, Harold Siddons; Flight-Lieutenant, Peter Arne; Dorothy, Mya Mya Spencer; Mrs. Forrester, Josephine Griffin; Radio Operator, Lane Meddick; Burmese Jeweler, John Tinn; Old Woman in Jeweler's Shop, Soo Ah Song; Nurse, Dorothy Alison.

SIGN OF THE PAGAN—U-I. Directed by Douglas Sirk: Marcian, Jeff Chandler; Attila, Jack Palance; Princess Pulcheria, Ludmilla Tcherina; Kubra, Rita Gam; Paulinus, Jeff Morrow; Ildico, Allison Hayes; Astrologer, Eduard Franz; Theodosius, George Dolenz; Myra, Sara Shane; Chrysaphius, Alexander Scourby; Sangiban, Pat Hogan; Gundahar, Howard Petrie; Edecon, Michael Ansara; Bleda, Leo Gordon; Tula, Rusty Wescoatt; Mirrai, Chuck Roberson; Olt, Charles Horvath; Pope Leo, Moroni Olsen; Chilothe, Robo Bechi; Herculanus, Sim Iness; Valentinian, Walter Coy.

SO THIS IS PARIS—U-I. Directed by Richard Quine: Joe Maxwell, Tony Curtis; Colette d'Avril, (Janie Mitchell), Gloria De Haven; Al Howard, Gene Nelson; Suzanne Corel, Corinne Calvet; "Davey" Jones, Paul Gilbert; Yvonne, Mara Corday; Carmen, Allison Hayes; Christiane, Christiane Martel; Ingrid Myrna Hansen; Pierre Deshons, Roger Etienne; Grandmere Marie, Ann Codee; Albert, Arthur Gould-Porter; Miss Photo Flash, Regina Dombeck; Simone, Michelle Ducasse; Cecile, Maithe Iragui; Eugene, Lucien Plauzoles; Charlot, Numa Lapeyre; Jeannine, Lizette Guy.

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT—A. A. Directed by Mario Zampi: Jasper O'Leary, David Niven; Serene McGlusky, Yvonne DeCarlo; Thady O'Heggarty, Barry Fitzgerald; Terence, George Cole; Doctor Flynn, Robert Urquhart; Lannigan, Eddie Byrne; General O'Leary, A. E. Matthews; Kathy McGlusky, Noelle Middleton; Solicitor, Anthony Nicholis; Regan, Liam Redmond; Major McGlusky, Michael Shepley; Dooley, Joseph Tomelty.

VIOLENT MEN, THE—Columbia. Directed by Rudolph Mate: John Parrish, Glenn Ford; Martha Wilkison, Barbara Stanwyck; Lew Wilkison, Edward G. Robinson; Judith Wilkison, Dianne Foster; Cole Wilkison, Brian Keith; Caroline Vail, May Wynn; Jim McCloud, Warner Anderson; Tex Hinkleman, Basil Ruysdael; Elena, Lita Milan; Wade Matlock, Richard Jaeckel; Magruder, James Westerfield; DeRosa, Jack Kelly; Sheriff Martin Kenner, Willis Bouche; Purdue, Harry Shannon; George Menefee, Peter Hanson; Jackson, Don C. Harvey; Tony, Robo Bechi; Dryer, Carl Andre; Hank Purdue, James Anderson; Mrs. Vail, Katharine Warren; Mr. Vail, Tom Browne Henry; Bud Hinkleman, Bill Phipps.

WEST OF ZANZIBAR—U-I. Directed by Harry Watt: Bob Payton, Anthony Steel; Mary Payton, Sheila Sim; Ushingo, Edric Connor; M'Kwongu, Orlando Martins; Tim Payton, William Simons; Lawyer Dhofar, Martin Benson; Ambrose, David Osiele; Bethlehem, Bethlehem Sketch; Khingoni, Peter Illing; Half Breed, Edward Johnson; Juma, Juma; Wood, Howard Marion Crawford; Colonel Ryan, R. Stuart Lindsell; Dhow Captain, Sheikh Abdullah; Ketch African, Joanna Kitau; Senior Official, Roy Cable; Tana, Fatuma.

9500 Skin Tests Prove

Palmolive Soap Is Mildest! Better for Complexion Care!

BETTER THAN ANY LEADING TOILET SOAP...
FLOATING SOAP...EVEN COLD CREAM



**Palmolive's gentle complexion care
cleans thoroughly without irritation!**

There's nothing women envy more . . . or men admire so much . . . as that lovely "schoolgirl complexion look." And you too, can have a younger looking, far lovelier complexion just by changing to proper care with gentle Palmolive. It does so much to help you have a cleaner, fresher skin—leaves it so wonderfully soft!

Skin specialists agree that a really mild soap means less irritation, more gentle cleansing. Milder Palmolive brings you these benefits—so important for a softer, smoother, brighter skin. You'll find no other leading soap gets skin thoroughly clean as gently as Palmolive Soap. Yes, Palmolive is mildest of them all!

Skin Specialists Say: "MILDER CLEANSING IS BETTER FOR YOUR COMPLEXION!"



Palmolive Is Proved
Milder than Any Other Leading
Beauty Soap or Castile Soap!



Palmolive Is Proved
Milder than Leading White
Floating Soaps or Deodorant Soaps!



Palmolive Is Proved
Even Milder than America's Leading
Cold Creams!



PALMOLIVE SOAP HELPS YOU GUARD THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION LOOK!

"Who'd believe pimples
almost ruined my career"

says BARBARA BRESLIN,
successful New York model



"When I found out most of my friends were using Clearasil to solve their pimple problems, I decided to try it. Clearasil really saved the day for me!"

New Scientific Medication... Clearasil 'STARVES' PIMPLES SKIN-COLORED... hides pimples while it works



**Proved effective
by doctors...
endorsed by nurses
in nationwide tests**

Doctors prove this new-type medication *especially* for pimples really works!

In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL. And when 3002 nurses tested CLEARASIL, 91 out of every 100 nurses reporting said they preferred it to any other pimple medication.

Amazing starving action. CLEARASIL actually starves pimples because it helps

remove the oils that pimples "feed" on. And CLEARASIL's *antiseptic action* stops the growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

Instant relief from embarrassment because CLEARASIL is skin-colored to hide pimples while it helps dry them up. Greaseless, stainless. Pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

America's largest-selling specific pimple medication... because CLEARASIL has helped so many young people and adults. CLEARASIL is **GUARANTEED** to work for you as it did in doctors' and nurses' tests or money back. Only 59¢. Economy size 98¢. At all druggists. Get CLEARASIL today.

Clearasil
The specific medication for pimples



Rhonda Fleming, with husband Dr. Lew Morrill and Bob Stack, had a new change of heart

HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

BY FLORABEL MUIR

The very QT sale of the Harry James-Betty Grable mansion, their honeymoon cottage, and how this has revived those rumors . . . The teetering romance of Grace Kelly and Oleg Cassini and whether it may survive the opposition of her family on religious ground. Insider's tip: Don't sell this one short . . . Cy Howard's attempt to legally adopt the young son of his bride, Gloria Grahame, thus tending to set at rest the stories that Cy and Gloria aren't hitting it off.

The new and not so resigned attitude taken by Greta Peck, who, it seems, hoped against hope her Gregory would come home. Now with Greg reaping a fortune, before taxes, from every starring part he plays, Greta is holding out for a larger portion of the community property and that's what's brought him home . . . The growing signs that Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini have had it . . . The improbability that Linda Christian and Edmund Purdom will eventually marry.

Jack Webb's househunting in Palm Springs with Dorothy Towne . . . How Victor Mature's estranged Dorothy is pulling the financial cinches. "Bleeding me white" is Vic's way of putting it . . . About the tentative passes being made at each other by Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio and whether these will add up to a reconciliation. The consensus: not at all unlikely . . . Rhonda Fleming's decision to pass most of the time in Italy since her split-up with Dr. Lew Morrill and the hint an Italian nobleman with mucho lire is in the picture . . . Whether Johnnie Ray and Marilyn Morrison, after several attempts to come to an understanding, will ever make it to matrimony again. Could be, of course, but don't bet.



Molds you
*with miracle latex
outside*



Holds you
with magic "finger" panels



Pampers you
with kitten-soft fabric inside

Playtex Magic-Controller

Slimming because there's latex outside... comfortable because there's fabric inside!



* Miracle latex slims and trims—from waist to thigh—without a seam, stitch or bone! Hidden "finger" panels firm and support like magic!

* Kitten-soft fabric inside—and a wonderful new non-roll top—for extra comfort! Playtex Magic-Controller washes, dries in a hurry, too.

P. S. . . .

New PLAYTEX[†] Living[†] BRA . . .
"custom-contoured" of elastic and nylon to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone!
In heavenly blue package.
Only \$3.95

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**PLAYTEX FABRIC LINED
MAGIC-CONTROLLER* \$7.95**

Other Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles, from \$4.95. In the SLIM tube, at department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.



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†Trademark

Athena

M-G-M, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ Bright and fresh, with an engaging tongue-in-cheek manner, this musical bubbles over with young romance and kindly jabs at California eccentricities. Edmund Purdom, as a stuffy attorney and would-be Congressman, finds himself being chased (with marital intentions) by a determined Jane Powell. Attracted against his will, he visits Janie's beautiful but astonishing home; meets a family that vigorously upholds numerology, astrology, diet fads, simple living and muscle-building. As one of Janie's six sisters, Debbie Reynolds dances off with many scenes, captures Vic Damone, aptly cast as a popular crooner. Louis Calhern and Evelyn Varden are impressively wacky and likable as the sisters' grandparents, heads of this odd household. Janie, Vic and Debbie carry the gay, imaginative musical numbers; Edmund's restricted to watching and listening, which he does with great amiability. FAMILY

Destry

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ The admirable directness and wry humor that have come to be associated with Audie Murphy Westerns turn up again in this entertaining item. Audie now must clean up a fantastically corrupt frontier town run by gambler Lyle Bettger. The mortality rate among local sheriffs is notably high. When the latest meets sudden death, Lyle appoints the town drunk (Thomas Mitchell) to wear the star. Mitchell chooses to take the gag seriously, sends for Audie to be his deputy. However, Audie's height, manner and distaste for guns hardly live up to his formidable reputation. He's a laughingstock as he sets about solving the sheriff's murder. But dance-hall gal Mari Blanchard and nice gal Lori Nelson aren't as amused as the rest of the town. In a weird twist of titling, "Destry" is said to be a sequel to "Destry Rides Again," the old James Stewart-Marlene Dietrich hit. It's probably an even closer relative, also with a comic turn. FAMILY

Gate of Hell

HARRISON-DAVIDSON, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ Japanese movie-makers have recently shown their ability to fill the screen with one beautiful design after another. Now they've added color, and produced a subtle treat for the eyes. The story's set in 12th century Japan, trampled (like Europe of that day) by warring feudal lords and their *samurai* (the equivalent of armored knights). One such warrior, a blunt fighting man, is helping to foil a rebellion against his leader when he meets a lovely lady of the court. The battle's won, and the soldier is offered any reward he wants. He asks for the lady's hand. But she is already married, deeply in love with her husband, an understanding and civilized man. The manners of the people are fascinatingly strange; their movement, slow and stylized. But the emotions underlying the deadly triangle show that humanity hasn't changed much. (English titles translate the dialogue.) ADULT

The Last Time I Saw Paris

M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ The movie that Elizabeth Taylor and Van Johnson go through with such convincing emotion is a picture of rootless Americans in Europe. It's also that Hollywood rarity—a very affecting love story. By a chance encounter near the end of World War II, Army officer Van becomes involved with an American family living in Paris. The father (Walter Pidgeon) happily gets by on credit, with a good time as his chief aim in life. The younger daughter (Liz) drifts along in the same way. The older (Donna Reed), a conservative person, is interested in Van, but promptly loses him to her sister. Suddenly and passionately in love, Van and Liz embark on a strange marriage. For a time, he tries a literary career and yearns for home, while she goes in whimsical pursuit of pleasure. Then their roles are reversed: Van dedicates himself to fun, while Liz



A V-E Day celebration in Paris brings Van and Liz together—and sparks begin flying

urges a return to America. The switch isn't explained with enough force, but the end of this couple's story has real impact, with a heart-catching crisis over the future of their child (Sandra Descher). ADULT

The Violent Men

COLUMBIA; CINEMA-SCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ The old range wars sweep across the CinemaScope screen with three decisive personalities to spark the conflict. Glenn Ford has come west to recover from Civil War injuries. Tired of battle, he's ready to pull out when rancher Edward G. Robinson, eager to own the whole valley, tries to bully Glenn into selling his small property. Instead, like a good Western hero, Glenn decides to put up a fight. As it turns out, it's Robinson's wife (Barbara Stanwyck, gone blond) who has brought violence into the valley. She hopes to rule it, with the aid of her brother-in-law and lover (Brian Keith). There's an impressive amount of bloodshed, and the whole story's in a grimly serious vein. Glenn has two loves: May Wynn, a soft and selfish coquette; Diane Foster, spirited daughter of his enemies. FAMILY

Cattle Queen of Montana

RKO, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Now it's Barbara Stanwyck (turning redneck) who defends her property against a ruthless rancher (Gene Evans coveting the whole valley. Barbara's dad, newly arrived in Montana, is killed by Indians as he's about to settle down. She can't claim title to the land, since her papers have been stolen, along with her cattle. In her plight, she is aided by friendly Indians and by Ronald Reagan, a cowhand just hired by her enemy. The story offers few surprises, but lots of shooting and galloping. FAMILY

Tonight's the Night

A.A., TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Three familiar Hollywood faces to the cast of a British-made film with Irish settings that try to recall "The Quiet Man." There's some promise in the central idea. The rough-riding, benevolent old squire of an Irish village suddenly dies, leaving his estate to a nephew he hardly knows. This is the debonair David Niven. Sentimentally welcomed by the townspeople, Niven soon proves himself thoroughgoing bounder, out to get even with the people for old debts, dispossesses cottagers, fires the family retainer (Barry Fitzgerald). In desperation, the villagers try a crazy variety of schemes to murder the menace. Meantime, David dallies with a local girl (Yvonne DeCarlo) almost as unscrupulous as he is. Unfortunately, the comedy's handled clumsily. FAMILY

The Good Die Young

U-I

✓✓ Able American and English performers find their talents mostly wasted in an undistinguished British suspense film. It all points toward a daring robbery staged by four men who've met (too coincidentally) in a London pub. Ex-GI Richard Basehart has come to England to protect his wife Joan Collins away from her hypochondriac mother. John Ireland, American Air Force flyer, wants money to win back his faithless wife (Gloria Grahame). Stanley Baker, maimed by prize-ring injuries, can't find employment. All three are victimized by Laurence Harvey, mastermind of the proposed robbery. He has been living off his artist wife (Margaret Leighton), who has given him an ultimatum. Obviously, disaster lies ahead. ADULT

West of Zanzibar

RANK, U-I; TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Recalling the popular "Ivory Hunter," this new British film again sets a tractive Anthony Steel against authentic African locales. However, its story lacks the conviction of the earlier picture; it's just a straggling thriller, with bursts of vigorous action and picturesque glimpses of the people and scenery of East Africa. Steel and his wife (Sheila Sim) are interested in the plight of a tribe lured from its farms to work for an ivory-smuggling gang. Misled by their desire for money, some of the young men land in jail. Steel decides that the only way to save the tribe is to break up the gang, even at the risk of his life. FAMILY

LAUGHING STOCK

The Gabor Sisters—Zsa Zsa, Eva and Magda—confessed it during their Las Vegas night-club act:

"Our mother told us that we should have the skin men love to touch—mink!"

Someone commented on the low cut of Kathryn Grayson's gowns for her Hotel Sahara warbling date in Las Vegas.

"They're not low-cut," insisted Kathryn, "I'm just built high."

An Irma-brained starlet, hearing that Warners will produce "Lewis And Clark" in Cinerama, said it:

"Gosh, it's like they said. Jerry Lewis is getting a new partner."

It happened in a Hollywood eatery when Jack Webb dropped in for dinner with Dorothy Towne.

A waitress carting shrimp à la newburg to an adjoining table spilled some of the rich liquid on Webb's coat.

"Oh, well," she muttered in a Dragnet voice. "It figured. Fish on Friday."

During filming of "Mogambo" in Africa, it's being told, Clark Gable, Ava Gardner and members of the M-G-M troupe had a big party one night, with much dancing, singing and bubble water. The sounds of the revelry reached the ears of an African native who turned to a fellow savage, jangled his nose ring nervously, and whispered:

"The whites are restless tonight."

Steve Rowland saw Terry Moore in a high neckline gown and said:

"It was as frustrating as it used to be looking at 3-D without polaroid glasses."

A Hollywood agent was trying to sell a fading glamour queen to a producer for a role in a new film. "She's just as pretty now as she was twenty years ago," the agent argued. "Except now it takes her a half-hour longer to get to look that way."

Director Donald Weiss said it to Elaine Stewart:

"Look wide-eyed, honey. This is Cinema-Scope."

A Hollywood night-club master of ceremonies hushed an inebriated doll using profanity, with:

"I would appreciate your being quiet. There are gentlemen present."

James Whitmore told about his cook, an exponent of modern hep talk, setting a cheese-baited trap for a marauding mouse. The mouse got the cheese but eluded the trap. Said the cook to Whitmore:

"That mouse is a real cat."

Overheard at the Mocambo:

"She's just an old-fashioned girl. She has ten of them before dinner every night."

Jack Carson flipped it after dinin in a swank Hawaiian restaurant in Beverly Hills:

"It would have been cheaper to go to Hawaii."

"Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"

Says Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)

CONOVER SCHOOL BEAUTY DIRECTOR
"Our Conover girls know what it can
do for every type of complexion—
dry, oily or normal!"



Joan Fetherston, lovely young dancer and TV actress, says:

"It's such wholesome beauty care for my dry skin! I never knew any soap could do so much so gently until Candy taught me to beauty-wash twice every day with mild Cashmere Bouquet. I just cream that fluffy, fragrant lather over my face with my fingertips. It leaves my skin looking wonderful — smoother, softer, with a lovely, fresh glow!"

P.S. "Scatter a few cakes of Cashmere Bouquet through your lingerie and handkerchief drawers. Leaves a lovely, flowery fragrance, much more subtle than sachet!"

Candy



Complexion and big bath sizes



Modess ... *because*

Only New Design Modess gives you the luxury of a new
whisper-soft fabric covering . . . no gauze . . . no chafe.



GI Joe and devoted *Cindy Lou* are planning marriage



Carmen's a general troublemaker



And slippery prisoner, too



Her wiles ensnare *Joe*



Champ *Husky's* rich, famous



But *Carmen* and *Joe* are infatuated

photoplay
recommends



AWOL, he goes to Chicago with her



Frankie's cards foretell tragedy



Desperate, *Carmen* loses herself in revels

"CARMEN JONES"

● Applause rang loud when 20th's startling production "Carmen Jones" opened in several big cities. Now it's being shown all over the nation, and PHOTOPLAY urges you to help yourself to this rare entertainment treat. Here's a movie exploding with vitality, music, talent and personality. Dorothy Dandridge (*Carmen*), Harry Belafonte (*Joe*) and Pearl Bailey (*Frankie*) have all achieved imposing reputations as night-club stars. Dorothy and Harry also co-starred in a much respected film, "Bright Road." Youthful Olga James (*Cindy Lou*) begins a promising career in classical music with this picture. And Joe Adams (*Husky*) has delighted radio audiences from coast to coast. You'll welcome "Carmen Jones" as an exhilarating, utterly different kind of musical drama.

The lovers meet for the last time



FANCY PANTS



Lori is in "Destry"

When her gang descends on her for barbecues and charades, Lori Nelson is a smarty-pants—in tweed pedal pushers



Cyd is in "Deep in My Heart"

Houseguests of the Tony Martins will be greeted by this vision when he and Cyd Charisse move into their new dream home

Janet's next is "My Sister Eileen"

Janet Leigh's satin lounging pants are smooth. So's her game. Janet and husband Tony Curtis are avid word-game fans





Liz is in "The Last Time I Saw Paris"

If Liz Taylor gets her wish, that new baby will be called Virginia. Liz's polka dot pants are surprise gift from Mike



Arlene is in "Bengal Brigade"

Arlene Dahl believes women should dress to please men—and what man wouldn't appreciate this lounging lady's ensemble!



Barbara's next is "Captain Lightfoot"

Barbara Rush makes the most of a brief spell between movies to make a charming picture of a star at her ease, at home

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Lounging Ladies: Michael Wilding loves to tote home surprise packages to Elizabeth Taylor, which is why he selected green and white polka dot pedal pushers for her at Don Loper's fashion salon. Lovely Liz is hoping for a girl who'll be christened Virginia—her favorite childhood name. If the new baby's a boy, however, the Wildings will call him Christopher . . . Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis love to haunt public auctions by day, but they're stay-at-home Scrabble hounds by night with Janet dressing for the occasion. Her favorite: satin lounging pants. Their new headquarters in

Coldwater Canyon, incidentally, isn't their own as reported. Despite a swimming pool, tennis court and combination built-in hi-fi, TV and tape-recording set, they're still searching for *the* perfect place to buy.

But Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin, who are *building* the perfect place, had to move three times while waiting. Their rented houses were sold right out from under them! Favorite future at-home outfit for Cyd is Loper-designed "union suit" of black all-in-one jersey, worn with yellow felt cape skirt . . . Believing that women should dress to please men,

triple-threat business woman Arlene Dahl dresses to please Fernando Lamas. Natch! Designer Ben King's black chiffon negligee skirt over matching lounging pants solve the situation! . . . Since separating from Jeff Hunter, sloe-eyed Barbara Rush dresses to please herself and black velvet toreador pants play a prominent part in her personal wardrobe . . . Lori Nelson who doesn't want to go steady with anyone, may look like the fragile, feminine type. But she's the tweedy type at heart, which is why she wears tweed pedal pushers when her gang (Continued on page 80)

Lounging outfits worn by Janet Leigh, Cyd Charisse, Liz Taylor, Lori Nelson are designed by Don Loper. Arlene Dahl's ensemble by Ben King for I. Magnin. Lori's shoes by Catalano

SPEAKING OF ANGELS...

THERE'S A GIRL CALLED VIRGINIA



Sarah Young is in charge of baby—until Mom comes home, takes over!



Ginny, with the author—the O'Sheas' Girl Friday, baby sitter and friend



The O'Sheas find no need to impress anyone, do the things they want to do



When Dad roars, he isn't fooling either of his two girls. They know their Mike!

● A few weeks ago Virginia Mayo O'Shea waltzed into the living room holding up an exquisite red dress for my inspection. "How do you like my new Scarlett O'Shea dress?" she cried happily. "I'm going to wear it to the party tonight—if Mike will go."

After we discussed the beauty of the dress, Virginia went to her bedroom to rummage through her jewelry for accessories. I wandered nonchalantly into Mike's study and watched him working on his script. Finally I said, "Mike, when you see your ever lovin' in the divine dress she brought home, you'll really want to go to the party tonight." Mike looked up at me and roared, "I'm not going to a formal fling or cocktail party. We don't drink and we don't gossip. Why go? I'm not going!"

While Mike ignored the obvious signs of party preparations, Lucy, the housekeeper, pressed the red dress. I brought Mike his favorite milk shake and Virginia continued getting ready. When Mike entered the living room, I turned on the television and said, "Wait until you see your wife, man. She's beautiful in that dress."

(Continued on page 78)

Virginia Mayo is in "The Silver Chalice"



Undemonstrative—but Ginny's quiet pride in Mary Catherine is obvious

Fudge for dessert and popcorn at the movies may not sound like a heavenly dish—but that's life, at the O'Sheas'!

BY
DOROTHY JEFFERS



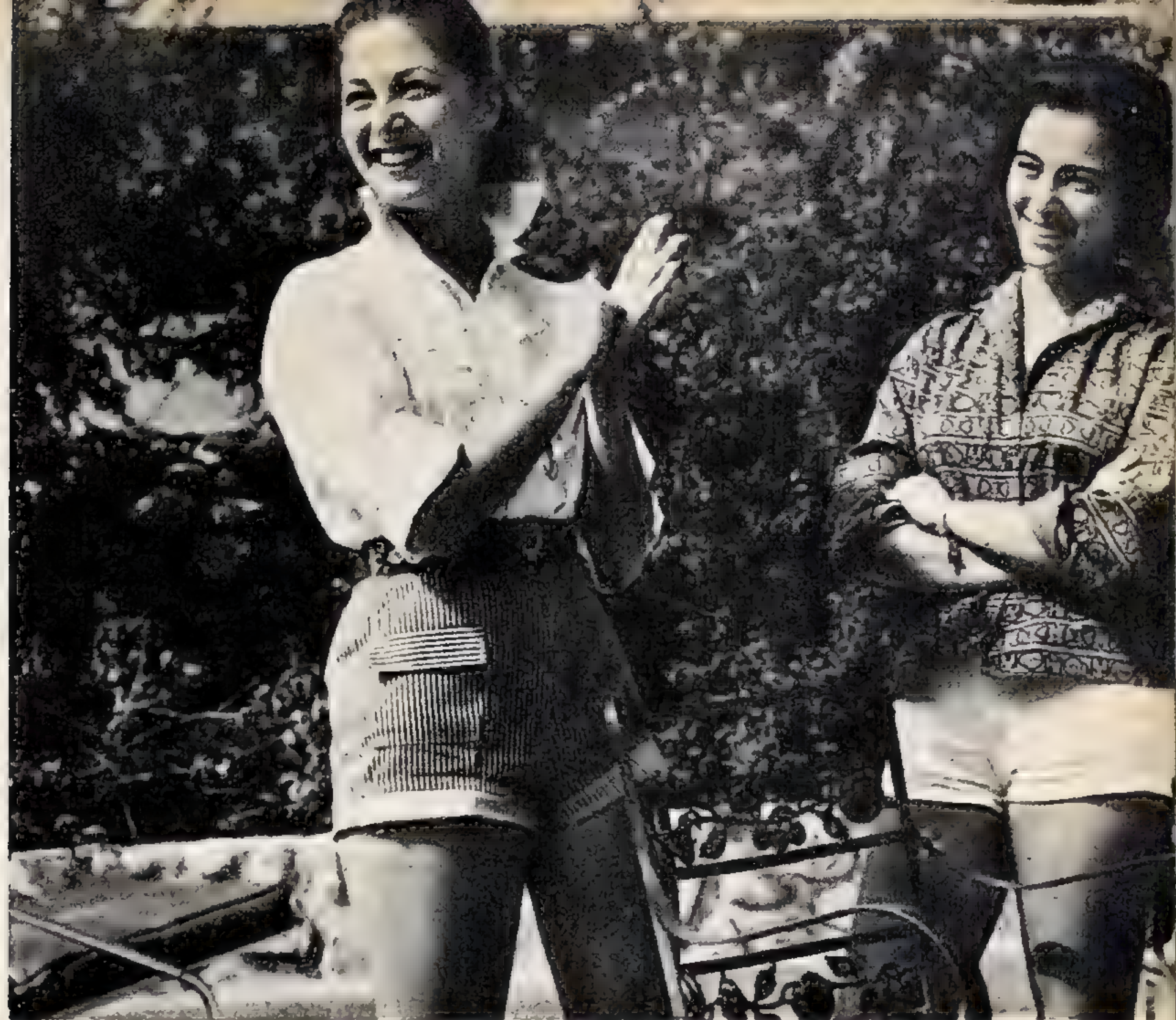
Many times I have been accused of being too strict
with Pier. Many times I asked myself if this were true.
But on her wedding day, I knew . . .

My Daughter was ready



For Marriage

Angeli is in "The Silver Chalice"



"Pier" (here with her twin Marisa) "has learned to share"

By

MRS. INRICA

PIERANGELI

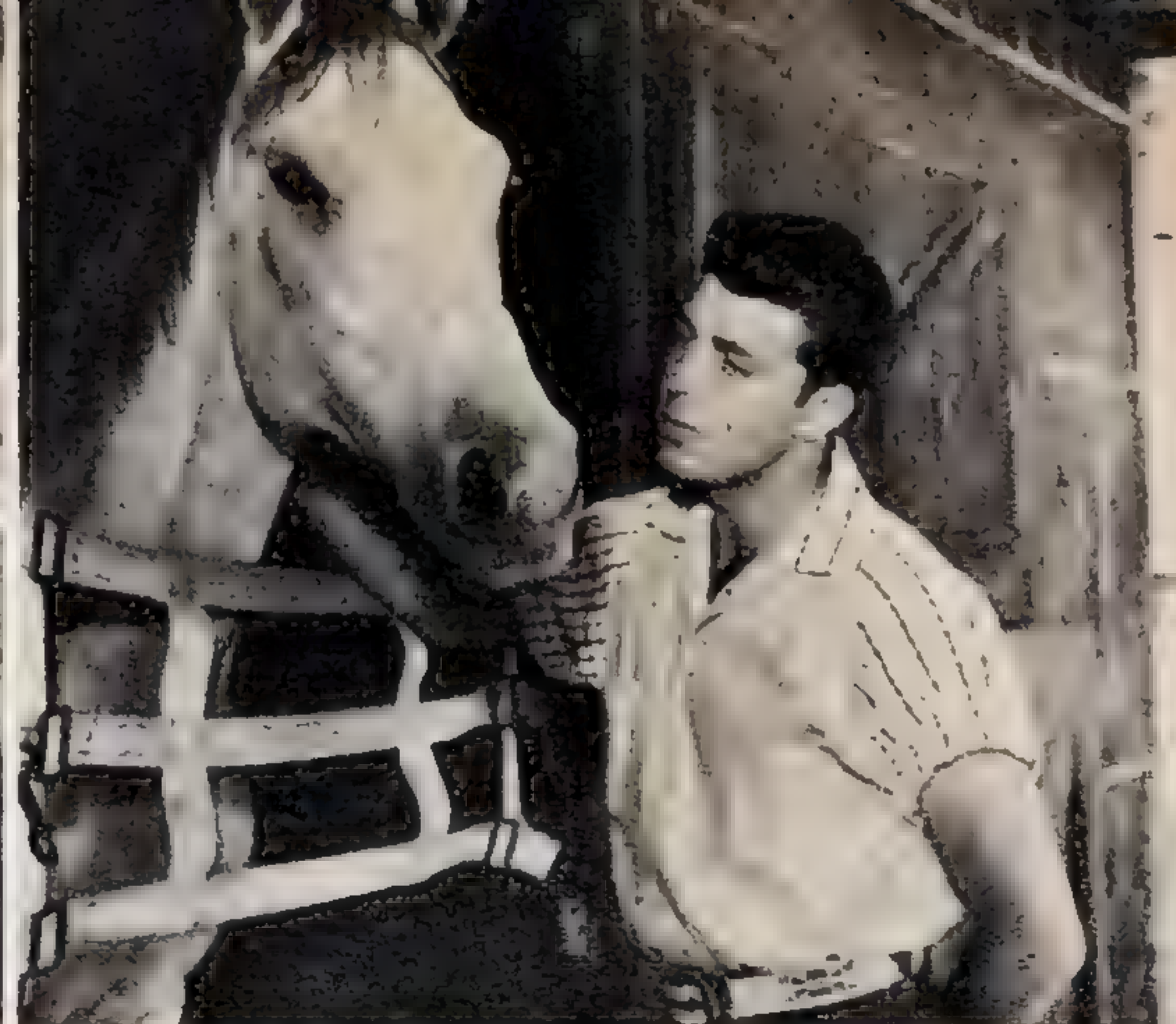
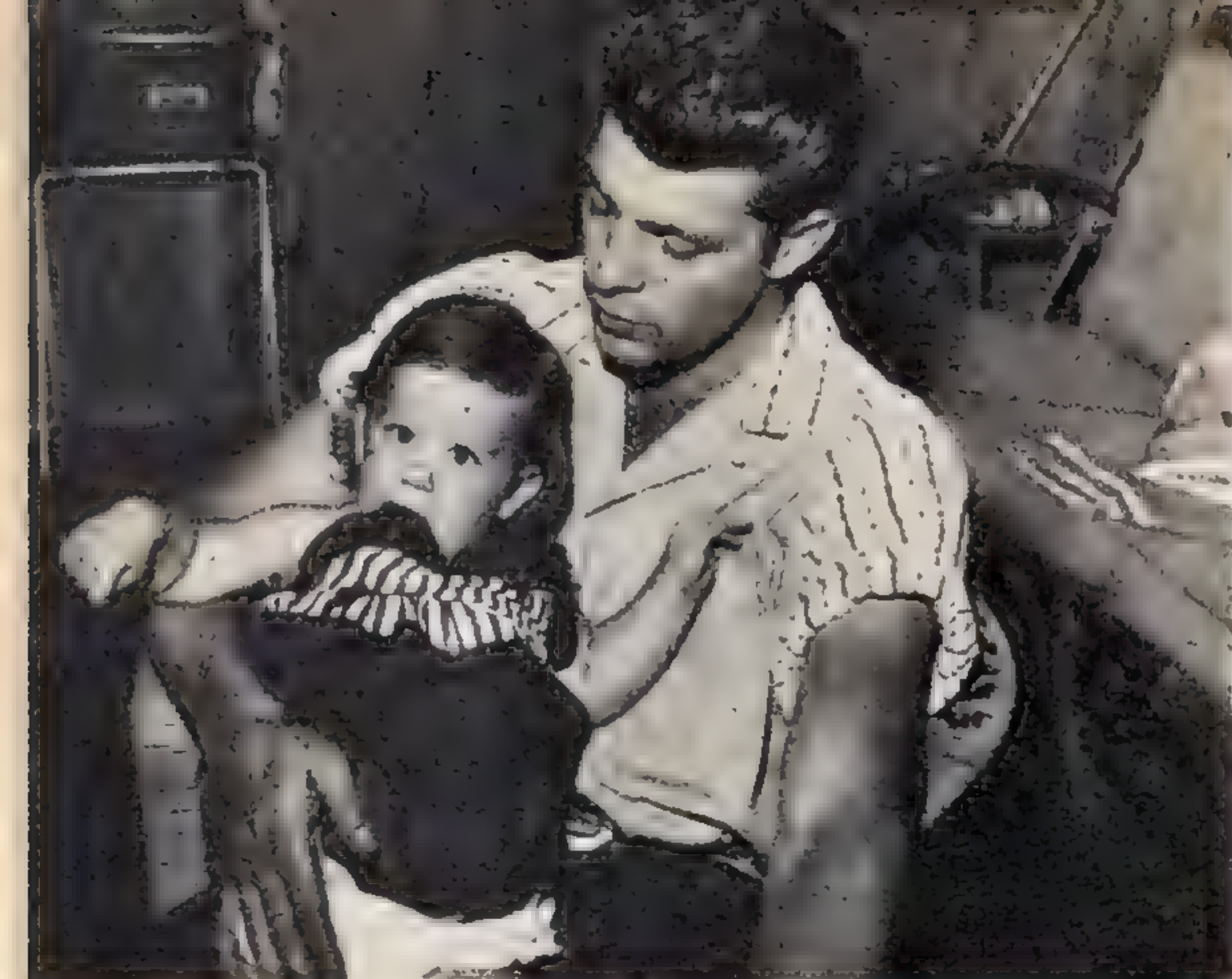


"For all us Pierangelis, Hollywood has been an education"

My daughter Pier was married to Vic Damone at a morning ceremony at St. Timothy's Catholic Church in Westwood on November 24. The service was beautiful. And despite the fact that three hundred of our friends were present, I could not help crying a little when I saw Pier, looking so lovely in her wedding gown of lace and chiffon, walk up the aisle on the arm of our old friend Edward J. Mannix, who gave her away. Like any mother, I cried a little because it is sad to lose a daughter, but I cried a little more because I was happy and proud of my Anna Marie.

Many times since I came to Hollywood I have been accused of being too strict with Pier, but I think to understand my attitude you must take into consideration not only Pier's background and European upbringing, but also some of the unusual problems she faced.

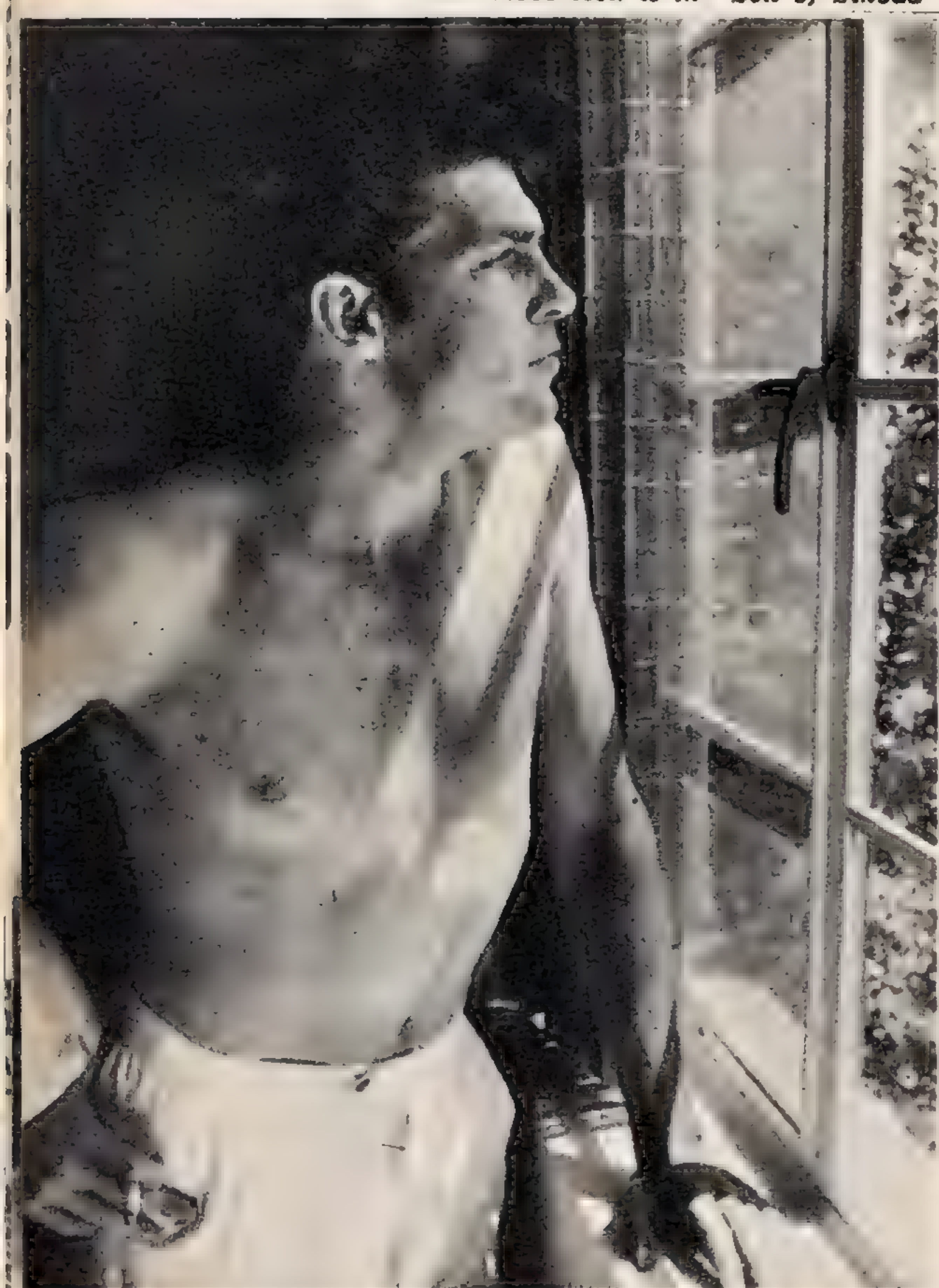
Pier had just turned eighteen when my husband passed away. Aside from the grief for all of us Pierangelis, I was confronted with the difficult task of taking over the full responsibility of bringing up my three daughters. In a way, Pier was my biggest problem. (Continued on page 72)



Dale spends anxious hours thinking about his daughter's future, making plans for her. "As long as she's a growing girl, I'll never be far away from her," says Dale, who has rented a house so Rochelle can stay with him whenever her mother is out of town

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

Dale Robertson is in "Son of Sinbad"



● In the still of night a small child's voice cries out. Suddenly awake and startled, "Mama!" she calls. "Dadda?" Her father gathers her close and soothes her to sleep again. But on through the darkness, a cigarette glows and the night is crowded with all that might have been. Thoughts march across the memory and a man, Dale Robertson, weighs them against a child's cry.

Dale's daughter, Rochelle, will never lack for love. When her mother isn't with her, her father will be there. She will always have them both.

But what happened to those two whose whirlwind romance swept Hollywood off its heady feet? Two strangers who fell in love at first sight across a crowded room, who were engaged five days later and married five short weeks after they met. The two who pledged their troth before a candlelit window, high on a hill, with all Hollywood a magic glittering carpet at their feet, who toasted so confidently the years ahead that would be . . . The years that now will not be.

When does marriage end and divorce really begin? When do dreams and hopes dissolve—into mental cruelty! They'd been to Oklahoma, but things seemed about the norm. They'd just finished carpeting the house. Jacqueline had picked (Continued on page 93)

"I want a divorce..."

Four words spoken for the last time to Dale Robertson—spelling the end of a storybook romance that could not survive the realities of life





Just what



the Doctor



ordered

To be wife, mother
and actress successfully
might cause complications
in any other woman's life.
But not Ann's. Dr. Jim
is her heart specialist!

BY DAN SENSENEY

● One evening a few months ago, Dr. James McNulty, whose business is babies, excitedly called to his wife, "Ann! Come quick!" Responding, Mrs. McNulty found the doctor bending over their son.

"Look!" said Dr. McNulty in wonder. "Look at the way he's got his fists doubled up. This boy's going to be a boxer!"

Mrs. McNulty started to say, "I hope not." But then she stopped, recognized that she was a little upset. She bit her tongue and smiled gently. "I wouldn't be surprised," she answered. It was then that Dr. McNulty looked up from his magnificent six-week-old son and caught the frown on Ann's face.

"Is something the matter?" he asked gently. "Can I help?"

Suddenly with Jim's kindness, his deep concern, Ann could no longer control her tears. She started to cry. It was all Dr. Jim's and Timothy Patrick's fault she felt like this. They had ganged up on her when she wasn't aware and made it impossible for her to go along with her plans—despite the contract and the promises. Just a short time ago, the decision would have been easy. Now it seemed impossible. For during the past year, two men had entered her life—one helpless and lovable, the other, strong and loving. They had captured her love and run away with her heart and Ann had become (Continued on page 97)

Ann Blyth, next in "The King's Thief"





After six years with Rory, Lita's an expert on exact price of beef!



At 14, Rory decided hunting with a rifle was dull—switched to archery



The inventive type, one of his ideas is proving to be a boon to ranchers

**Mention something and you'll find
Rory has it. The guy's a Brain!**

THAT CRACKERJACK- OF-ALL-TRADES, CALHOUN

● The postal clerk at the little town of Ojai looked up in surprise at the tall, handsome, dark-haired young man with prematurely grey temples. "You sure you know what you're doin', young fella?"

Rory Calhoun's voice left no doubt. "Positively!"

"But this letter you want me to register—it's addressed to yourself."

"I just wanted to make certain . . ."

He didn't tell him certain of what, or he might have given away a secret that had to be protected at least till it was securely registered with the United States Patent Office. By the cancelled postmark on the unopened letter, Rory could prove, if necessary, just when he first had the idea. You see, in addition to being an actor, rancher, saloon keeper,

builder and jack-of-all-trades, Rory is also an inventor of some repute. You'll be even more surprised about some of the things Rory has invented!

The contents of this particular package dated back to a camping trip a few weeks earlier, when Rory got up at sunrise to fix breakfast while his pretty wife Lita was still curled up in a sleeping bag, hoping to get in a few more winks before an unquestionably exhausting day of hiking and fishing began.

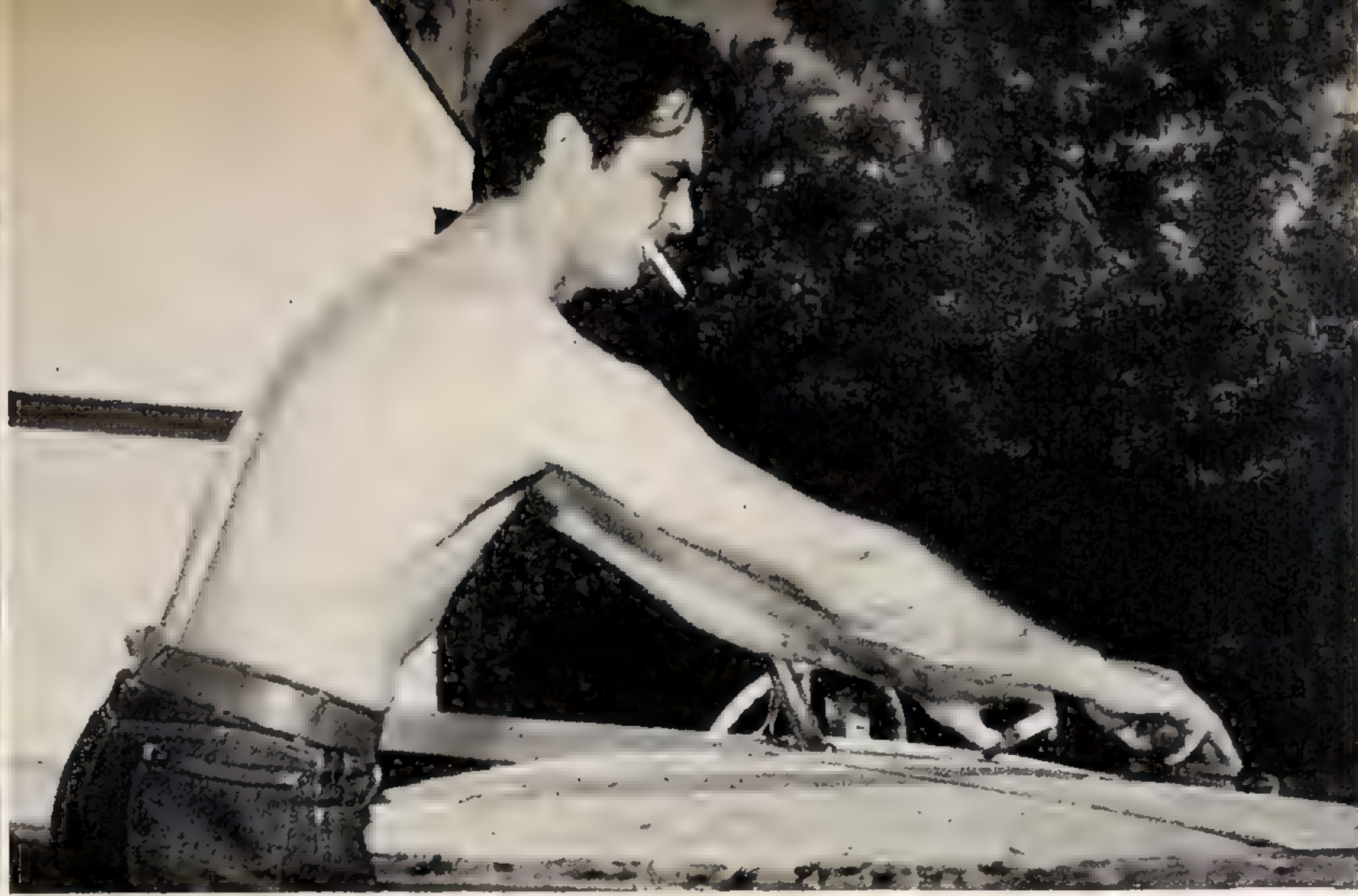
Her sleep was soon interrupted, not only by the hickory aroma of coffee boiling over a crackling fire, but also by Rory's disgusted, not exactly drawing-room-type outburst about the eggs he had fried.

Sleepily she stuck her head out from underneath her warm, (Continued on page 99)

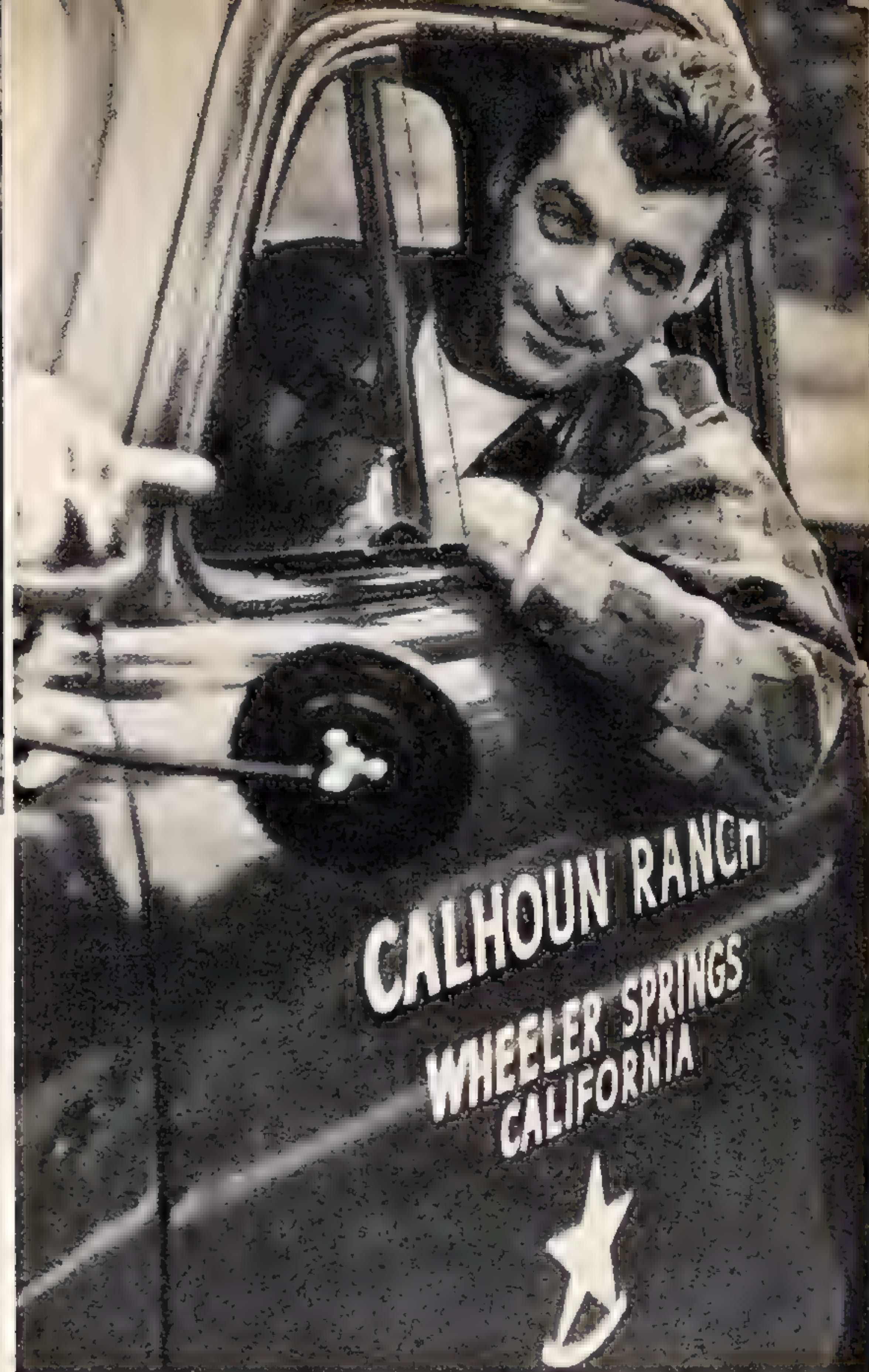
BY PEER OPPENHEIMER



Electrician, plumber, carpenter, he does all his own work around home



To Rory, working with his hands is a physical kind of independence



Recently, rancher Rory went into the restaurant business—now owns three



Rory has writing ambitions, has already sold original story to movies

A businessman, Rory's movie contracts are the envy of other actors

Rory Calhoun is next in "The Looters"



Bike is gag gift from studio. Six years of modeling, stage, TV led to Hollywood

Mother's training taught Grace not to be discouraged by criticism and failure



Grace Kelly is in "The Country Girl" and "The Bridges at Toko-Ri"



Of modeling days, she says, "I learned to stay on my feet until my head hurt!"

Hair-do for "Catch a Thief." "The breaks didn't come before I was ready for them"



BY
MARTIN COHEN

THE LADY IS A GO-GETTER

Forget all the blarney about Kelly being an overnight sensation. She was, in her own words, a glutton for punishment. And punishment is what she got!

● "I've never been depressed by my work. I love it. If it became a chore, I'd give it up," says Grace Kelly. "I've had a couple of parts I didn't like. I was bored and miserable. I couldn't work up any sympathy for the characters. If I had to do much of that I'd stop cold. The day I find acting is no longer fun and exciting, I'll quit."

The lady says what she thinks. She is shy but never scared. If she has something to say, she says it. If she has nothing to say, she is a phenomenon—she says nothing. Physically speaking, she is well modulated with a figure that neither screams with exaggeration nor retreats in a whisper. She is lithe and tall with a remarkable face that produces the fragile smile of a Mona Lisa or the grin of a child looking (Continued on page 81)

"THE GLASS SLIPPER"

It's "Cinderella"
set to music, with Leslie Caron's
special brand of magic

This enchanting musical romance gives Leslie Caron the perfect follow-up to the beloved "Lili." Once more, there's a fairy-tale atmosphere without any actual flights into fantasy. Once more Leslie is the shy and shabby young girl who blossoms into a charmer. "The Glass Slipper" is



When prince Michael Wilding meets Leslie by chance, he tells her he's a palace cook. And she dreams that she is his dancing sweetheart, in a fabulous kitchen

The grubby, cinder-streaked little kitchen maid is transformed!—ready to don a ball gown and glass slippers, given to her by a mysterious, eccentric old lady



SLEEPER⁹⁹

the Cinderella story told with music and with no magic spells. In a tiny mythical country of 18th century Europe, Leslie's a slavey in her step-family's household; Michael Wilding's a debonair prince. With beautiful sets and costumes, M-G-M makes the love story a feast for eyes and ears.



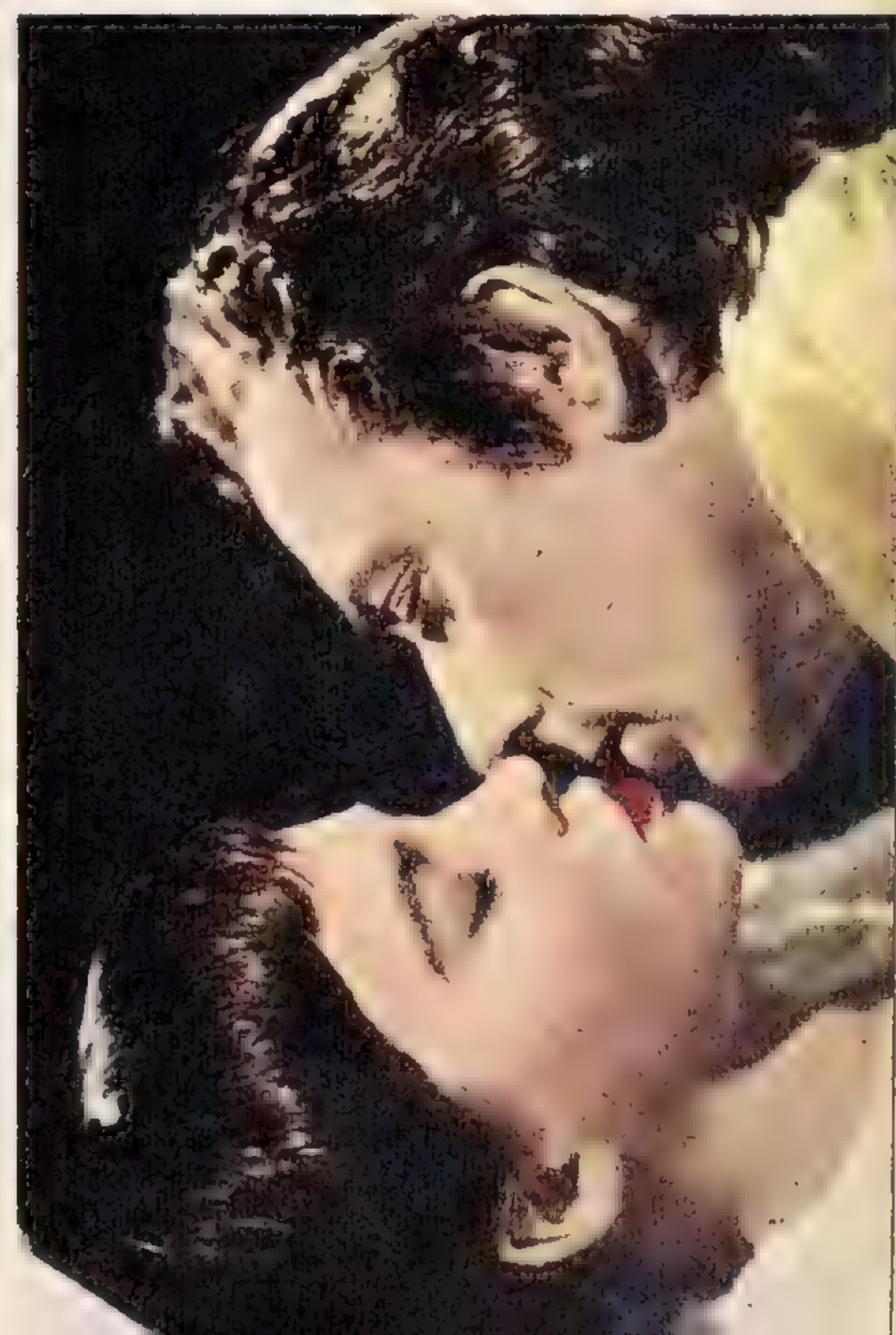
A prouetting doll, Leslie's joined in two of her dances by Roland Petit's Ballets de Paris. She starred with this troupe in a national theatre tour before filming began



As poor Cinderella, Leslie is harshly treated by step-mother Elsa Lanchester and stepsisters Lurene Tuttle, Lisa Daniels and Amanda Blake, luxuriously dressed

Dazzling in her suddenly acquired finery, she creates a sensation at the palace, even dances with the duke (Barry Jones), the realm's ruler, her beloved's father

But there's more trouble ahead—the midnight escape from the palace—before Leslie and her prince reach the famous happy ending, together "forever after"



If you like
what you love

You're in Luck



*Beneath the kidding and
banter, genuine trust,
friendship and affection*

*Congenial, Doris and
Marty obviously enjoy
each other's company*



*Good catch: Doris' moth-
er and son went with them
on Alisal Ranch vacation*

By ERNST JACOBI

Much has been written about Doris Day's charm, her brightness, her radiance. There is nothing to question. It's really there: the shiny blond hair, the clean looks, the sparkling blue eyes and, of course, the smile—a terrific smile, wide, warm, utterly disarming.

The place on the Warner Brothers lot where the stars and the executives eat lunch is called the Green Room. It looked pretty drab until the moment Miss Day, followed by Marty Melcher, came through the door. She brightened the whole room. There's an electric quality about this girl. She gives off sparks. You know, when you meet someone like Doris Day, that you're meeting a personality; that you're in the presence of a star. But a comfortable, down-to-earth sort of star.

"I'm hungry," Miss Day said, sitting down and looking over the menu. Miss Day has a

reputation for being hungry. "I think I'll have the steak."

"Me, too. And I'm having French fries with it," Marty announced belligerently. "I did twenty laps in the pool this morning. I'm trying to take off a few pounds and it's murder!"

Marty—Marty Melcher—is Doris' husband. He's also her agent, business partner and sometime boss when he's producing one of her pictures. He's also known to be her tower of strength.

What was the secret of their success in marriage? I asked.

"It's very simple," Marty answered. "Half the time I let Doris have her way; the rest of the time I give in."

"Don't let him kid you," Doris bristled good-naturedly. "Between my two men at home I don't stand a chance. They gang up on me and lead me around (Continued on page 103)

"This isn't kid stuff—it takes a little growing up to appreciate what we have"

On set with her son, wardrobe woman. "Marty's a wonderful father to Terry"



Doris Day is in "Young at Heart"



Peace wasn't one of the things Doris had before her marriage to Marty



BY
TONY CURTIS

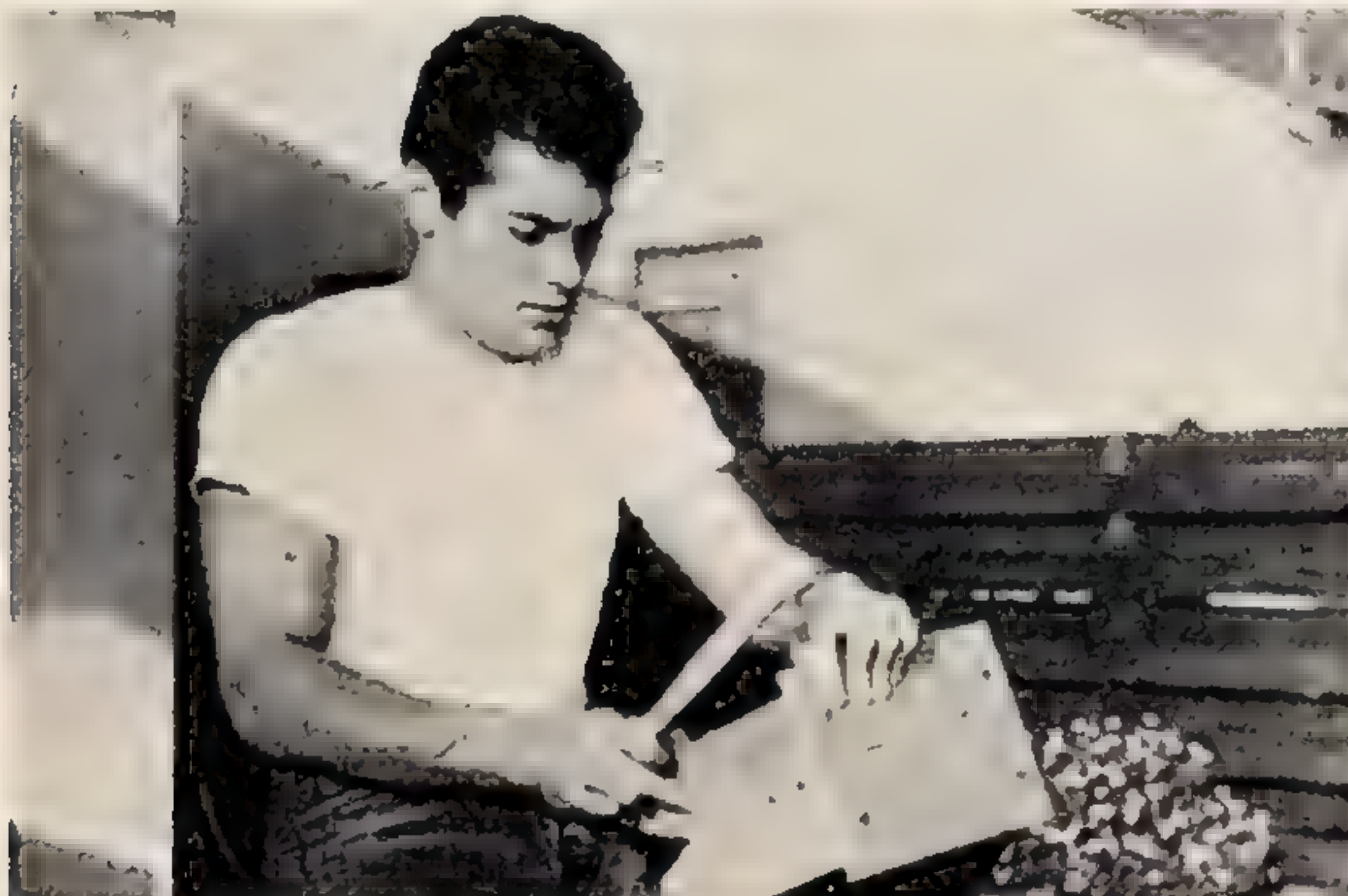
*I'm letting you in
on a secret. But don't
keep it to yourself.
I want this
one spread around!*



*Real cool, on the saxophone—
now he's taken to a clarinet!*



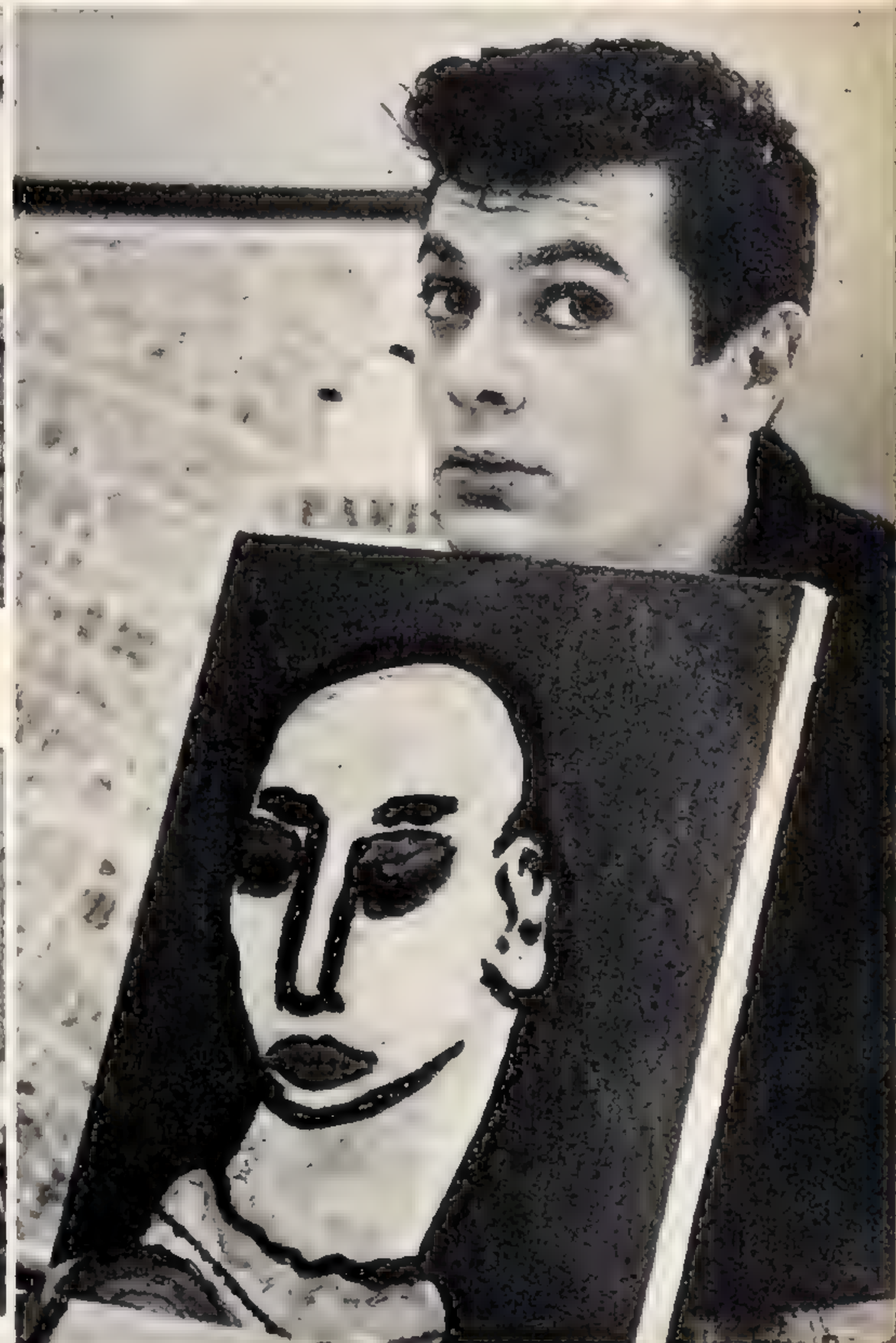
*Frank Westmore gets expert
advice—Tony's a shutter-bug*



*Carpentering skill led to mak-
ing model boats, a phonograph*



*Expert Tomei taught him race
car driving for "Johnny Dark"*



*Painting lessons in school led
to absorbing spare-time hobby*

Get with it, kids!

I know a secret. At least, that's what I was told only a few months ago. Well, to be perfectly honest, I overheard it.

When I came home from the studio one day, Janet was giving an interview. "Tony knows the secret of enjoying life to the fullest extent," she was saying. "He has a sure-fire cure for boredom, depression, loneliness—almost any blue mood that happens to strike a person."

"Who me?" I said to myself.

Then Janet saw me standing in the living room doorway. The girl is not only adept at Houdini-type magic, she's also pretty good at mental telepathy. "Yes, you," she grinned.

It's funny, but until then I hadn't really stopped to think about it. Since then, I have—pretty thoroughly. And I've found that it's taken me years to learn the secret of enjoying life to the fullest. Most of the time, I acquired the knowledge unconsciously. As time (Continued on page 85)

Tony Curtis is next in
"So This Is Paris"

KIRK'S ISLAND OF SAFETY

It will not be found on any maps, but it is as real as Kirk's



"A man needs marriage. An actor, even more—the island of safety only to be found in a solid human relationship"



"Stimulating, gay as champagne, but soothing, too," Kirk says of Anne. They met when he made film in Paris

BY ELIZABETH BALL

Two years ago, on a warm sunny afternoon in Paris, Kirk Douglas was introduced to a petite French woman, who his friend director Anatole Litvak said, was just as brilliant as she was charming. She spoke four languages fluently, had an indefatigable supply of energy, a quick, sharp mind and a fine sense of humor. She was just the person Kirk needed to handle his French papers while in Paris making "Act of Love." When Anne Buydens agreed to take care of the actor's work, the director arranged the meeting that afternoon.

"There was no romance involved," Kirk says today. "Not in the beginning. Anne helped me with my business problems. She was stimulating, gay, soothing. Having worked on pictures with picture people, she knew about actors. From the beginning, we had a perfectly good understanding of each other's good points and bad ones and an acceptance of each other's qualities. I appreciated having her as a friend."

Anne lived and worked in Paris where she coordinated languages in (Continued on page 89)

With Anne, Kirk has forgotten the loneliness that made him a rolling stone—whirling aimlessly through life



new-found peace and happiness . . .

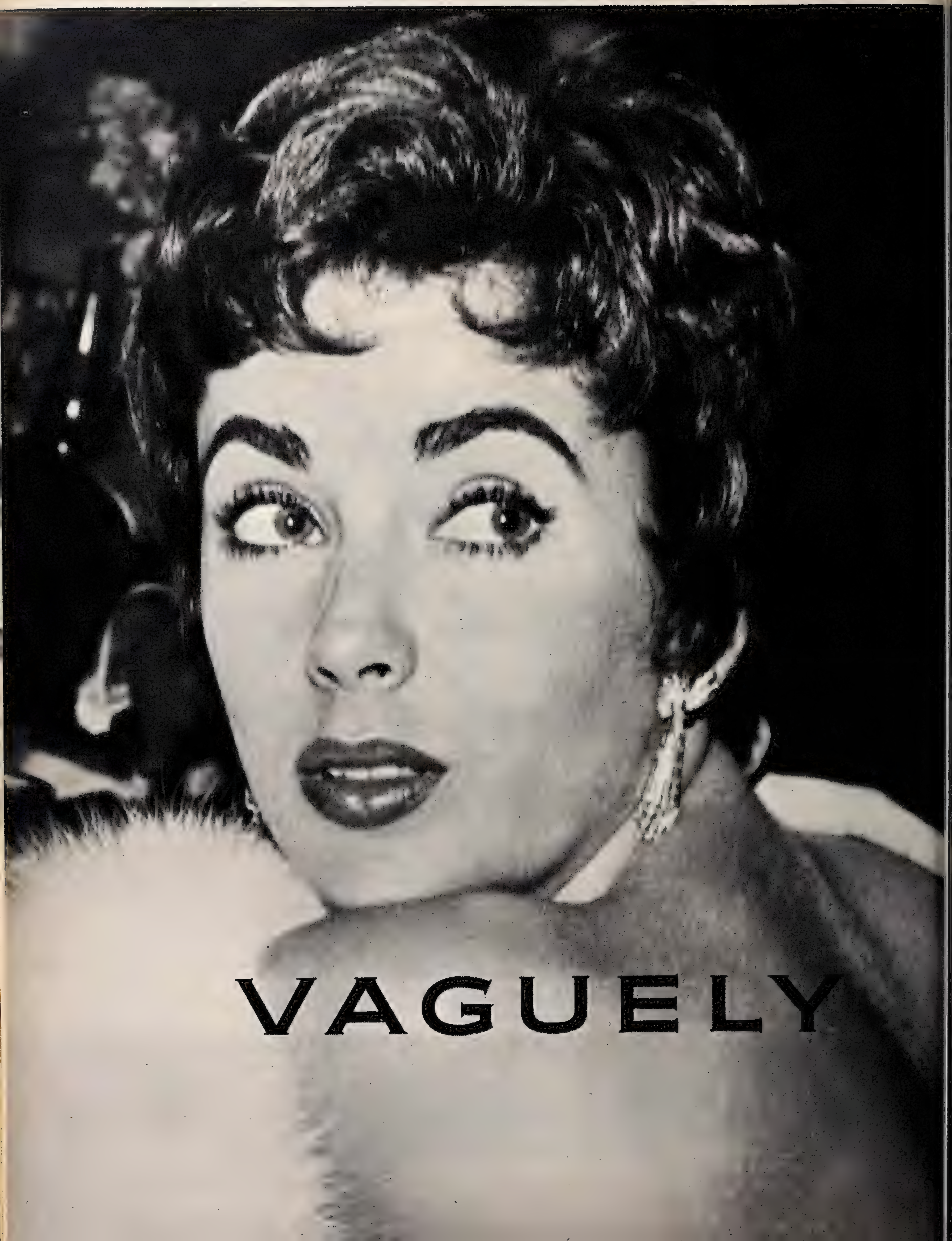


Anne is interested in Kirk's work—but she is much more interested in his peace of mind

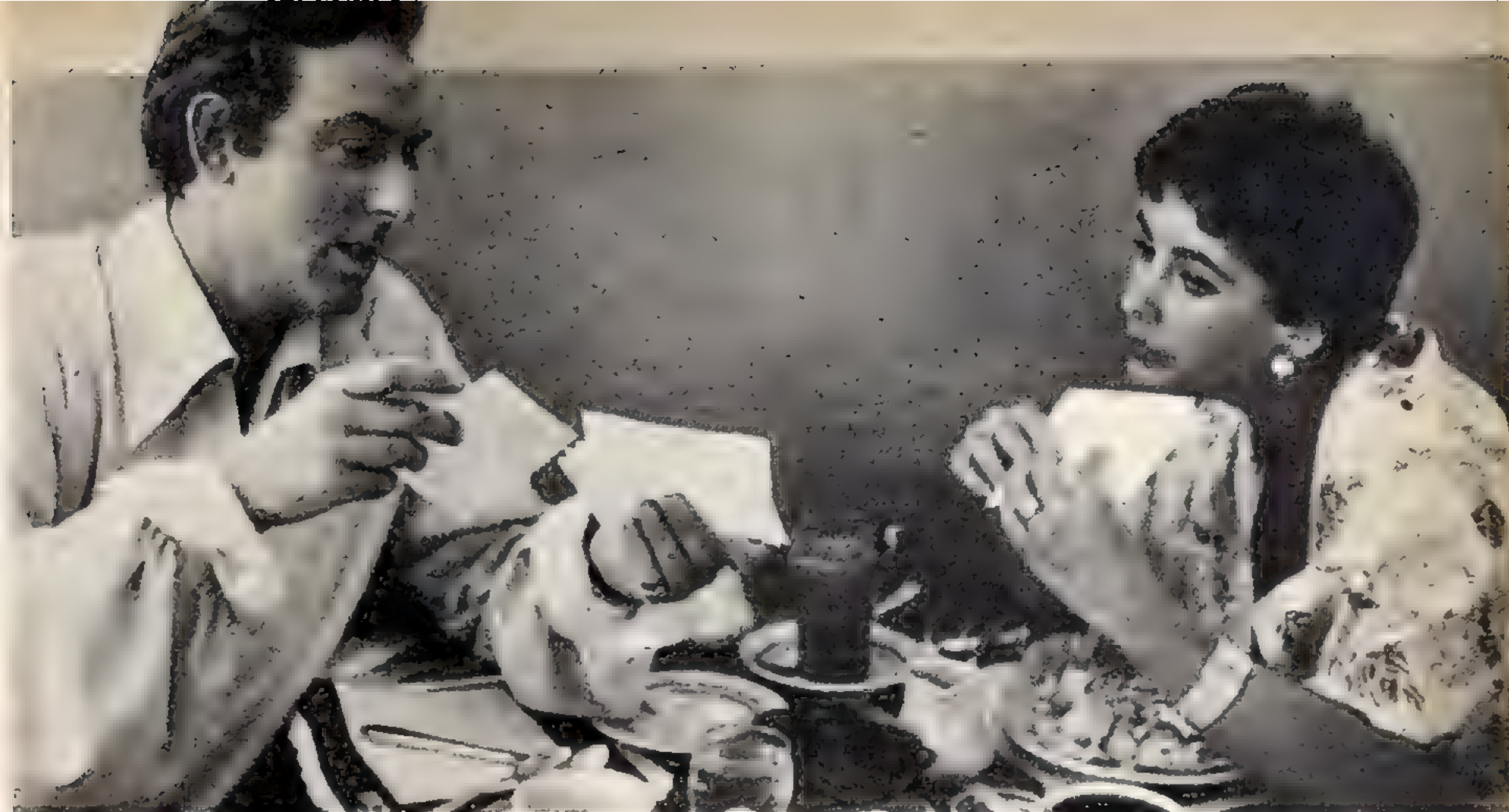
Kirk Douglas is in
Walt Disney's
"20,000 Leagues
Under the Sea"
and 20th's
"The Racers"

Today, Kirk is calmer about his career, no longer attacks life in his old fighting mood

Elizabeth Taylor is in "The Last Time I Saw Paris"



VAGUELY



Says Mike, "Temperamentally, we're alike—both lazy. We hang onto things, too—old letters, clothes. We love to travel but we always seem to have a new house to buy or a baby coming!"

BY FAITH SERVICE

● If you had been cruising in your car on the hilltops near Beverly Hills one midnight last Spring, you would have been in for an eerie experience. From a lone ranch house nuzzling the stars on top of the highest hill you would have heard eerie strains of music. There's nothing strange about music coming from a house at any hour of the day or night when there are people living in it! But this house was obviously empty. It was dark, the windows were opened but curtainless. No one could be living there. Yet music played.

If your curiosity was strong enough to conquer your gooseflesh you might have ventured nearer to the house. Glancing through the open windows you would have seen hand in hand, the motionless figures of a girl and a man seated on the living room floor.

Creeping still closer you would have recognized the bodies as belonging to Elizabeth (Continued on page 76)



WONDERFUL

She forgets to order dinner, hangs her things

up on the floor. But it's the other things she does

that makes Mike so mad—about Liz Taylor!

Cupid shot an arrow
into the air.
It landed—pretty nearly
everywhere!

Cupid on the

For Pier Angeli came the dawn—of happiness as Mrs. Vic Damone

Debbie Reynolds was kidding—but her heart wasn't, about Eddie



BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

● Love is simply busting out all over . . . and over . . . and over. . . .

Debbie's heart went to Eddie Fisher way back last July but her hand will not be his until this June when these two plan to be married. Her dark-haired friend Pier Angeli, in the meantime, has tied the knot with Vic Damone and her cute blond friend Jane Powell has already returned from her European honeymoon with husband Pat Nerney.

The last time these three girls were together was the day that Esme Chandlee, Helen Rose and Ann Strauss gave a bridal shower for the immediately-to-be-brides Pier and Jane. When I think back, I feel that Cupid must have the good grace to blush when he sees how nearly he came to missing his mark. . . .

Debbie Reynolds was rehearsing. Her hair was in curlers because she was going to a premiere that night. She frowned when she saw Johnny Grant and

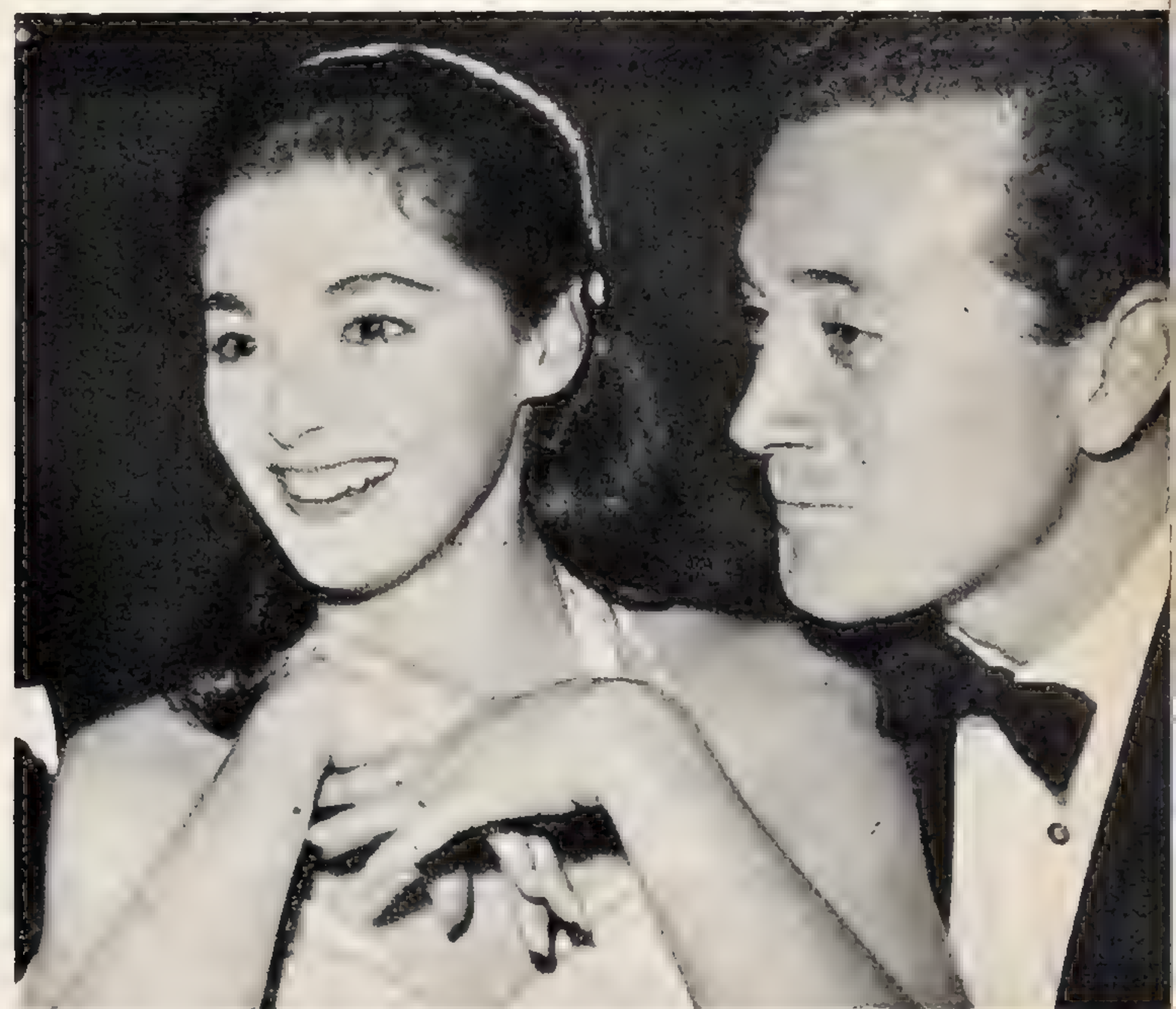
Continued

Rampage

Jane Powell headed for the desert—to become Pat Nerney's bride



Pat and Jane on their wedding day. If Pat had phoned a week earlier, Cupid would have missed his mark



Champagne and a dime in the juke box were all love needed to start Pier and Vic on that wedding march



Debbie and Eddie Fisher at engagement party given by Eddie Cantor. Sheilah slipped the cue to Cupid

Cupid on the Rampage

continued

shook her head when he pointed to the slender, dark, curly-haired young man with him. Didn't he know she was dancing against time? And for him to bring a stranger on the set and with her hair such a mess! But she nodded politely when Johnny brought his friend over. "You remember him, you met him four years ago when we entertained at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington—Eddie Fisher." Ah, now she remembered. He was a GI then. He'd said, "Hello, Miss Reynolds." She'd said, "How d'ye do." Now he was grinning, and she smiled back. But she was late. "Bye," she said, and started running. "Will you be my date for my opening at the Coconut Grove?" Eddie was to ask over the telephone weeks later. "Okay," Debbie had answered in her candid fashion.

I wonder if Debbie knows that I was partly responsible for her big romance with Eddie. It happened just around Valentine's Day last year. Young Mr. Fisher was in the doghouse with Mamie Van Doren and the local photographers here. Eddie and Mamie, whom he knew only slightly, were supping at the Mocambo, and the lensmen swooped down to take photos. Suddenly, Eddie dashed from the fancy night club as though twenty devils were on his tail. I read Miss Van Doren's statement the next day. Boy, was she insulted! No man had ever run out on her before, and who did he think he was, etc., etc.

So I called Eddie to find out "wha' happened." He wasn't sure except that he didn't want his picture taken in a night club with a girl he hardly knew. "I'm lonely in this town," surprisingly confessed the famous singer. "I'd like to meet more people. D'ye know anyone?" "Debbie Reynolds," I suggested, and Eddie jumped five feet in the air. "D'ye think she'd go out with me?" he asked. "Call her and find out," said I. Eddie went one better. He recalled the brief meeting in Washington, contacted Johnny Grant who took him to the set—and that was the beginning of their love story, and another notch in the arrow of the little guy who's been working overtime in our neck of the woods. But if Debbie hadn't visited the Walter Reed Hospital, and I hadn't interviewed Eddie—makes you wonder, doesn't it?

And I wonder whether Marlon Brando would have met *his* love—if he hadn't rejected the script of "The Egyptian?" He found Josanne Berenger in the office of his New York psychiatrist, after his mysterious dash from Hollywood. The nineteen-year-old French brunette—"The only girl I ever wanted" (Continued on page 88)



Clark Gable's elusive—but Kay Spreckels has the wit to catch him



If Brando hadn't kept that appointment, he'd have missed Josann



Cupid played waiting game, finally caught up with Mitzi, Jack Bean



Eleanor Parker loves her Clemens portraits—he loves the original



Hawaiian leis became bridal wreaths for John Wayne, Pilar Palette



Vera-Ellen took up tennis, now she and Vic Rothschild are love match



Romance stole the Sportsmen's Show for Guy Madison, Sheila Connolly

THE CASE OF THE VANQUISHED BACHELOR

BY
FREDDA DUDLEY



After five years and a full house, James Stewart, Esquire, has blissfully forgotten the character who once lived alone and thought he liked it!

During football season last fall a group of Beverly Hills buddies were having Saturday night dinner together. Jimmy and Gloria Stewart were among the guests, so inevitably the conversation turned to Princeton's grid victory of that afternoon.

"I get excited enough about the games now," Jimmy declared, "but when my two boys are in college, I guess I'll have to figure a way to work in the East during the fall."

Someone said with a straight face, "I thought your two youngsters were girls."

Falling for the rib, Jimmy explained, "The two youngest are girls, but my two oldest are both boys." Then, gradually, a grin began to spread. "Our two oldest," he amended, and across the table he met Gloria's warm smile.

No more eloquent incident could be cited to indicate the close-knit happiness of the clan Stewart, because the two boys mentioned are Ronald and Michael, (Continued on page 101)



Marriage becomes him like his favorite tweeds. Belo, the family's German Shepherd dog, has been with Gloria ten years

Squire Stewart finds fatherhood a comfortable and preoccupying condition. Below, with wife Gloria, stepsons Michael and Ronald, twin daughters Kelly, Judy



Jimmy Stewart is in "The Far Country" and "Strategic Air Command"



Above, two ideal outfits for a tall willowy figure. Grace Kelly wears a sheer with sleeveless top offset by wide skirt. Right, the long loose boxy jacket suit needs tall figure, could smother lines of a short girl. Grace next in Paramount's "Country Girl"



BY
GLADYS
HALL



Petite, but long-legged, Jane Powell looks best in dress highlighted by cinching belt. Jane's appearing in "Athena," M-G-M

HOLLYWOOD

Unlike Hollywood stars, most of us being mere mortals, have special clothes problems. Some of us are too thin or too fat; others too tall or too short. The complexion is only so-so. As for clothes-sense, we're ready to admit that we're not too clever and can be easily led astray by a quick whim or a special sale. On top of this to make matters worse, the budget is definitely restrictive. No wonder w

For the soft curvy figure, Jane Leigh wisely wears for daytime a trim covered-up dress for the well-groomed look. Janet's next in "My Sister Eileen," Columbia



If you think it takes a million-dollar budget and a million-dollar figure to look like a million dollars, relax... It ain't necessarily so!

HAS DESIGNS ON YOU

ok somewhat less glamorous than the glamour girls of Hollywood.

A pretty depressing situation, you've got to admit, no matter what your particular problem is. But just suppose you could take your problems to a Hollywood designer. That's what we did. We went to four leading designers and here are the suggestions they made for you.

Too fat: While you're reducing, get

yourself a basic black with bright accessories—don't cut your figure in half with a startling belt, have a self belt made of your dress material if necessary. Wear white around the face (or, if you prefer, some other bright basic color). Walk tall, carrying yourself straight and by all means watch your calories.

Too thin: Use the trick jackets, overshirts which girls like Audrey

continued



Anne Francis glorifies her tall, statuesque figure with slim suit. Line is softened by U-shaped neckline and folds—appropriate for her height. Anne's in "Bad Day at Black Rock," M-G-M



Angular and boyishly beautiful, Audrey Hepburn wears well the ultra-feminine evening gown and tailored sports outfits shown. Soft lines of skirt and flare of sports jacket soften outline. She's now in "Sabrina" for Paramount



Vera-Ellen's perfectly proportioned figure is best in the snug tops, well-defined waistlines and full flared skirts shown in all three costumes. Left, she wears simple fitted coat, with extra flair in upturned collar. Vera's playing in "White Christmas"

HOLLYWOOD HAS DESIGNS ON YOU *continued*

Hepburn adapt. Broaden shoulders and bust lines with full shoulder width and full blouse effect. Wear cowl necklines such as Anne Francis uses to give her that feminine allure. And slim skirt or full, keep the hemline in proportion to your figure.

Too short: Uninterrupted lines help the illusion that you're bigger than doll size. Wide belts are taboo, a narrow one is for you. If you're less than average height and full bosomed, the basic dress is your best friend. A short waistline, a long skirt line and you've increased your height by inches.

Too tall: A long jacket line on suits, as exemplified by Grace Kelly, looks dreamy on the tall girl (and isn't she lucky she can wear it!). Big hats, long gloves, print dresses, full skirts—everything that rounds out the figure to good proportion is for you.

And what is a basic wardrobe suitable, with slight modifications, for any figure?

We stopped by to see Edith Head, who not only designs movie clothes for Paramount stars Audrey Hepburn and Grace Kelly, but also designs all of her own, and therefore understands the problem of budgets. Miss Head is a strong exponent of the "planned wardrobe."

"Last spring I toured all over Europe with only one suitcase," she admitted. Since the contents of this suitcase served me so well on every occasion from morning to midnight, I can personally guarantee that it will be just as smart ten years from now as it is this fashion season and recommend it to most gals.

"The basic costume was a two-piece flannel dressmaker suit (you might prefer beige flannel which is just as good-looking). The jacket was buttoned all the way up and (*Continued on page 105*)



Turtle-necked blouse complements dotted skirt, with waist accented by a handsome leather cinch belt



To dress up or down, the smart new overblouse (belted) and a flared skirt with petticoat for extra zip

PHOTOPLAY STAR

FASHIONS

EMODEL YOUR FASHION OUTLOOK

Gloria De Haven fixes her fashion sights on bright new accessory accents. A perfect back-up, her springweight cotton suit features a black and white striped box jacket underscored with white linen, slim black skirt. Sizes 5-15. Jaunty Juniors. About \$35. Town Umbrella's composed shaft of multi-color stripes. Under \$10

Luxurious, fluffy white fox collar frames and flatters your face. Fleischer Furs. About \$25*

Glamour at your feet: Brilliant pump, white rolls on black shantung. Deb Towners. \$9.95

Bold, beautiful accent: five strands of light ivory bubble "pearls." By Marvella. \$12.50*

All-day chic in the soft honey calf Toro pump, white crushed kid trim. Enna Jetticks. \$10.95

Arm's-length of white Doette cotton evening gloves, scalloped, pearly buttoned. Fownes. \$5

Diamonds make news in a harlequin pouch bag mixing raspberry, green, white. Lennox. \$14.95*

Treat your partying waist to white capeskin with black and silvery tinsel. Charm Belts. \$5

Samsonite's trim blue train case, sturdy vinylastic. Mirrored top, divided inner tray. \$17.50*

plus Federal tax for Where to Buy see page 84

Gloria DeHaven's skin-tone stockings by Bur-Mil Cameo

the ladder to style success

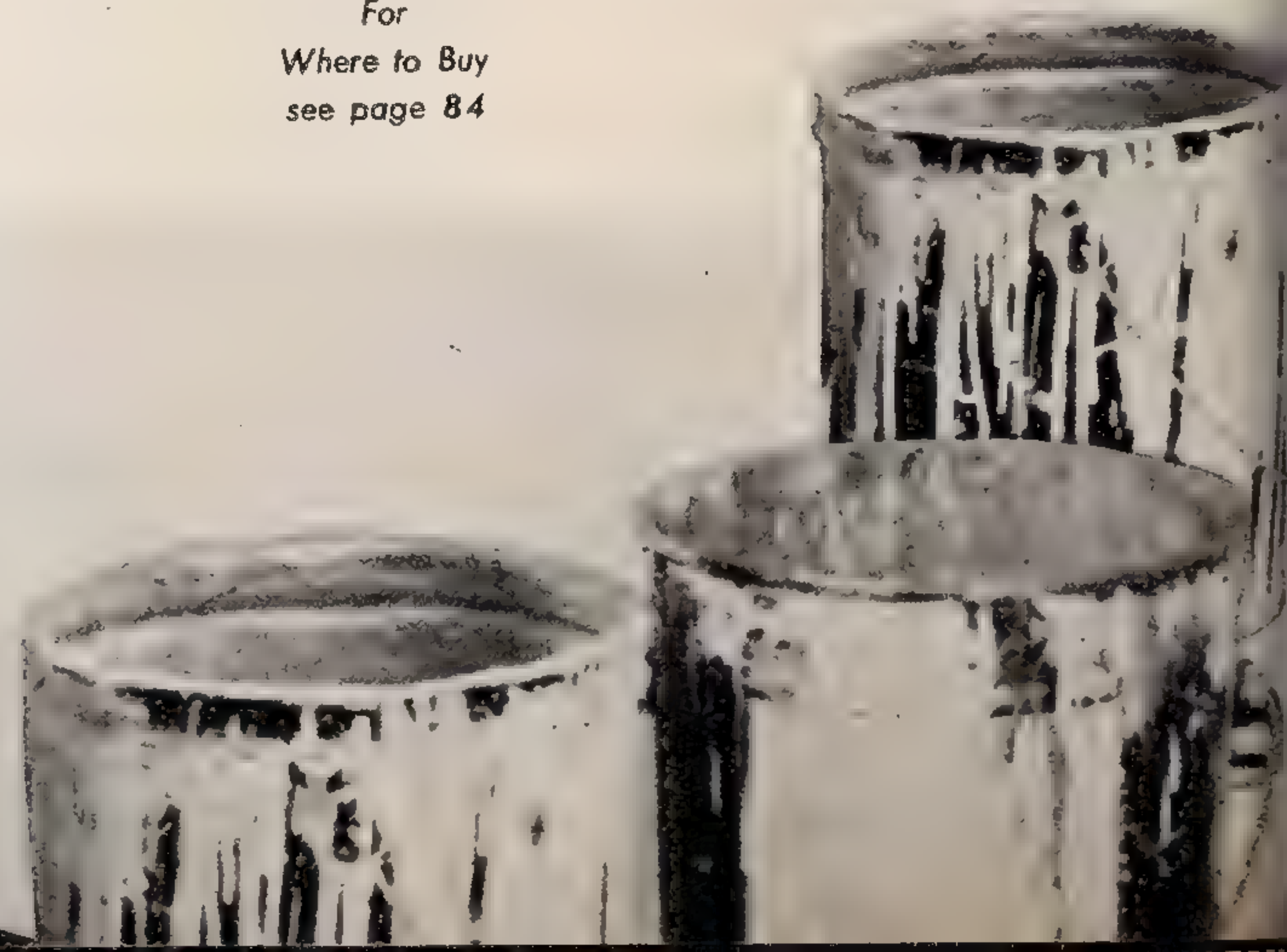
star-studded with new,

spring-fresh accessories



U Tote-all bag in lustrous red calf that loves a spit 'n' polish. Golden double bracelet handle. Jana. \$15*

For
Where to Buy
see page 84



OUTLOOK

continued



Diana Adams, star of the New York City Ballet Co., is featured in M-G-M's "Invitation to the Dance"

REMODEL YOUR

Gloria's now starring and singing
in U-I's "So This Is Paris"

- A** Jana's small and shapely satchel in bright plastic patent, golden padlock trim. \$7.95*
- B** The Newport pump in black "patent," slim heel, white tipped toes. Naturalizer. \$10.95
- C** There's triple fashion in a triple-tie silk scarf scattered with dots. Baar & Beards. \$1
- D** In the fashion eye: shining ropes of golden baubles. Non-tarnishable. By Sperry. Each, \$2*
- E** Cotton satin boy shirt, ice cream stripes marking its feminine gender. Macshore. \$4.95
- F** For a sleek middle ground, "patent" contour belt, nickel harness buckle. By Charm. \$2.50
- G** Diamond cut-outs on a pink cotton glove for up-to-the-elbow glamour. By Fownes. \$4
- H** Bright strokes of color shape a casual Suede shoe, cushioned platform. Honeydebs. \$3.99
- I** In the style of fine Italian craftsmanship, a large carryall pouch in beech cowhide, with newly shaped winged flap. Ronay. \$15*

For Where to Buy see page 84

Like musical star Gloria De Haven, take a mid-year refresher course in accessories—the best stage tricks we know for a change-about look. Gloria loves her slim molded sheath in navy silk and worsted, with V-line buttoned front, dotted silk artist's tie. 7-15. By Jerry Greenwald. \$35. Hat by Betmar

*plus tax

FASHION OUTLOOK

continued

Photographs by Bert and Stan Rockfield

J Shocking pink Java straw handbag for a flash of color. Linen-lined. Ingber. \$10.95*

K Airy calf pump in a new color, violet. The trim: a crescent of flowers. Trim-Tred. \$9.95

L Open-toed Social pump in burnished gray calf, cut steel buckle. By Paradise. \$14.95

M Bright yellow scalloped cowhide belt—sure to flatter any waist. By Fashion Belt. \$2

N Diamond-paned pouchy harlequin tote, sparked with shiny "patent." Coronet. \$10.95*

O Wood violets in deep purple bring spring closer to your door. Flower Modes. About \$2

P Return of the elegant glove—these in pink glacé kid, buttoned in crystal. Aris. \$5.95

Q Sheerest stockings ever made, mere wisps in new mink tones. Gotham Gold Stripe. \$1.95

R Long ropes of lustrous, uniform "pearls"—60" of fashion for the girl with accessory know-how. These by La Tausca. Each, \$2*

REMODEL YOUR FASHION OUTLOOK

continued

PHOTOPLAY

STAR

FASHIONS

The spice of fashion, accessories like these accent the lovely clothes Diana Adams wears. Lightweight pale blue wool jersey suit worn here has jewel-trimmed circle collar, winged cuffs and a cut-away front to emphasize slim skirt. Navy, tangerine, pastels. Sizes 8-16. Fashion Towne. About \$45. Natural straw Breton by Betmar

- A** Mist gray 21" weekender in textured vinyl plastic. Crown. \$18.50*
- B** Calf sandal with jewel-buckled wisps of straps. Rhythm Step. \$16
- C** Single blooming white rose, glorious on black. Aster Flower. \$1
- D** Marvella Natura pearls—2-strand necklace, \$10*, bracelet \$7.50*
- E** Creamy beige long cotton gloves for flair. By Wear-Right. \$3.98
- F** Sleek box bag, lustrous royal blue calf, tab trim. Lennox. \$14.95*
- G** Double buckles on bright blue contoured cowhide. Fashion Belt. \$2
- H** Jacqueline pump, white-stroked avocado calf. By Wohl. About \$10
- I** Seamless elegance in new skin-tone colors. Bur-Mil Cameo. \$1.65
- J** Coronet's treasure bag, blue damask print on beige. \$12.95*

*plus tax

For Where to Buy see page 84





In these 3-hour danger periods

your skin "*dies*" a little

There are 1- to 3-hour periods each day, doctors say, when your skin is in danger—open to such serious troubles as stretched pores . . . coarsened texture . . . cracking and "shriveling." These periods of skin "un-balance" occur right after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Nature takes 1 to 3 hours to restore these vital protectors. Meanwhile, your defenseless skin "*dies*" a little . . .

Read how great beauties of the social world prevent the damaging effects of skin "un-balance".

After each washing, "re-balance" your skin

Whether you consider your skin dry, oily or so-called "normal", whether you are in your teens or your forties—your skin is susceptible to this problem of "un-balance" after washing—

Your face feels drawn-tight
Looks blotchy . . . often "burns"

Should you *stop* washing your face? "Not at all," skin specialists say—"but after each washing, 're-balance' your skin *instantly* . . ."

60 times faster than Nature

A quick Pond's Cold Creaming after washing "re-balances" your skin in 1 minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature. It combats dryness. Restores elasticity. Keeps pore-openings clear. Keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

Always a deep clearing at bedtime

Besides "re-balancing" after each washing, your skin needs a thorough clearing at night. A deep Pond's Cold

Creaming dislodges water-resistant dirt from the pores. Keeps skin looking fresh, *vibrant*.

Start now to give your skin this complete beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon friends will be saying, "What have you done to yourself—you're looking radiant!"



The world's most-famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equaled. Get a large jar—begin giving your skin this simple, *complete* beauty care soon. *More women use and love Pond's Cold Cream than any other face cream ever made.*

La Comtesse Alain de la Falaise

The Comtesse is the daughter of the late Sir Oswald Birley, England's court painter; and a member of a famous French family, dating back to the Crusades. She has unerring fashion sense, is keenly aware of the rewards of effective skin care. "The most important part of my complexion care comes immediately after washing," she says. "I never leave my skin un-protected an instant, but restore it to normal at once with Pond's Cold Cream. And at night, I always have a deep Pond's cleansing."

My Daughter Was Ready for Marriage

(Continued from page 37)

Patrizia, the smallest, who is only six today, was just a baby and was willing to accept authority from anyone.

Marisa was more mature, more susceptible to suggestions than her twin Pier, who was high spirited and independent. When Marisa and Pier were little, if I said something was red, Marisa would take my word for it. To Pier, I had to prove it. Sometimes, I still have to.

All along, Pier has been the most affectionate, the most demonstrative and the most impulsive of all my children. This frequently led to misunderstandings.

For instance, when Pier would meet an acquaintance, she would think nothing of throwing her arms around him and giving him an enthusiastic hug. That sort of behavior was all right in Italy, where an "in braccio" was customary. But in America, this was not the case. I tried to impress this upon Pier.

Just a few weeks before she was to be married, a reporter came to our home. Pier had known him since she first came to this country, but hadn't seen him for many months. "It's wonderful to see you again," Pier burst out the instant he entered the house, and with arms spread out, rushed toward him. About two feet away, remembering my advice, she came to an abrupt stop, meekly stuck out her hand and said, "How do you do?"

The reporter looked dumbfounded.

Tied with her demonstrative nature is a feeling of sentimentality, which Pier had difficulty in completely outgrowing and which made it unusually hard for her to take some of the everyday disappointments that are so much a part of life.

When she lost Kiss, her pet Spitz dog, which was a present from her godfather, Pier was heartbroken. Always affectionate toward animals, Pier treated Kiss like a friend. She'd walked with him and talked to him, and the mere thought of leaving him behind in Italy when we went to the United States was almost more than she could bear. Yet, there was no choice.

She was consoled a little, however, when her grandmother, who lives in Pesaro, a resort on the Adriatic, offered to look after Kiss. We took him to her two weeks before we left for the United States. The week before, grandmother called us in Rome with the sad news that Kiss had sneaked out of the house, and in running across the street, had been crushed beneath the wheels of an oncoming truck. When I told Pier, she cried harder than she'd ever in her life. For three days she wouldn't touch any food, and neither begging, warning or threatening could make her take a bite. Four days before we left, and we almost postponed the journey, she started to take a little broth. With the excitement of the flight itself and the promise of another dog, she finally got over it, though for many months she could get tears in her eyes when anyone mentioned Kiss and even today hasn't gotten completely over his loss. But I am proud to say Pier has learned to understand her emotions, and because she is so sensitive, is understanding of other people's problems. She should make a warm, understanding wife.

Although I will be forever grateful for the happiness and opportunities which the United States, and Hollywood, have provided my daughters and myself, moving to a new country, with all the difficulties and adjustments we faced, added to my concern about Pier.

When we settled here, she was only eighteen—and young for her age even by Italian standards. Because she trusted and

believed people regardless of whether she had known them for years or just met them, Pier was always personally vulnerable to being taken advantage of. At the same time, curiously enough, she was adult beyond her years. When it came to helping friends, both professionally and in personal matters, she had great understanding.

Getting into the film industry in Hollywood was in itself a challenge and an education for Pier. For this world of make-believe, of compliments and promises can easily turn a young girl's head. Pier has learned these past years to appreciate all sorts of people and, in turn, to evaluate herself.

It may sound as though I had been against Pier's career in the beginning. On the contrary, I was very much in favor of a career for Pier—even in opposition to her father's wishes.

My husband, who was an engineer, opposed any theatrical career for his children. Knowing how strongly he felt, when Mr. De Sica, who directed "Tomorrow Is Too Late," happened to see Pier and mentioned she might qualify for the lead, I didn't tell a word of it to Mr. Pierangeli. I knew that Pier's heart was set on a movie career and, for eight months, while she was testing and preparing herself for the part, I connived with her, with Marisa and even the servants to keep the news from my husband until we knew if Pier would be chosen.

After eight strenuous months, Mr. De Sica decided Pier was right for the part and I had no choice but to tell my husband.

I vividly remember the evening I sent Pier to her room and went into the living room to speak to my husband. "I have news for you, dear," I said.

"Mr. De Sica wants Pier for a picture and . . ." I got no further. I thought the roof would fall in, my husband was so angry.

But since I had already signed the contract, there was little we could do about it then. In time, Mr. Pierangeli did overcome his conservatism, and since her career made Pier happy after her terribly hard time during the war, he didn't object long. I only wish he were still with us today and could see how much acting means to his daughters.

When we settled in California one of my biggest concerns was to establish a prop-

er balance between Pier and Marisa. This was difficult not only because Pier, being peppier than her sister, makes friends more easily, but because from the very beginning, her career zoomed ahead quickly, while Marisa's didn't really get started till just a short time ago.

My number-one ally was the love of the twins for one another. I can't recall a single instance of jealousy between them—not when they played together as children, nor in their teens, nor during their first days of being courted (although at times both liked the same fellow). Nevertheless, the situation had changed when we came to Hollywood, with all attention suddenly focussed on Pier. Keeping the necessary equilibrium called for diplomacy.

For instance, when Pier bought a new dress, I made certain that Marisa had one just as nice. When Pier got a car, as soon as possible, I saw that Marisa had one comparable to it.

I'll never forget Pier's expression when we celebrated the twins' nineteenth birthdays at the Beverly Hills Hotel just a few weeks after we had arrived over here. "I have something to show you," I told her after dinner, and took her and Marisa to the front of the hotel. The girls got so excited they had a hard time to keep from running through the foyer. And when Pier found the brand-new car parked right in front of the entrance, she broke into tears from happiness.

We couldn't afford a second car for Marisa at the same time, but on their next birthday, by which time Marisa's own earnings had increased, we repeated the procedure. This time after dinner it was she who found a brand-new car at the hotel entrance.

And the year after, in spite of the fact that Pier's earnings were bigger than Marisa's, for their birthday I purchased the home in which we are now living, and had the deed registered in both their names.

In another respect I had to watch that one of my twins wouldn't lag behind. Pier makes friends easily. Marisa, more quiet and selective, has a harder time showing affection and getting acquainted with people. So she wouldn't be left out of social activities, often when Pier was invited for an evening she would ask Marisa to go along. I remember one invitation Pier received when everyone was asked to bring something along. The hostess, who had referred to games, was more than a little surprised when Pier answered, "Sure, I'd love to bring along my sister." I was happy to hear this, for Pier has learned to share—which is so very important in everyday life and important in marriage.

It has been said that I wouldn't permit Pier to go out alone on a date till she was twenty-one and that I carefully screened the fellows she could date. I might have done this if we remained in Italy but I didn't once do this in the United States. It is true that I have been very particular about the persons with whom Pier and Marisa associate. I have always emphasized the importance of marriage and insisted that both of them take care in the selection of their friends. But I have never insisted upon whom they could or couldn't see. From their nineteenth birthdays they have been permitted to go on dates without a chaperon. The only restriction at that time was they be in before midnight.

I feel very strongly that a girl should prepare for marriage. With Pier's all-important interest in her career she had little inclination to run a household. She had



Color portraits of Janet Leigh, Cyd Charisse, Lori Nelson, Arlene Dahl, Barbara Rush by Stern; Elizabeth Taylor by Apger; Virginia Mayo by Six; Dale Robertson by Bachrach; Ann Blyth by Apger; Grace Kelly by Fraker; M-G-M's "The Glass Slipper" by Shugrue-Carpenter; Tony Curtis by Ornitz; Kirk Douglas and wife by Walt Disney Studio

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little taste for cooking, and the first time she tried to be of some use in the yard, she thoroughly sprayed everything from the house to the cars, everything except what she was aiming at—the flower beds.

Little by little I explained the satisfaction of being a good homemaker, a good hostess, a good wife. Pier may not have mastered household arts—for she's still busy with her career—but she does have a sincere and enthusiastic concern to improve in this category.

Another big problem—one of Pier's biggest—had always been her difficulty to handle finances. If she had money in her purse, she spent it. I finally had to give her just enough money to see her through the day. If she wanted to buy something special, she'd come to me and ask for more. Then I tried a new approach. Instead of giving her just pocket money and having her come to me with all the bigger expenses, I put her on a regular monthly allowance out of which she had to take care of all of her personal expenses. It worked. Given the responsibility of managing her own budgetary affairs she learned financial responsibility and budgeting—although I don't think Pier will ever be a financial wiz. But with Vic's business mind she won't have to worry.

Before her marriage, Pier was satisfied to let me make all her social engagements and arrangements. She would simply say she'd like to have her agent over for dinner one evening and ask me to handle the invitation and preparations. I used to warn her that she should be learning to take over these functions herself. However, since her marriage, Pier is delighted to handle these tasks and is proud to have guests in her home. And I must admit that her rather informal and relaxed manner might even make her a more enjoyable hostess.

Pier has always done things good-naturedly, without too much concern. This is how she bought her last car, took up golf as if nothing else mattered and talked about getting a horse. Unfortunately, not all her whims were as inconsequential as her craze for golf or horses. My biggest concern was the romance department.

I know it's not unusual for a very young girl to get constant crushes and get over them as easily and quickly as new ones come up. But Pier used to worry me. She had never outgrown that stage. Until she met Vic, I don't think she had ever really been in love. I used to tell her, "That's not being in love, just liking to be with someone, having a wonderful time. Love is more than that." It took Pier a long time to find out I was right, but she understood and told me so, when she met Vic again. She was able to recognize love.

Pier first saw Vic four years ago when he sang at a party given at the Waldorf-Astoria in her honor by Arthur Loew to celebrate her eighteenth birthday and her arrival in America for "Teresa." I remember at the party, Peggy Ann Garner asked Pier if she would like to meet the young singer, Vic Damone. Pier was aghast. She couldn't speak a word of English, besides, even if she could, she wouldn't want to meet him. She didn't know what to say, she had never even had a date. Her reply was a good strong, "Oh, no, no!" They did not meet.

About a year and a half later, we were in Germany for the filming of "The Devil Makes Three" with Gene Kelly. One evening after work, Pier received a telephone call from Vic Damone. He explained that he was stationed nearby with an Army entertainment unit and that he, too, was under contract to Metro. Pier was delighted to hear from someone from her studio and her new home in America, but she declined his invitation to be his guest

at a show they were giving that evening for the boys. She said she was very tired. But Vic protested and Pier had a little conference with me. I reminded her that Vic was the charming Italian boy she had seen in "Rich, Young and Pretty," and who sang at her birthday party. Pier agreed to join Vic if she could bring me along.

It's funny now to remember it, but when Pier opened the door later that evening to let Vic in, her face must have shown her disappointment. He looked quite different from the romantic boy in the movie. "All dressed like a soldier," says Pier. Vic sensed her disappointment, too, and he apologized for his khakis, "I've got many suits in America," he said.

The taxi that evening was a jeep and Pier and I and another GI got into the jeep for one of the bumpiest rides we've ever had. It took about an hour to ride to the camp. On the way, Pier reminded Vic that he had sung "Happy Birthday" to her at a party. Vic was surprised, "Oh, no, you mean that was you I was singing for, and I didn't even know it?" He hadn't remembered Pier at all.

Before the program started, Vic was very nervous and worried about how he was going to sound to all those entertainment-starved soldiers. Pier removed a little gold chain and medal she was wearing and gave it to him for luck.

Vic had to leave us so we settled in a dimly lit corner of the makeshift stage where we could watch the show and yet not be seen. Vic first sang "Mama" for me, then announced that he wanted to sing "September Song" especially for someone who was there that night. He asked the boys if they'd like to see that "someone" and he walked over to get Pier. I'll never forget Pier's expression. She was frightened to death and begged Vic not to make her go out in front of all those people. She'd never been on a stage before, she told him, she wouldn't know what to say. Vic took her hand and gently led her out onto the stage. With his arm around her, he sang what later was to be "their" song, "September Song" to Pier.

During the following three months that Pier was locationing in Germany, she saw Vic almost every night. Along with a friend of Vic's, the four of us would go out to dinner and dancing. Whenever Pier and Vic heard "September Song," Vic would order glasses of "just a little bit of champagne" (since neither of them drinks ordinarily). Before we left Germany, Vic asked Pier to marry him. But Pier said no. She was young, and there were so many things to think about, her career, her new life in a new country, the eight months more that Vic had to serve in the Army.

When we returned to America, Pier became involved in her career and soon began dating other boys. When Vic came home from overseas they met occasionally at the studio and were friendly but nothing more was said about marriage. Often Vic would come over to visit us at home. I have always been very fond of him and he was always welcomed, whether Pier or Marisa were home or not. I'd cook his favorite Italian dinners for him and he'd always bring the dessert—spumoni, which is my favorite.

Then last September—the thirtieth to be

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exact—Pier came home and I knew something had happened. It was just a slow Friday afternoon, she explained, so she decided to drive around the Metro lot. Noticing a picture was in progress on one of the stages, she decided to see what was going on. When she walked onto the bus set, Vic was singing a beautiful Italian lullaby. Pier stood and watched and when Vic finished the number he noticed Pier and dashed over to her. He invited her to stay a while. She did, for about fifteen takes. When the shooting finally wound up, Vic asked Pier to go across the street to the Retake Room for a Coke. When they arrived at the cafe, Vic put some money in the juke box—and played "September Song." He brought over two glasses with "just a little bit of champagne." Pier says, "Nobody ever dances there," but they danced for about an hour. "Everybody was staring at us; Gene Kelly and some other people from the studio were there watching. I knew I should have been home, getting ready for a date I had that night, but we just kept dancing." Suddenly Vic said "Let's get married." Pier "couldn't believe it." "You're kidding," she answered. "You just don't do things like this! You must be drunk. He assured her he wasn't, but it was no avail. Since Pier already had a date for that evening, she declined Vic's date but promised him she would stop by at the golf course the next morning on her way to work, and see him before he played.

I knew when Pier got up a half hour earlier that morning that Vic meant more to her than she realized. When Pier met Vic that morning at the course, he ran over to her and said, "You know I'm sober this morning. Let's get married!"

Pier's answer was the same as the night before. "Well, let's get engaged?" Vic then suggested. Pier's answer was still "No." But she did say yes when Vic asked her if she were going to a party that night. And she agreed that although she was going with her agent and his wife, she would look for Vic there.

Pier was on pins and needles before she went to the party that evening, but she didn't tell me why. When she arrived, Vic was not there and for the first hour and a half all she can remember is sitting with her eyes glued to the door ("It seemed like an eternity"). When Vic finally walked in, "beautiful in a dark blue suit," Pier said to herself, "This is it! Wanting to get away from the crowd they went to Pepe De Lucia's to have dinner with Vic's agent. Pier says Vic just sat there and stared at her for a long time. Then he said, "I want to talk to you mother."

First, though, he called his family in New York, yelled, "Mama, Papa, I'm engaged." Then he telephoned me. I was surprised, I didn't even know Pier was going to see Vic that evening. Then Pier got on the phone and said Vic wanted to talk to me. Then Vic got back on the phone and excitedly said, "Mama, I want to see you tonight. Will you be up at twelve? I'll bring you some spumoni." Pier really didn't know what was going on, and the children weren't much help, but agreed I'd stay up till they got home.

When they finally arrived Pier went upstairs and Vic came in to speak to me alone. (He and Pier had agreed she'd come down only after he whistled.) I thought to myself: Something is wrong, because usually Pier comes in and chats madly about what she did and who was there and what everyone wore.

Pier changed out of her party clothes, studied her script for "Green Mansions," which she already knew by heart, paced the floor and waited and waited. Still no whistle. "It seemed like fifty hours." Finally

she couldn't stand it any longer and came downstairs. There Vic sat, calmly talking to me, and I sat, tears running down my cheeks, gulping spumoni. A ridiculous sight, no? When I finally caught control of myself, I asked them when they wanted to be married. Vic said, "Right way, next Saturday." But we had so much to do that we finally set the date for November 25th, Thanksgiving Day, but then we changed our minds again and fixed it for November 24th because we felt it would be best not to have it on a holiday. The following Monday, the studio announced the engagement. Vic picked out a beautiful emerald-cut diamond ring for Pier and she bought him a star sapphire ring and a small gold cross on a chain—very similar to the first gift she had given him, the small cross she presented him for luck in Germany. Vic's wedding present to Pier was a similar cross necklace of diamonds.

We had so many, many things to do. Pier and Vic had to look for a place to live, then Pier had to choose her bridesmaids and her gown and theirs'. Pier decided she wanted an all-white wedding. Her gown was designed by Helen Rose and was a bouffant lace and chiffon, trimmed with tiny seed pearls and her headpiece was a Juliet cap. The bridesmaids' gowns were all white with just a touch of soft pink trim. Their dresses were designed in Italy. Pier's entire trousseau was also designed and made in Italy. Every day sketches were sent over for her okay—they were most lovely. Marisa was maid of honor. Her bridesmaids were Sandra and Elaine Farinola, Vic's sisters, Lupita Kohner and Taina Elg. Little Patrizia and her friend Simonette Giaroli were flower girls. Vic chose for his best man, Bo Roos, Jr., and the ushers were Dean Martin, Tony Martin, Joe Pasternak and Bob Sterling. Then we made arrangements for a luncheon reception at the Bel Air Hotel and began the hundred and one things that must be done for a wedding.

During these weeks, Pier and I and Vic had many times to talk about the future. Vic could see I was a little overwhelmed by their sudden decision. "You don't have to worry about your little Anna Maria, Mama Pierangeli," Vic told me the day after their engagement. "You are not losing a daughter, you are gaining a son." Then added with a smile, "Confidentially, do you know what sold me on married life with your daughter?—your cooking. If she'll do half as well as her mother, I'll never have a word of complaint." Later, in a more serious mood, "I just know when we celebrate our golden wedding anniversary, I will love her as much as I do today."

Pier, too, was sure. And I knew by the way she talked about Vic that for the first time in her life, Pier was really in love. "This is a wonderful thing we have together," she said one day just before the wedding. "We understand each other. Our moods are together. He even seems to know what I'm thinking. It sometimes scares me to death, though I won't ever have any secrets."

Two young people willing to share the good and the bad, the present as well as the future, their thoughts and their goals—this is true love, this is what marriage is created from, I said to myself. Pier is happy. Vic is happy. I, too, am contented.

I had tried hard to prepare my daughter for the most important role of her life: to recognize love, to know it completely, to be a good wife. Many times I had been accused of being too strict with Pier. Many times I had asked myself if perhaps this were not true. But on her wedding day, both Pier and I knew I had been right.

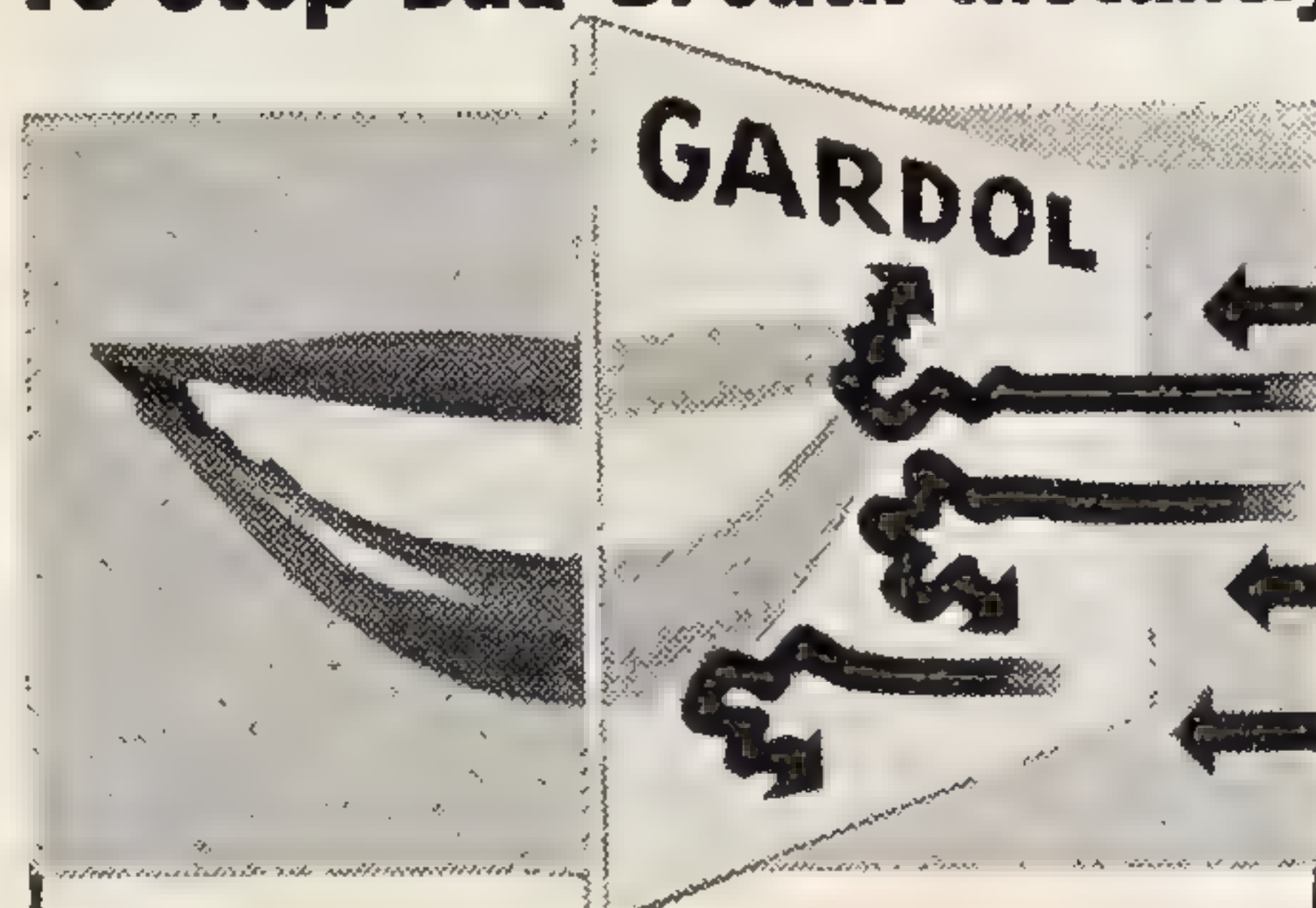
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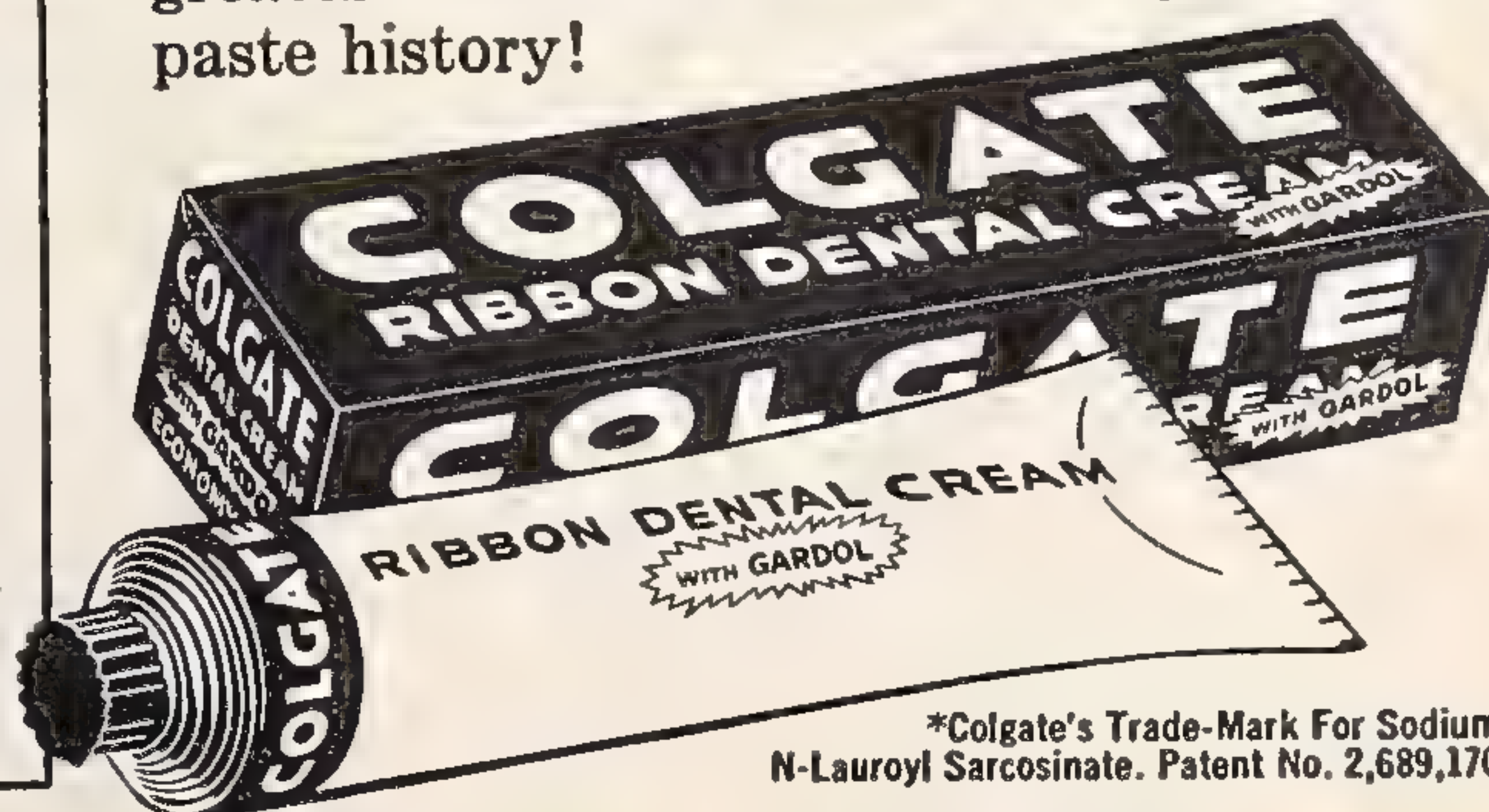


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Vaguely Wonderful

(Continued from page 55)
and Michael Wilding . . . Their explanation would have been simple.

This was their new home and they were going to move into it presently. They had come up after work to have a look around. It was so beautiful there that Liz dropped to the floor, pulling Michael down with her. "Let's stay awhile," she begged. "Let's just sit here on the floor and play music." So they turned on the recording machine which has speakers in every room in the house and just sat there, and the music played, and the hours went by.

You might ask, "Why would anybody do a thing like that?" It's really quite simple. Elizabeth is in love with her new house!

"Liz has very little of the housewife in her," Michael confides. "She's vague about household things. Forgets to order dinner. The dinner hour strikes, 'Oh, migoosh,' she groans, 'we haven't anything to eat!' She has no time for, and is not interested in domestic details, that's the whole of it. Not one to go in and whip up something in the kitchen. She never learned to cook and I have no reason to believe she's going to learn now. Exception: She does do bacon and eggs and she thinks they are the best in the world. But she never remembers to warm the plates—result, cold eggs!

"In addition to her lack in the domestic arts which I, being fairly undomestic myself, do not consider a fault, Liz does have two genuine faults. One is being untidy; the other is being unpunctual. She hangs her things up on the floor. Any floor. She can make a room look more like a typhoon hit it than a typhoon would. Any room. It's kind of a disease with her. So is her total inability to be on time. Her intentions are pure gold. She always starts in time, then idles, does her nails, puts a long playing record on the record player, dreams while you—and I—wait.

"She's inclined to be rather generally vague. If I know a date has been made for us to dine or lunch, I usually check in the night before. She just forgets; it doesn't register.

"No, not domestic, nor eye on the clock, a bit absent-minded, shall we say but as a home-lover and lover of home life, Elizabeth is second to none.

"This new home of ours is a house designed by an architect with Elizabeth in mind (he had seen her only in pictures). I heard about it when we were in Florida. As soon as we got back, I showed Elizabeth the house. Not wanting to commit myself in any way, I didn't check with the architect or realtor, we just climbed the wall and trespassed. Liz was enchanted by the place. The architect couldn't have built it nearer to her heart's desire if he and she had drawn the blueprints together. It's built on two and a half acres of land atop a cliff-side so sheer you have to use a rope to get down. When Liz saw it she said, 'This is our land!'

"The house is modern and made of buff aged-brick construction, with a shingle roof. The living room is entirely oak-paneled (with the exception of one wall, which is fieldstone) and roofed with massive oak beams. At one end the large sliding glass doors open onto the pool. The entire house is built, in fact, in a semi-circle around the pool. One of the most interesting features is the wall of solid bark planted with moss and ferns which divides the living room from the dining room.

"There are three bedrooms in the house,

each with its own fireplace, one of which we have converted into a library. On the side of the swimming pool, opposite the house, there's a small cottage which is our secretary's office.

"As far as the interior decorating and furnishings go, we haven't reached much beyond the talking stage. We haven't had time. Ever since we bought the place, we've both been working every day—Liz in M-G-M's 'The Last Time I Saw Paris,' with Van Johnson; I, in 20th Century-Fox's 'The Egyptian' and then, with Leslie Caron, in M-G-M's 'The Glass Slipper.'

"It's often said that you can spot married couples in a restaurant by the glazed expression in their eyes—I'm afraid we would be hard to spot if that's true. Anything glazed in our eyes isn't due to marriage. It's due to hard work.

"But back to the house. Even in the talking stage, I can visualize the house as it will be when Liz gets through with it. She has a flair for interior decoration. In our previous house she used a periwinkle blue material, which she'd had around for ages, on the couch (Liz hangs onto things!). Two big purple chairs. One bright green chair. Vivid decor, to say the least. But now she's going in for quieter colors. 'The outdoors which comes indoors will supply all the color, that's needed here,' Liz says. Off-whites are what, I believe, she has in mind to use. Beiges, and so on.

"We've also done a bit of extra building, such as the car port at one end of the house which we need because we've taken the garage and made it into a nursery with two children's rooms and baths. Our hope is that there will be two children (preferably more than two) to occupy them. Liz can't wait, she says, to have more children.

"She's a wonderful mother. She is

absolutely mad for young Michael Howard Wilding. She won't have a nurse who is what she calls, 'One of those nurses'—meaning, I assume, one of the real pros who believes that wherever a parent's place may be it is not in the nursery! When we're at home, the baby is with us and what is done with him, and for him, Liz does.

"As a mother, she's wise, too. Strict about schedules and things. When the baby is napping she won't wake him up no matter what VIP comes to call. His meals, his bath hour, his playtime and bedtime are on the tick—the only thing Liz does on time.

"Liz doesn't sell discipline short, either. Now at the grabby stage, when he picks up everything in sight and makes a game of handing them to Liz, she takes it just so long, then she takes measures. But he's a very good little boy, I must say, has Elizabeth's eyes and my hair, poor little wretch, straight as a die! Matter of fact, he looks a bit like pictures of me at his age. He may, being very young, grow out of it.

"I think that some time in the near future Liz would like to retire. Especially if we have more children.

"'Husband, home and children are purpose enough in any woman's life,' I've heard her say. 'If she does it well.'

"As long as she is in pictures, however, Liz wants to do that well, too. Very well, indeed. She's like that. I suspect, too, that although she pretends not to have much feeling for the career, she really has.

"Whether or not, she is certainly as casual a career girl as it is possible for a career girl to be. The star-complex is not in her. We never have any shoptalk at home. When we meet after work in the studio, or at home, we may ask 'How did it go today?'

"Oh, all right we say—and let it go at that.

"Or if I ask Liz a question, as I do occasionally, about some especially important scene I know she's done that day, what I get is a noncommittal, 'Mmmm . . .'

"I'm the same. I learn my lines as well as I can and get out. Acting-wise, I'm not selfish. No altruism on my part, however, simply that I hate the camera, the proof of this being that I became famous for the back of my head! I enjoy doing the job of acting as well as I possibly can, but if I had been a better artist than I am (I used to draw for my living) I would have been very happy. I'd much rather be a good artist than a good actor.

"Acting-wise, Liz is also unselfish—completely. She's always throwing a line, a scene, a close-up to somebody else. Elizabeth's unselfishness, however, is rooted in finer soil than mine—in her natural generosity of spirit; in her astonishing lack of ego. The star-complex is simply not in her.

"I suppose we should both be more conscious of career than we are. Yet I'm glad we're not. Careers, when they become too important, can foul up a marriage. If you take them in stride, don't pay too much heed to them, ordinary living has a better chance.

"When you begin describing how pretty Liz is, it gets corny. You can't describe her. She is beyond description. You have to see her. Yet she is seemingly unaware, certainly unselfconscious of her looks. Never carries make-up around with her. You never see her using a mirror. She was extravagant, at one time, about clothes. She isn't now. The Finance Department has taken care of that! Be-

MARCH OF DIMES



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ides, there are other things she wants. One of them is security. So she's enjoying for the first time dresses, coats that don't cost very much.

"Even so, when she's dressed to go out if I don't notice what she's wearing (and I usually do) she calls my attention to it! She loves these great big hoop earrings that hang and jangle and distract you. I must say I dislike them and do a little coaxing for her to take them off.

"Around the house we both love to wear old clothes. We like to get in the car with the baby and take long drives. We both read a lot. And Liz adores all the mysteries on radio. I don't, I like the lights. But we have just about everything else in common. Our friends are mutual friends—the Stewart Grangers, the Dick Burtons, Deborah Kerr and her husband Tony, Janie Powell and Pat, and others. We both love animals and we'll pick up a stray anything, number of legs no consideration. Liz, as is well known, has magic with animals. She is the girl that talks to horses. Someday she hopes to raise prize horses. Life with Liz is never shared with less than five pets. We now have four dogs—all poodles—and four cats. The cats are strays. Liz loves to adopt them, especially if they're crawny, and build them back to health. We also have a duck. The duck lives on Elizabeth's shoulder. When she leaves the room without him, he shrieks. The duck, when young, was put in the baby's playpen. He has now outgrown this and is given the run of the house.

"I would hate to go on an African safari with Liz. She would literally Bring Them Back Alive—and turn the house into an informal zoo.

"We both paint, have a great interest in art and love to browse around galleries. We had a ball in Europe. We'd

love to travel more than we do, but when we're not working and can get away, we always seem to have a house to buy or a baby coming! With the result that I have never been to San Francisco, have flown across the country eight times and only know the Chicago Airport and although we're both dying to go to the Hawaiian Islands, if only to say Aloha, and return, we haven't been.

"A pity, too. Because whenever we do get away, it's almost like a honeymoon. When Liz was in London, a year or so ago, making 'Beau Brummell' I could only stay in England briefly since I had to be in Paris. Liz came over every weekend. On the morning of her arrival I'd rush out to a restaurant, a small cafe and order the dinner, the wines. Late at night we'd go to a little place we know where they play violin music. As dawn was breaking we'd go out to Sacre Coeur to church and then to the market for onion soup.

"Temperamentally we're very much alike, too. Both lazy. We love just sitting and playing records or watching tv. Hate big parties. Are not the athletic types. Never go winging our way around a tennis court, just fall in and out of our pool.

"Liz is not, of course, listless-lazy. There's a sparkle about her laziness.

"Lately, we've been on a new kick, playing poker. Usually with the chap who built our house and his wife. But we'll play with anyone foolish enough to sit down with us. Liz, being more crafty than I am, is the better player. But this too will pass, I daresay. And we will revert to the state of utter passivity which is Heaven to us.

"I am sentimental and, in a somewhat different way, so is Liz. Generally speaking, we're both pretty moved by things. We both react emotionally, that is, to

laughter and tears. We hang onto things, too. Old letters, clothes, odds and ends. We're hoarders. I must admit that, though I don't remember birthdays, anniversaries and the like. Like Mother's Day for instance. Last Mother's Day, Liz suggested I go out to buy a present:

"For what?" I wanted to know.

"For Mother's Day," said Liz.

"For whom?" I asked.

"For me," said Liz.

"From whom?" I persisted. 'Not from me, certainly—you're not my mother!'

"From my son" Liz said, rather patiently considering the circumstances. 'Who else?'

"In the present-giving department, however, I now have a good excuse: The house is costing so much, I send Liz flowers. Violets, usually. Liz loves violets. In clothes, too, shades of violet are her favorite colors. Star sapphires are her favorite jewel—but we won't go into that!

"To me, I think the most important thing about Elizabeth is that she is very brave. Brave about actual physical things, afraid of no person and no animal, nor of any illness that may affect her person. And apart from physical dangers, illnesses and such, she is undismayed by life.

"Last year when she got a steel splinter in her eyeball and nearly lost the eye, I'd spend every noon hour at the hospital with her, take her little things, perfume and such and, with both eyes bandaged, she'd show off for me, how she could find the little gadgets in the dark, manipulate them, how it wouldn't matter too much, even if . . .

"Liz is not only very beautiful without but brave within which gives her a very fine—a very splendid kind of beauty.

"I may be prejudiced but, they broke the mold when they made my Elizabeth."

THE END

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Kleinert's

There's a Girl Called Virginia

(Continued from page 34)

"She's dressed?" said Mike in simulated surprise. "Well, okay, we'll go. But only for an hour."

At this point Virginia walked in, a heavenly vision in scarlet. "It's beautiful, sweetie, we'll go for an hour," Mike said. And as they were leaving he turned aggressively to Lucy and said, "If anyone calls, we'll be home by nine o'clock."

I was dozing on the divan when they came back at 2:30 A.M. Virginia looked radiant and said, "We had a wonderful time, didn't we, Mike?" Mike looked at her for a moment, "Naw, I was ready to leave at nine, but I couldn't find you. So I found some people who weren't talking about themselves. Then I had a good time. We sat around, talked about history. Where were you?" Virginia said, "I was having a great time. I was dancing." Mike looked at her with a grin, "I've always said, sweetie, when you've got a beautiful girl in your arms, why dance?" On that note I said good night and went out to my home away from home, the O'Shea guest house.

Things like this go on in the O'Shea household all the time. And I should know, for I'm Girl Friday, friend, baby sitter, fan mail consultant and recipient of Ginny's various experiments, which run the gamut from guinea pig for a new hair-do to food taster for new fudge recipes.

I have known Mike a long time because I work for his business manager, but I didn't meet Virginia until about five years ago when we lunched at the Knickerbocker Hotel one day. In contrast to Mike, who is quick, glib and hilarious to be with, Virginia seemed quiet. In fact, not being demonstrative and yet having a wonderful trait of complete honesty can create confusion for those meeting her for the first time. She sees no shade of gray. She doesn't waste conversation and thinks seriously before she talks. She will never be accused of chit-chatting. When I first started becoming friendly with Virginia, her abrupt answers bothered me. If I said, "Feel like a movie tonight?" and she said "No," I felt uncomfortable waiting for the reason to come out. On the other hand, she would never say, "Let's get together sometime," which we are all horribly guilty of. She says, "Why don't you come out Friday night for dinner?"

After that first luncheon, Mike and Virginia invited me out to the house so many times I practically lived there. The practically became "actually" when I started looking for another apartment. Mike and Virginia insisted I would save gasoline if I took over their little guest apartment, at least until the baby came. So I moved in—to one of the happiest periods of my life.

Mike and Virginia are enough family for anyone. When I had to go to the hospital in July for surgery, they took over. Virginia did everything possible for me and Mike made hospital arrangements, took me to their doctor and they cared for me during the whole uncomfortable period.

Virginia is the closest to being the ideal girl friend that I ever hope to find. We talk girl talk of clothes and hair-dos and movies. We save the Westerns and Spencer Tracy pictures for Virginia to share with Mike. But as we both love movies, we spend some of the time when Mike's working traipsing in to Hollywood or going to the Valley shows. I remember the first time we went to a movie together. I didn't know Virginia very well, so I passed the fragrant popcorn stand with a wistful eye. I was sure the glamorous

Virginia Mayo would not indulge in popcorn munching. As we started for our seats, she turned and said, "Do you like popcorn?" I said hesitantly that I loved it. "Good," said Miss Mayo. "Let's have a bag apiece with lots of butter." And since then we've shared a lot of popcorn with lots of butter at the movies and in front of the television set.

She has a wonderful sense of humor. Virginia's humor comes out so matter of factly that it's startling. One night Mike and a friend were having a heated discussion of the merits of king size and regular cigarettes. Suddenly Virginia said, "They really should have three sizes; king size, regular and butt size for people who want to stop smoking."

She has a terrific clothes sense and no one was surprised when she was voted the best dressed woman this year. Even when we are sitting in front of the television set at home, Virginia's outfit is an ensemble. If she's in pedal pushers or slacks, the blouse, belt and shoes will blend to perfection. When we go out she always dresses, mainly because she likes to. She is what we call a New York dresser. She is careful and completely groomed at all times.

Her bedroom is completely feminine and dainty and quite full of gorgeous clothes and jewelry. She has a real penchant for expensive costume jewelry and likes nothing better than an excuse to drag it all out. One night I couldn't find anything of my own to wear on a dinner date and we spent a happy hour trying on everything she possessed. She says with a twinkle as she looks at the mountain of pretties, "I really must will this to the Guggenheim Foundation."

She has no false pride about where she buys clothes. She is as happy in a marked-down special as an original. The other day at the studio the girls were raving about her toreador pants with bright pennies all over them. She said happily that she found them, appropriately enough, at J. C. Penney's in the Valley. She bought a rather simple white net dress with masses of ruffles and a black edging at the Broadway Department Store and then had Moss Mabry, Warners' designer, add some distinctive touches to it. When she wore it to the Eddie Cantor premiere, she drew raves for it. She probably told everybody happily where she got it.

Another time, she went shopping with a young starlet who really couldn't afford the three-dollar alteration fee for a peasant skirt they discovered at Lerner's. It was a sale skirt and it looked lovely on the girl. So, Virginia talked her into buying it and then took the skirt and the girl home with her. She whipped out her sewing machine and did a perfect alteration on the skirt. She understands the inability to pay a three-dollar alteration charge and she was quite happy putting her talent to work for the girl. That, too, is a clue to Virginia. She wouldn't think of offering the wrong thing to a person. When she helps someone, it is with part of herself, not with a check. She takes the time to do for people.

Virginia has the knack of taking time to do things and still seem unhurried even though she has a strenuous schedule. Again it goes back to what's important...and she seems to know. She has helped so many people, but I know she'd find it embarrassing to see it in print. She is, honestly, a working friend.

Her complete lack of artifice and delusions of grandeur are an inspiration in this "keep up with the Joneses era." I remember the time Mike was in San Francisco, and Virginia and I were going to a

premier together. Virginia has a Jaguar and I have a Chevrolet. There is a slight difference in their impact on the public mind. Virginia didn't feel like driving and asked me to drive. As I'd never driven a Jag, my car was the obvious one to take. I protested that the public would be disappointed if she arrived in my whoopey and the industry would think she was going broke. She looked at me in that quiet steady way and said, "If they like me now, they'll like me in a Chevy, Ford, Cad or Jag." I should have known better than to protest, because Virginia just can't think that way. Later that afternoon, while my Chevy was being washed she looked at it and said, "What's wrong with this car? It looks pretty good to me." And she meant it. We rolled up to the premiere in it, anyway, and I'm sure she didn't lose any friends over it.

In the same vein, she and Mike find they cannot lead the exaggerated lives that some of the other stars do. They like to entertain but only for small groups. And each guest is at the O'Shea home strictly on his own merit. They enjoy the simple pleasures of life. While everyone else talks of a trip to New York, Miami or Europe, the O'Sheas plan with delight a simple educational trip through Yosemite or, after listening to me rave about my home town for years, they might decide to really see Spokane. They find no need to impress anyone, so they do the things they want to do.

I will give you proof that I trust her completely. All women will know what I mean when I say I let her cut my hair. She ragged me for weeks and finally I let her give me a short haircut. She cut so much I was really scared. She chopped blithely away and then set it for me. I held my breath when she combed it out. It looked great. The best I've ever had. She wasn't surprised; she expected it to be.

I can honestly say Virginia is an oddity in this day and age. Most women have gotten to the place where they base friendships on mutual distress or need. But with Virginia it is friendship, clear and simple with no ties or dependency other than enjoyment.

I think the secret of Virginia is her deep down philosophical acceptance of life as it is. It isn't a sense she's acquired from books. Rather it's an inborn instinct of quiet understanding. Virginia was born with it and throughout her life it has ripened and matured into a sure knowledge of herself, her loved ones and the world around her. She is aware that she has a long way to go; that there will be confusions and disappointments, temporary bursts of pain that will fade when the strength to be happy is the basis for living. For Virginia is happy. Her acceptance of life as it is has kept her from the temptations of succumbing to the superficial fame and success pitfalls that lead so many here astray. Her honesty in evaluating herself objectively is a breath of fresh air to me.

With the coming of Mary Catherine, Virginia seems to have found complete fulfillment. She has made the important decisions of the future within herself. Her home will always come first and her career second. With Michael and Mary Catherine as the roots of her own life, she has blossomed into the beauty that comes from tranquility of mind. No inner turmoil or inner burning dissipates her supreme serenity.

This is the Virginia I know. And with the wonderful friendship of Virginia, my admiration for Mike and playing "Aunt Dor" to the red-headed doll of the family, as long as the O'Sheas will put up with me, this is my home.

THE END

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Answer: All of the above statements are true. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

(Continued from page 33)

descends upon her for one of those informal evenings of charades and barbecuing.

Brides and Grooms: Poor Pier Angeli and Vic Damone searched in vain for a honeymoon house. Finally Bob Arthur came to their rescue and rented them his isolated hilltop home. Pier and Vic's hide-away is built in the shape of a ship with a "deck" projecting out over a precarious cliff. And their nearest neighbors are wild rabbits, squirrels and coyotes! . . . But Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean settled for a house in the heart of the film colony. San Francisco was wonderful to Mitzi when she appeared there on the stage in "Jollyana" a few years ago. One reason why her wedding ceremony took place in the beautiful bay city. . . . Three months after 28-year-old Vera-Ellen met red-headed 31-year-old oilman Victor Rothschild, they became man and wife. When Bing Crosby saw that handsome hunk on Vera's left hand, he asked her where she kept the batteries! And the first congratulatory wire to reach the happy pair came from Rock Hudson, who was once head man on Vera-Ellen's romantic poll.

Hollywood Wonders: Why Grace Kelly was so anxious to play in "Bridges of Toki-Ri." She has five average scenes which could have been played by any competent stock actress. But Grace is merely magnificent in "The Country Girl!" . . . Why 20th takes such chances with valuable Robert Wagner. Hospitalized recently for ear injuries received from underwater scenes in "Twelve Mile Reef," Bob also still suffers ill effects from the diet and contaminated water in Durango, Mexico, where they shot "White Feather."

Tub Thumpers: You can't kill a guy for trying, but those press-agented stories of a romance between Debra Paget and Jeff Hunter fell flat. She isn't seriously interested in any man and his current concern is his beloved son. If necessary, Jeff will fight for joint custody when Barbara Rush sues him for divorce.

Studio Strippers: Tony Curtis and Jeff Chandler no longer share that four-room suite at U-I. They're still buddy-buddys but the studio built a snappy new dressing-room building and now there's room for each to be in business for himself!

Friendly Enemies: Now it can be told! "The Sea Chase" is finished and Lana Turner couldn't get her sexy self back to M-G-M fast enough. She wasn't exactly enchanted with John Wayne, director John Farrow or those six scenes that kept her on Kona Island four weeks. Finally the beautiful blond blew her beautiful top and reminded Farrow that she "wasn't a fifty dollar a week stock girl and to take her role and stuff it in the ocean!" The day the Duke married Pilar Palette he chartered a private plane and flew his friends to Honolulu for the ceremony. There were plenty of extra seats, but Lana wasn't even asked to go along for the ride. No, she wasn't concerned because she felt she had been taken for one already!

Many Happy Returns: On Rock Hudson's 29th birthday, his mother and four of his closest friends threw him a surprise party in his own apartment. The cake was decorated with the names of all his pictures and topped by a chocolate camera. He received more cuff links for his collection and musical rolls for his player

piano. But Rock's greatest gift of course, is being borrowed by master-director George Stevens to star in "Giant." Last time he worked for Warners, Rock had one line to speak in "Fighter Squadron" and was so nervous it took twenty-eight takes to get one good one. They didn't give him a dressing room either, so you can guess where he had to change clothes! This time he has a three-room suite.

Operation Hollywood: Yes, Marilyn Monroe was even three hours late for her "minor surgery," which caused a hospital nurse to flip: "I'm glad she wasn't expecting a baby!" . . . And Dan Dailey may have to check in for special treatment. Rochester accidentally moved a chair on the Jack Benny tv show, which Dan was supposed to sit on. He landed on his spine and has been in agony ever since . . .

Walking Papers: Twice before Rhonda Fleming tried to divorce Dr. Lew Morrill and he talked her out of it. Now he's making his third attempt. . . . And Edmund Purdom returned from Europe, but didn't return to his home and hearth. Exasperated Mrs. Purdom no longer tries to be an "understanding" wife. . . . With refreshing candor Tony Curtis now admits he and Janet Leigh were facing marital problems. "By consulting a psychiatrist and talking things out," says Tony, "we have greater understanding and our marriage is as it should be—perfect!"

Here and There: Perfect house-guest Montgomery Clift, paying a quick visit to Hollywood, wouldn't allow the Michael Wildings to throw him a party. . . . When Sammy Davis, Jr. lost an eye in a traffic crash, friends-in-need Jeff Chandler and Betty Hutton filled in for the famous Negro entertainer. . . . Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea were in New York when he was called back for a tv show. Mike wouldn't leave his love alone in the wicked city, so they flew home for three days—and flew right back again!

Baby Talk: Bob Taylor says—"It's like a dream come true." He's referring, natch, to the exciting news that he'll become a father next June. In the meantime, the Taylors head for Europe to bring back her son. Ursula Thiess also has a daughter by a former marriage, who is already in this country. . . . Real estate agents holding a house with a built-in nursery, please note. Peter Lawford's interested for a very official reason! . . . And Guy Madison is so happy his bride voluntarily gave up her career, because, "I'd rather have a big family than a small scrapbook." Only dark cloud on Guy's horizon is the serious illness of his ex-wife. Poor Gail Russell is now suffering from a liver virus and malnutrition.

Cal Predicts: That Debbie Reynolds is going to lower the boom on exploiting the private life of the Eddie Fishers. "After we're married," confides this wise one, "we won't be news. That's a good time to give the public a rest!" . . . That Tab Hunter can become one of the top box-office stars of the country if Warners won't waste him in small, supporting roles. He receives more mash notes from teenagers than any young actor in Hollywood. . . . That Terry Moore is heading for a new-found popularity of a different nature. When all that sex-pot stuff boomeranged, Terry pulled in her headlines. She didn't work for a year and during that period stayed home and acquired poise and dignity which you'll now see in "Daddy Long Legs."

THE END

The Lady Is a Go-Getter

(Continued from page 45)

up delightedly from a double banana split. This is the girl a lot of people are talking about. She's got them confused, for no matter what they want her to be—another Ingrid Bergman, a well-scrubbed kid, a Cinderella type, a snob, a shy filly—no matter what they want, she insists upon being Grace Kelly.

"Everything's happened—all the publicity—in the past year," she says. "So I get the sweepstakes' winner treatment. Frank Sinatra was talking about this and he said, 'I remember they called me an overnight sensation. It made me sore. It wasn't overnight. It was ten years of hard work.'"

And Grace Kelly? Well, she wasn't discovered pedaling a Good Humor wagon down Sunset or posing for cheesecake as Miss Light Bulb atop the Empire State Building. The fact is that Grace, at twenty-six, has been in amateur, semi-pro and legit theatre for fifteen years. At eleven she auditioned for, and was accepted by, a little theatre group, the Old Academy Players in Philadelphia, and until she moved on to New York, she worked with that group as well as church and school dramatic clubs. Prior to the age of eleven, when she was just a child, she played the neighborhood cellar-circuit in a repertory of Mother Goose. She was always imaginative. Dolls weren't just dolls; they were puppets.

"I was a long time growing out of dolls. Even when I was thirteen and it wasn't proper to play with them, my younger sister Liz could easily coax me back to them just by promising not to tell anyone else, especially the boys. I always liked make-believe games. But what helped me succeed, I think, is that different opportunities came along at a lucky time. They didn't come before I was ready, if you know what I mean. There's all this talk about making your opportunity but what's the good of breaking down a door before you're prepared?"

The story of Grace Kelly is that of an earnest, intelligent girl who has been making ready for a long time. It is generally assumed that because her father is wealthy, Grace never had to peel her own orange. Well, it's true. Her father is rich and their orange juice came in small cans, frozen and concentrated. He paid her tuition when she entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, but five months after she left home, Grace was fully supporting herself, room, board, tuition and nylons—and she was just turning nineteen.

To become self-supporting, Grace stayed awake and worked many hours every day. From nine to one she was in school. Until early evening she modeled or she went through the grueling task of marching from agency to agency being interviewed for future jobs. In the evenings, she studied and prepared for the next day's classes.

"I was a glutton for punishment," Grace says.

Her work at the academy didn't suffer. Her acting in a play at the academy was so exceptional that a talent scout recommended her for a studio contract. Came summer and she had earned herself a rest in the family's summer home. The house is on a New Jersey beach where ocean surf tickles your toes and cool sea breezes make sleep possible. Grace didn't even get down there for a long week end. In the oven of Manhattan she modeled furs and woollens for fall buyers. While most of the gals booked out for long week ends, Grace worked six days a week.

Grace modeled through her second and last year at the academy. Even when she

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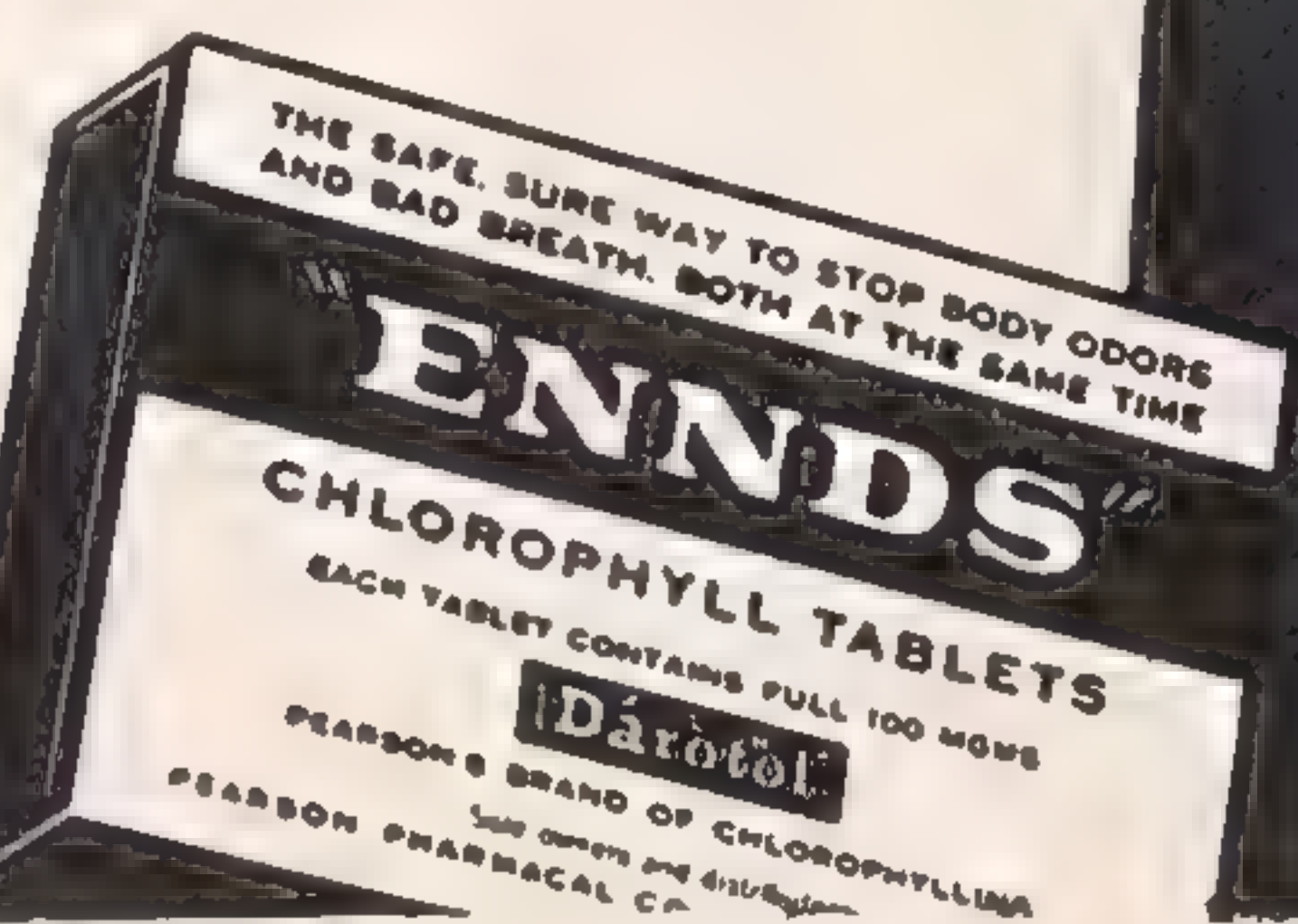
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began to pick up dramatic parts with regularity she continued to pose pretty. She won a part in a Broadway play that had a three-month run and still worked through the day as a model. It was only when she began to get television parts by the score that she had to give up the hatbox.

"I learned things as a model," she says. "I learned something about what to do in front of a camera. I learned what kind of clothes were best for me and how to wear them. I learned to stay on my feet until my head hurt." She recalls, "You know, I think the hardest part of modeling was staying well-groomed all day. You might have your first appointment at nine-thirty in the morning and another job in the later morning and maybe a couple more in the afternoon. When you showed up for the last job at four you had to look as if this were the first of the day."

She progressed from \$7.50 to \$25-an-hour jobs. She wasn't merely a good-looking girl, but she had sense and poise and endurance. And the work was demanding. There was the suntan lotion poster she posed for. She was in a swim suit and the photographer had her stretch out backside up. Then he had her raise her head from the waist so that she slanted up at approximately a twenty-degree angle. "If anyone thinks twenty-five dollars per hour is overcompensation for such work, let her try to hold that pose long enough to get several full-color shots," comments Grace wryly.

Although the Kelly face and figure graced the cover of many magazines—repeating three or four times on several—she learned, too, about the inconsistency of human judgment. One photographer complained about her leggy look and another looked and liked. One would pose her and then order, "Close your mouth. Don't smile. Don't ever smile." And the next day, another photographer, "Not so glum, girl. Show your teeth."

It was something like that when she auditioned for producers and directors. Grace at nineteen had reached her full growth of five feet, six and one-half inches, all of it fair and beautiful, with a couple of bright blue eyes and corn-blond hair. But in the theatre they gave her a hard time. She was told that she was too young for a character part. She was too pretty to be anything but an ingenue. She was young enough to be an ingenue but too tall for that. And then she found a director who wasn't bothered by her height and was impressed by her reading. He turned her down saying, "You look too intelligent." Finally, she won a part in a Broadway show, "The Father," and much to her surprise she wasn't cast in the title role. Raymond Massey had that part and Grace was appropriately his daughter. The play ran three months and led to her first screen role in "Fourteen Hours" in 1951, another play, a short-lived one; and then little Grace Kelly, just out of the city where they cracked the Liberty Bell, had as leading men in rapid succession, Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Ray Milland, James Stewart, William Holden, Bing Crosby, Stewart Granger and Cary Grant. All in less than a couple of years and all so recently that some of the pictures aren't yet released. It sounds easy. It wasn't. Even Grace couldn't keep count of the dozens upon dozens of auditions she didn't pass before the breaks came her way.

"You go to the audition. You wait your turn to read. You've been turned down so many times before that you say, 'Oh, please, God, let this be it.' This one is the important one. And you wouldn't get it and you had to forget it and try another. You had to forget it right away. You just tried another. Every one was important. A young actress has to have more bounce to the ounce than Pepsi-Cola."

Grace, in those days, was proving she had been properly prepared for certain problems of an actress. She had stamina and determination and she wasn't discouraged by criticism and failure. She demonstrated a capacity for work and a willingness to learn. Grace gathered these traits from the same woman from whom she derived much of her charm and beauty, her mother.

Mrs. Kelly believed in responsibilities for children—Grace had chores. Mrs. Kelly was strict—Grace learned to be orderly and organize her time. Mrs. Kelly said *no* when it was appropriate and did not hesitate to correct—so Grace grew to be a young woman who was neither rattled by criticism nor broken down by refusals. These were some of the things that were important to Grace along with the make-believe fun and parlor games that her parents encouraged and participated in. But when Grace went to the academy, at the age of eighteen, she had already acquired a trait most important to an artist, self-discipline.

"Discipline is getting up at six A.M. in Hollywood when you'd rather be in New York waking at eleven. Discipline, too, is learning something new and strange or refusing a second piece of cinnamon toast. Discipline is not putting things off until tomorrow." Grace Kelly feels strongly about this last point. "If today is for buying spring clothes, you buy them. If now is the time to take singing lessons, you take them now, not next year. Next year you can take singing lessons, too, but they are next year's lessons. There's a time for everything."

But sometimes, even for Grace, there's not time enough. When Grace came to Hollywood for "Dial M for Murder," she hardly had time for a second breath before she was at work on "Rear Window," "The Country Girl," "Green Fire," "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," and "To Catch a Thief."

"When you're working on a film, you put everything into it. For months at a time. You lose yourself in the work. Then, when it's over, you try to catch up with your other self, the part that's not the actress. You try to catch up with the part that's a private citizen, a daughter and sister, a friend."

This past fall, after six pictures, Grace had her first real vacation. She spent it in New York and Philadelphia with her family and friends. She played tennis several times a week. She got a lot of sleep—ten hours a night when possible. She took singing lessons.

She already speaks French and Spanish. But she is still studying them. She recalls with little pleasure the feeling when you're not prepared.

"There are all kinds of nervousness. When I was eleven and got up on a stage, it was all gravy. For a child it was wonderful having all those people watching. It wasn't until I played *Peter Pan* in our graduation play. That was in Philadelphia and I was about sixteen. I think that was the first time the nerves came along—and that was more nervous excitement and it lasted just until the curtain went up. It's not that you're afraid, it's just that you can't sit still waiting for things to start." And then there was the one time it was a different kind of nerves. "I was to do a song and dance on Ed Sullivan's 'Toast of the Town.' Well, a song and dance wasn't my specialty. I was scared. I didn't want to go on. That was the worst time I've ever had." She mulls a bit and goes on, "You do have this nervous excitement—the good kind—in making a movie, too. The first few days on a set you have it and then, too, when you're doing an important scene. When we were filming 'The Country Girl' we did two important scenes one right after another

and that gets you up for a long time. he continuous intensity for days at a me is something. You feel it."

It is obvious that she takes her work seriously, but she has never sacrificed her dignity and personal integrity.

"You can't be afraid of what you believe in," she says. "You must be true to yourself."

And while she is in earnest and has been earnest about her career, having prepared for today, preparing for tomorrow, Grace acknowledges the element of luck.

"Look, I remember I had two scripts to choose from. One was 'Rear Window.' I can't tell the name of the other script. It wouldn't be fair to the girl who took it. But I had to choose between the scripts and I liked them both. I wanted to do both. I was in my agent's office and he said, 'Decide!' I couldn't. I told him, 'I want both of them.' He said, 'You can't. You've got to decide on one. You've got ten minutes.'" Grace smiles, catches a second breath and goes on, "Well, if I hadn't chosen 'Rear Window' there wouldn't have been 'Bridges' and 'Country Girl' and the others. Who knows where I'd be? But that's not the point anyway. Suppose I'd had to make that decision a few years earlier. I wouldn't have been lucky either way. I wasn't ready."

So if you want to be a star, a self-made star—first learn the Boy Scout motto and then, like Grace Kelly, be smart and independent, hardworking, ambitious and honest, lovely and considerate. And then there's the matter of strength. If Grace Kelly were a man—an impossible challenge to the imagination—but if she were a man, with her fortitude, her courage her decisiveness, and the right trainer—she could be a champ, a boxing champ of the world—or just about anything else she chose.

THE END

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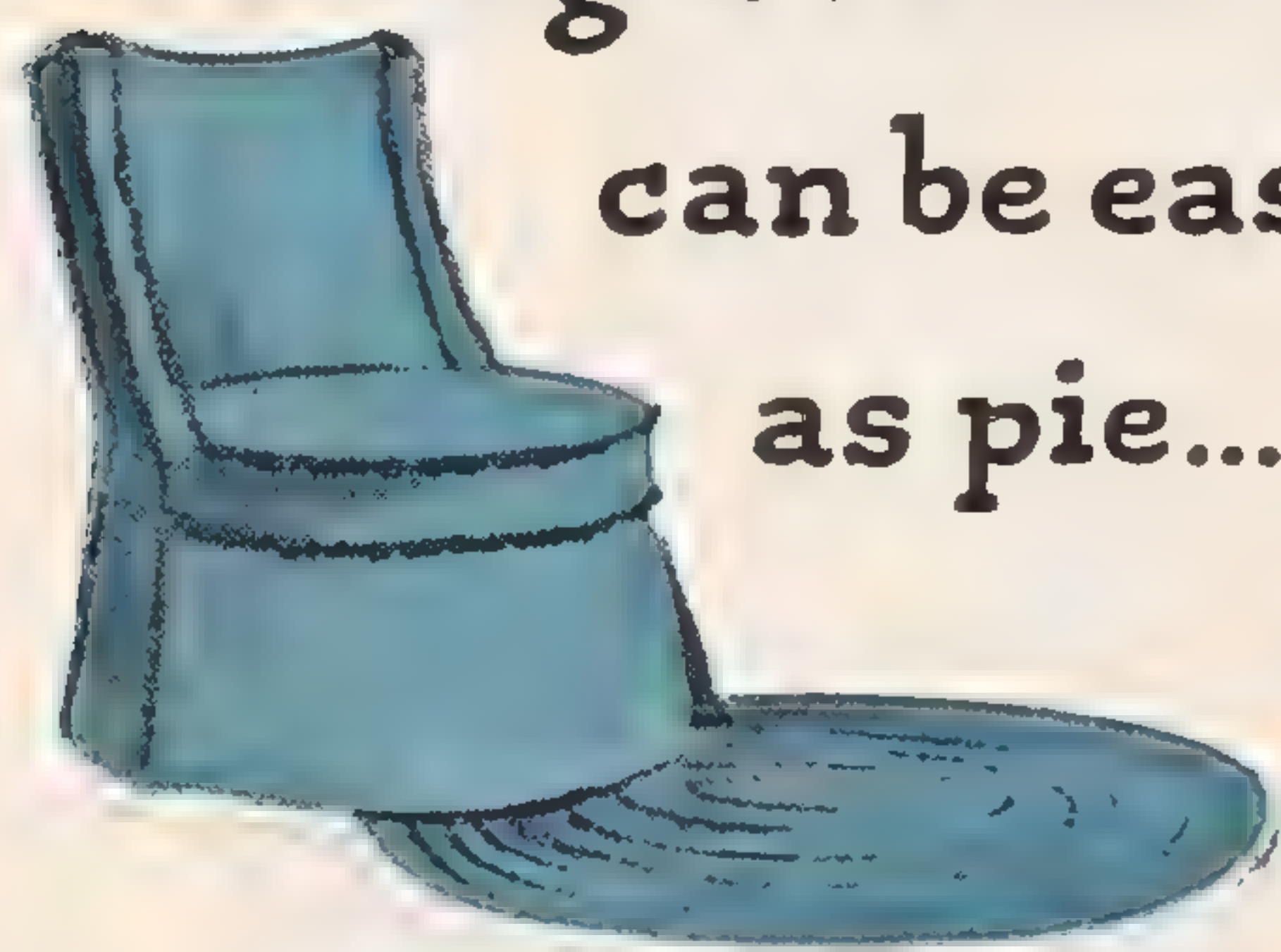
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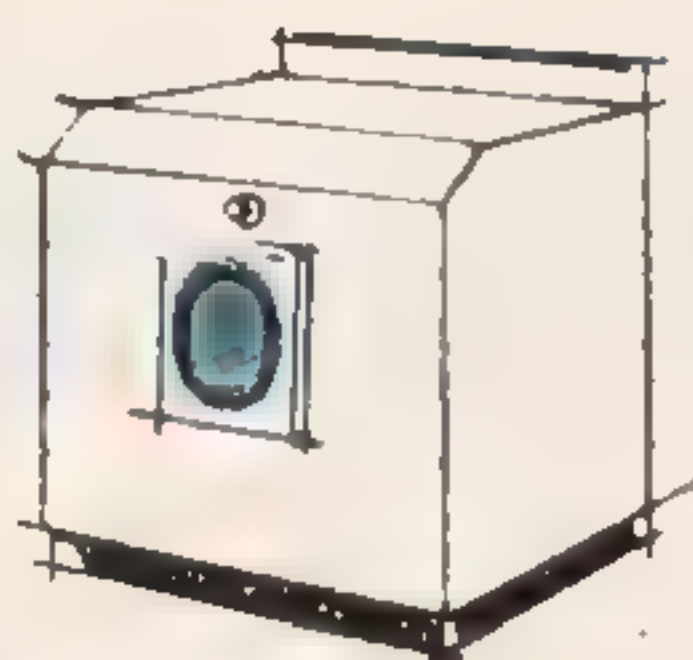
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PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

ON PAGE 65:

Jaunty Juniors suit
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

Town Umbrella
Washington, D. C.—
Julius Garfinckel

A. Fleischer Furs collar
At leading department stores

B. Deb Towners shoes
At all leading shoe stores

C. Marvella pearls
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

D. Enna Jetticks Shoes
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
(downstairs store)
Cleveland, O.—The May Co.
(downstairs store)

E. Fownes gloves
Philadelphia, Pa.—Wanamaker's

F. Lennox handbag
At all fine department stores

G. Charm belt
At most department stores

H. Samsonite train case
At most luggage and department stores

ON PAGES 66 AND 67:

Judy Nell suit
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y.—Sattler's
Cincinnati, O.—Rollman & Sons
Grand Rapids, Mich.—
Herpolsheimer's

Loyal handbag
At most luggage and department stores

A. Glentex scarf
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.

B. Ingber handbag
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.

C. Schaffer belt
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.

D. Ciner bracelet
New York, N. Y.—Bonwit Teller

E. Grace Walker shoes
At all fine shoe shops

F. Aster roses
Wilmington, Del.—Braunstein's

G. Dawnelle gloves
New York, N. Y.—
Oppenheim, Collins

H. Lucky Stride shoes
New York, N. Y.—Best & Co.

I. Sidney Gould sweater
Ft. Smith, Ark.—Arcade Stores

J. Flower Modes carnations
Newark, N. J.—Kresge's

K. Coronet handbag
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

L. Phoenix hosiery
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair

M. Velvet Step shoes
At all leading shoe shops

N. H. & S. Originals ropes
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh

O. Charm belt
At most department stores

P. Aris gloves
New York, N. Y.—De Pinna

Q. MM handbag
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

R. Flower Modes white violets
Newark, N. J.—Kresge's

S. Huskies shoes
Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank

T. Glentex scarf
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.

U. Jana tote bag
New York, N. Y.—Bonwit Teller

ON PAGES 68 AND 69:

Jerry Greenwald dress
Wash., D. C.—Julius Garfinckel

A. Jana handbag
New York, N. Y.—Bonwit Teller

B. Naturalizer pump
Washington, D. C.—Kann Sons

C. Baar & Beards scarf
Cincinnati, O.—Shillito's

D. Sperry ropes
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh

E. MacShore blouse
New York, N. Y.—
Franklin Simon

F. Charm belt
At most department stores

G. Fownes gloves
Philadelphia, Pa.—Wanamaker's

H. Honeydebs shoes
St. Louis, Mo.—
Stix, Baer & Fuller

I. Ronay handbag
New York, N. Y.—Bonwit Teller
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.

J. Ingber handbag
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.

K. Trim-Tred shoes
At leading shoe stores

L. Paradise shoes
At all fine shoe shops

M. Fashion belt
New York, N. Y.—Macy's

N. Coronet handbag
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

O. Flower Modes violets
Newark, N. J.—Kresge's

P. Aris gloves
New York, N. Y.—De Pinna

Q. Gotham Gold Stripe hosiery
Minneapolis, Minn.—
John W. Thomas
Washington, D. C.—Jelleff's

R. La Tausca ropes
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair

ON PAGE 70:

Fashion Towne suit
Los Angeles, Cal.—
Coulter Dry Goods

A. Crown weekender
At all leading luggage and department stores

B. Rhythm Step shoes
New York, N. Y.—Stern's

C. Aster white rose
Wilmington, Del.—Braunstein's

D. Marvella pearls
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

E. Wear-Right gloves
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor

F. Lennox handbag
At most department stores

G. Fashion belt
New York, N. Y.—Macy's

H. Wohl shoes
At most leading shoe shops

I. Bur-Mil Cameo hosiery
Kansas City, Mo.—Macy's
Portland, Ore.—Lipman, Wolfe

J. Coronet handbag
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

Get With It, Kids:

(Continued from page 51)

went by, the fund grew, and so did the fun! I'm only sorry that I didn't get started sooner. But let me tell you about it. . . .

Actually, enjoying life is strictly a matter of becoming interested. In what? In anything, in everything.

Today, when people ask me what I do with my spare time, I'm likely as not to reply, "What spare time?" When I'm not making movies, I paint. I build model boats, listen to records on my Hi-Fi set, practice fencing, keep up with the latest tricks in magic. I take pictures, cut tapes on my tape recorder, read books and scripts, travel—among a few dozen other things. Recently, I've taken up the clarinet. And when do I relax? Well, start this paragraph again. That's when!

What about you? Are you ever bored with life in general? Do you feel that you have a humdrum routine of living? If you're in school do you consider yourself a martyr when you have to open a textbook? If you work, do you idle away your off-hours, perhaps not even bothering to wonder what to do?

Everyone has some time on his hands. Today, teenagers have more than ever before. Today, they're able to make more money from part-time or full-time jobs. And I wonder what they're doing with those precious extra hours and dollars, though neither may run into the thousands. What are they doing with their lives? Wasting them? Or getting the most out of them?

Sit back in your chair for a moment. Now, begin listing for yourself all of the interesting things in this world. Things to be seen and done. Things to be read and listened to. Places to go. What do you know about them? What are you doing about them?

How do you begin? Interests are something you have to discover for yourself. And you discover them only as you find out about yourself.

What kind of a person are you? Do you like group activities? Or do you prefer to spend your daily free moments alone? Had you rather be indoors or outdoors? Do you like something that has to do with your work or your studies? Or would you just as soon get away from them altogether? It's entirely up to you.

Have you ever had a yen to paint? Why not try it, then? You're fairly certain you have no talent, but would like to dabble anyway. Go right ahead. If you feel strongly enough about a scene to want to attempt to capture it on canvas, the feeling is what counts. When you look at the finished product, you'll also see the scene you saw when you were inspired to paint it. It's for your own pleasure.

I first took up painting when I was in school. My initial effort was titled "Portrait of a Toothache." I must admit that it was realistic. I'd heard the theory that an artist must suffer slightly. And I had. Consequently, I painted the experience.

These days, I paint other things as well. Portraits (I've progressed to people now), landscapes, almost anything that happens to strike my fancy. And I've found that a great many other Hollywood citizens find relaxation in this form of art—Van Johnson, Frank Sinatra, Jeanne Crain—to name a few. Care to join us?

Another of my favorite interests is photography. After facing still cameras, I decided to try my hand at shooting some pictures of my own. And that's how I became what is known as a shutter-bug. It's a fascinating hobby and you find you can never seem to learn all there is to know about it. First, perhaps you'll be content to merely click the shutter. But it won't

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be long before you'll experiment with camera angles, all tangled up in lighting effects, reading every photography magazine you can get your hands on.

I've been lucky in having the advice of some experts who come around to shoot magazine layouts. But there's a photographer in almost every town. Why not ask him for some tips on his trade? Look around for others who are interested and start a camera club, or a class, with the professional as professor! In talking things over, comparing your work, you can improve it.

In larger cities, you'll find night schools which offer these courses. And remember, you don't necessarily have to have an expensive camera. Just learn to get the most out of the one you do have.

This hobby shouldn't stop with the shooting of pictures. If you want to really follow it through, there are companies that put out developing sets for a very small price. Your darkroom? Many a bathroom has been converted to this use. And then comes printing, which is an art in itself. Try it, or stand by while your local photographer is going through the paces and you'll see what I mean!

Do you like to travel? Actors get around a lot on personal appearance tours, but everyone can heed the call of the open road. You needn't cross the country or an ocean. There's undoubtedly something of interest within a few miles of your home. And the joys of sightseeing are all yours.

I'd be willing to bet that there's also something to be seen and learned in your own home town. In mine, New York, I used to visit bits of Germany, Spain, China, Sweden, France. There are so many national groups in cities that it's like having a bit of the old world transported to your doorstep. These people bring with them their customs, their food, their workmanship, memories, atmosphere.

You prefer to stay at home? Well, there's reading. And there's writing. Writing is one of the best ways possible for a person to express himself, be it by typewriter or pen or pencil. Here, again, is something for your own enjoyment. Perhaps you'll find a market for your literary efforts, perhaps not. However, if you feel something strongly enough to put it on paper, it's highly possible that it will interest others, too.

Also there's letter writing. There are pen-pal clubs which can put you in touch with letter writers all over the world. These folks exchange thoughts and ideas, give one another an insight into the lives and customs of both far away and nearby places and people.

There's collecting. Everyone collects things, more often than not quite unintentionally. So why not be specific about it? Collector items include almost everything under the sun: stamps, recipes, books, matchcovers, buttons, knickknacks, records, autographs, and loads more.

Rock Hudson is one of Hollywood's greatest record enthusiasts, and we've come to agree that it's sort of a fraternity. For instance, when Rock was abroad, he made a point to stop in at record shops with the idea of adding to his collection. "There I was," he said to me, "in a strange country, a strange town, knowing so very few people, yet the minute they knew that I had a sincere interest in their music, you'd have thought I was a long lost brother!" Not only did he make friends he otherwise might never have met, he also brought back some of the greatest discs I've ever heard. He can enjoy them and remember his trip for years.

A while back, I mentioned night school classes. If you are fortunate enough to have some of these in your city, why not see what they have to offer? Out here, Hollywood High provides instruction in

such varied subjects as drawing, painting, home decoration, woodcarving, ceramics, sewing, upholstering, rug making, cooking, languages, business—even lip reading! If you don't have the advantage of an available night school, strike out on your own. Find others who are interested in a specific activity, locate an expert and begin your own class. Surely in your town there's a gal who is clever at whipping up her own creations and it's my guess that she would welcome the chance to teach others. The same holds true when it comes to cooking.

In classes, you may obtain a mint of knowledge. And never underestimate their value, even if the Board of Education is currently forcing you to attend them! I speak from experience. Take a fairly recent occurrence, for instance, "Bon jour," said the Captain.

"Bon jour," I said jovially. French? So far it was a cinch.

In a few moments, Janet and I were seated at a table by a window with a view. Then the waiter arrived to hand us menus. "Soyez les bienvenus," he said.

"Would you like some?" I asked my wife.

"Some what?" she wanted to know.

"Some soyezbienwhateveritis," I said. "Maybe it's like vichyssoise."

"Tony," she grinned. "I think he was saying welcome."

"Oh," I said, deflated. "Merci," I told the waiter.

As you may have guessed, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis were enjoying a visit to Paris. A few years before, Mr. Curtis would have thought a visit to the moon more likely. Paris was in songs and novels and daydreams. Oh, it was in textbooks, too. But these I had gone to great lengths to avoid when I was exposed to them in school. I'd had my choice between French and an easier subject. As far as I was concerned at the time, there was no choice. After all, my immediate friends spoke Bronx to me, and I wasn't going anywhere.

I never thought I'd voluntarily go out and buy a book of French grammar and spend hours pouring over it. And what did Curtis do? He studied French avidly, of course.

Don't laugh. Perhaps it does seem fantastic, but if something similar happened to you, would you be prepared? Get with it, kids!

You don't have to be in movies to learn from them, however. Motion pictures can be your springboard, too. And chances are, you'll land right in the middle of the bookstacks in your local lending library. For instance, you liked the film adaptation of the Hemingway book? Well, the rest of his novels are awaiting you on your library shelves. And just what were those Yankees trying to prove to *Miss Scarlett*? You'll find this answer and many, many more—in both fact and fiction sections.

See a picture which has some connection with your studies and you'll find that you'll have a far better and more colorful conception of the time and the people. Your textbooks will come to life as you picture the historic characters and places in your mind.

Try concentrating upon the background musical score in a movie sometime, if you're fond of music. You'll soon realize how important it can be. And if you don't have an appreciation of certain kinds of music, it's likely that you soon will. One of my buddies spent a long time ignoring the classics. Then his ear caught part of the score from a Joan Crawford film. He couldn't get the tune out of his mind, thought it was the greatest. He tracked it down. And after humming it a few times for record salesmen, he finally got the melody across. Turned out to be from an opera, the likes of which he thought he'd

Interested in interior decoration? Note the sets in the next picture you see and pick up a few ideas for your own home apartment or room. Motion pictures employ the very best technicians and you have the advantage of seeing the work of experts. The same goes for the field of designing. The studio designers necessarily have to keep ahead of the styles, as release dates may be held up. And you may be certain that you're seeing the smartest gowns. Take a few tips from those in the know. They're yours for the price of admission. Find the star who has your type of figure and follow her lead in shopping for yourself.

"I first began to study the fundamentals of magic when I was making "Houdini." I started with the simple tricks and then progressed to the more difficult ones. Why not try it yourself? You'll soon discover yourself developing your own style, as does everyone, and you'll also find it very gratifying. Or, if you prefer, pick up some books on handwriting analysis or palm reading: You'll be the answer to dozens of hostesses' prayers.

You don't have to have interests in common with everyone else, to follow the herd, so to speak. You can appreciate those of others, and they can appreciate yours. Mine and Janet's are different for the most part. However, we both make a point of encouraging one another. Whenever I come home looking tired, she'll grin and say, "Go play with your records or build a boat."

Whenever I think she should relax, I toss her a crossword puzzle book and say, "Get to work, right now."

People can lead you to interests. Have you ever met someone who's so fascinated by a particular subject that you find it exciting to simply sit and listen? Have you found yourself becoming so carried away with this subject that you want to learn more about it? Then, by all means, do. That's how I acquired my Hi-Fi set.

However, you don't have to spend a mint of money. Your city government, your state and federal governments realize the importance of boys and girls, men and women being able to do something constructive with their leisure time. That's why they've provided parks, and playgrounds, tennis courts, golf courses, swimming pools, libraries, adult education courses for the benefit of all of us.

And it's my theory that every one of us should take advantage of some of these.

Interests lead you to people. They enable you to help people. Your activities might include volunteer work for your local hospital, social service work helping to raise money in charity fund drives.

They lead to good citizenship. Political parties welcome campaign volunteers and then, too, you can see what goes on in the political arena.

Interests can lead you into careers. And into marriage. Mine did. And Janet and motion pictures have made me the happiest guy in the world.

Well, that's my secret. But I'm not asking you to keep it to yourself. In fact, I hope you'll spread it around.

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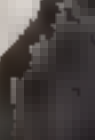
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ization, give its name _____

Cupid on the Rampage

(Continued from page 58)

to marry," was giving lessons in her language to the doctor's kids. Marlon returned to Hollywood when Josanne agreed to accompany him back to 20th Century-Fox, which is probably why he agreed to play Napoleon in "Desirée."

I guessed the romance was serious when Marlon told the press agent on the picture, "I don't want anyone to know that Jo is on the set with me." Try and keep a secret in Hollywood! Funny thing was that before Brando took flight to New York, he was trying to date Rita Moreno. One girl's loss is another's fiancé.

Falling in love is sometimes just a question of timing. If Rock Hudson had met Vera-Ellen for the first time today, he would be married to her, instead of she being Mrs. Victor Rothschild. "I was engaged to Vera," Rock told me when we discussed the news of her marriage to Victor. "But I was making \$150 a week then, and she was earning something like \$1500." Rock is now collecting something like \$2500 a week, but he could never be the kind of man to let a girl pick up the check. And as he explained to me at the time of his break with Vera—"I don't blame her for wanting to go to Ciro's, Romanoff's and the Mocambo. It's important for her career to be seen in the right places. But I couldn't take her there on my salary." Rock has no dinner-tab worries now, but he's happy dating scriptgirl Betty Abbott anyway.

When Dick Gully went to Europe, Vera-Ellen promised to follow him just as soon as she lined up a picture. She lined up the picture all right, but before she could fly to Dick, Cupid took a hand—or rather Johnny McKee, who took her to play tennis at Jerry Ohrbach's home. Vera was a swimmer, not a tennis player, and I was surprised when she gave up those hundred laps a day and suddenly started hitting tennis balls like a girl with a mission. Well it seems that Victor is a crack tennis player—she met him at Mr. Ohrbach's that day—and the quickest way to a tennis player's future is to beat him at his own game!

Of course, now they are Mr. and Mrs., Vera has probably given up the game and gone back to swimming. Like Lauren Bacall who loved the briny for Bogart's sake before their marriage, but then raised her own Caine Mutiny and hasn't set foot on the "Santana" for the past five years. And Rita Hayworth, who might never have married Prince Aly Khan if she hadn't pretended to adore flying. That's why she loves Dick Haymes. She has never had to pretend anything with him.

Guy Madison was tired and depressed. His career was tops, but his private life added up to nothing. To cheer him up, his always-happy agent, Helen Ainsworth said, "How about taking me to the Sportsmen's Show at the Pan-Pacific?" "Good idea," said Guy who isn't one to mope if there's something better afoot. Someone introduced him that night—he's still too excited to recall whom—to Sheila Connolly, a happy mixture in looks of Elizabeth Tay-

lor and his ex-wife, Gail Russell. Guy asked Sheila, "Will you have a cup of coffee with me?" From that moment on she was the only woman in his life. And it looks good for their future. Sheila, who was strictly an indoor type, is now forcing herself to love the wide open spaces Guy adores.

With Sarita Montiel, leading lady for Gary Cooper and Burt Lancaster, it isn't Cupid who's on the rampage—she is. "I love your beeg country, I love your beeg cities, I love your beeg men," she told me, adding, "I love making love to American actors. When you kiss Spanish men, they act like their wives were on the set." Sarita, who prefers her lovers on the bald side, doesn't care for men under forty—"They're still boys." Incidentally, in case middle-aged American men are planning anything, this Mexican tamale is reportedly having a hot romance with her Mexican agent, Juan Plaza.

"I'm Pat Nerney. I don't think you remember me, but I'd like to take you to dinner." Jane Powell was thrown off base by this polite and unconventional approach, and after replacing the receiver, realized she had said, "Yes." A week earlier and it would have been "No." But Gene Nelson couldn't or wouldn't get a divorce, and with Janie it's always been all or nothing. So she made a clean break with Gene. She might still have been married to Geary Steffan, however, if Metro hadn't loaned her to Warner Brothers for "Three Sailors and a Girl." As you know, Gene was one of the sailors. And this sailor wanted Powell in every port. Now it looks good for the reconciliation with Miriam, his choreographer and best foot forward.

Cupid sometimes finds it rough sailing with Pilar Palette and John Wayne who are navigating the seas of matrimony together. Pilar is an amateur photographer and whenever the tiny Peruvian has an argument with Big John, she sidles close to her man and threatens, "Duke, you listen to me, or I'll take a very unfavorable picture of you." He listens.

Doe Avedon, who played the pretty airline hostess in John Wayne's "The High and the Mighty," is quiet and unassuming, and Cupid is having one of his few current failures with the attractive actress. Doe took her last name from her first husband—a photographer. She was driving to California with her second mate with whom she was very much in love, when their car was sideswiped, and her husband was killed. Many men call, but few succeed in dating this girl who lives alone with her cat and is practically a recluse.

Anne Baxter was looking for a press agent, and came up with a fiancé. Also a new rigorous diet that brought her weight down to 105 pounds and a 21-inch waist. The press agent, Russell Birdwell, now Anne's manager as well, used to try to shame me into reducing by saying, "The most unimportant starlet can do it, so why can't you?" I'd leave him full of high starvation resolves—until the apple pie

You won't want to miss the MARCH issue of PHOTOPLAY, for when two gals decide to talk—about their personal friends—you can bet you'll get the facts . . .

- Debbie Reynolds' school chum gives you the low-down on My Friend Debbie
- Audrey Hepburn's real intimate story as told by long-time friend and woman columnist Radie Harris

Both stories in the March issue, to be on sale February 8

course. I was a goner. But Anne got this Bird and the figure.

It's this way—that way with Ann Sothern and Bill Andrews. Anything, matrimonially speaking, can happen here. It might have been a marriage with Dick Egan—only he was too poor at the time of their conflagration. Ironically, now that the blaze is over, Dick is making a hundred thousand dollars a year and is in a position to wed. And Marisa Pavan mightn't say "No," if he asked her. But to get back to Miss Sothern. Cupid slings his arrows in the strangest places. Annie caught hers in Las Vegas with her night-club act. Bill was one of her five chorus boys but he graduated to choreographer for her "Lady in the Dark" tv spectacular. And he might even get his MRS. with Ann.

Going down for Cupid's count as we go to press—Betty Hutton and Alan Livingston, Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean, Eleanor Parker and Paul Clemens and Clark Gable and Kay Spreckels. Every time Clark gets a divorce, he swears he'll never marry again, but he always does, and blond beautiful Kay is exactly his type—witty, easy-going, sophisticated. They were buddies before his marriage to Lady Sylvia, who is also riding on Cupid's bandwagon to add a Prince to her collection of two titles and two movie-star husbands.

There was a story printed this morning, not by me, that Eleanor Parker was spitting with Paul. But she assured me, "We've never had a cross word since we started going together." And that started when Eleanor asked the William Holdens, "D'ye know a good painter to do my portrait?" They introduced her to Mr. Clemens, and to date, he's painted five portraits of the woman he loves—and made his wife.

Cupid performs his miracles in many fashions but one thing's for sure—here's one guy who'll never give up on love.

THE END

Kirk's Island of Safety

(Continued from page 52)

foreign films—on pictures shot in France or in Italy with English-speaking actors—and arranged and coordinated the Cannes Film Festival. Kirk left France soon after "Act of Love" was completed and did not see her until a year later, in Rome, where he was locationing in "Ulysses." Anne, by some good fortune, was working as language coordinator on the film, too.

"We got together and soon began seeing each other as frequently as possible all during the filming," says Kirk. "But afterward, when I left to return to Hollywood I had no plans for the future—although I did know how much Anne meant to me.

"All I knew was that I wasn't going back to Hollywood—not to live. I'll commute, between Paris and Hollywood, Rome and Hollywood, perhaps New York and Hollywood, but never, for me again, life in Hollywood.

"Never is, of course, a ridiculous word. For I did come back, and to one of the most moving experiences in my life." For in Las Vegas, Nevada, on May 29, 1954, Kirk Douglas married Belgian-born Anne Buydens and in so doing landed on what he describes as "The Island of Safety I've been trying to find all my life."

For the four years prior to this marriage, Kirk had been, by his own admission, in kind of a bad way. Not careerwise, as his recent pictures "Act of Love," "Ulysses," "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," "Man Without a Star," "The Racer" can attest.

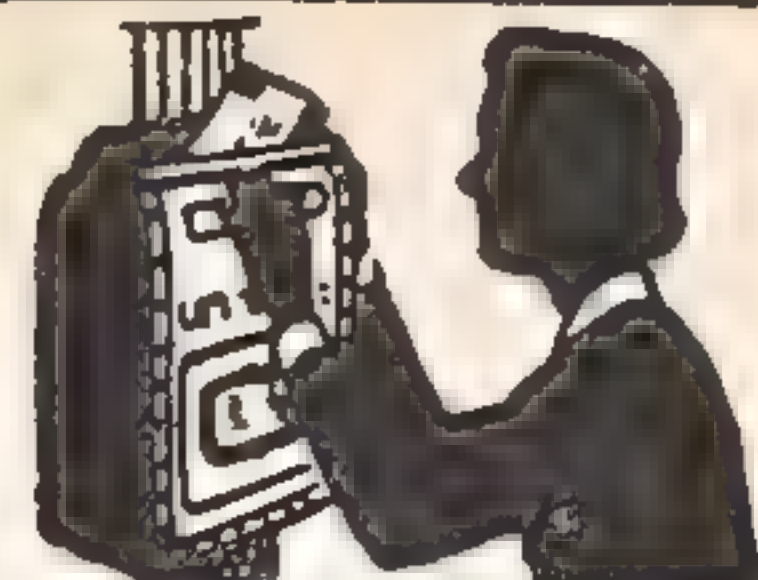
The trouble was within himself.

Previously married to actress Diana Dill and the father of two sons, Michael, ten,



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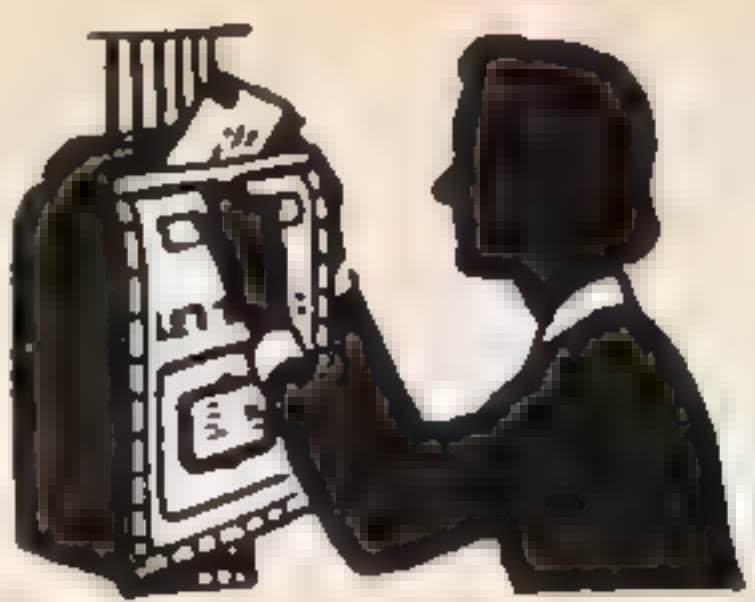
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Joel, seven, Kirk and Diana were divorced in 1950. And after the divorce came the restless life, for Kirk, of the rolling stone, homeless, often lonely. "Sometimes on the mad merry-go-round that is even worse," he says, "than loneliness." He was confused. The confusion was of a man who has lost his way.

"I was in a constant state of flux between elation and depression," Kirk today describes his past troubled state of mind.

"My confusion began," Kirk admits, "right after I made 'The Champion.' I was very depressed, yet I couldn't think why. In this picture I was, and I quote, 'catapulted to stardom.' Thanks to producer Stanley Kramer, who gave me the opportunity to play that atomic role.

"The point is that I had made a number of pictures, six in all, before I made 'The Champion.' I had worked like a man possessed in each and every one of them and although I got good notices in all of them, and particularly in 'The Strange Love of Martha Ivers,' my first film which starred Barbara Stanwyck, I wasn't a star. No one really noticed me until after I made 'The Champion.' After 'The Champion' everyone noticed me and with a suddenness like the sharp upgrade of a roller-coaster. Everyone said I'd 'changed.' The intimation, on one hand, being that the change was for the better; on the other hand, quite the opposite. I hadn't changed. I haven't changed now. Except I'm seven years older.

"Being told I'd changed was a contributing factor in my state of confusion but not enough, of course, to account for my depression. After all, people were talking about me, weren't they? Writing about me. The spotlight was on me. What more does the ham in every actor crave? More flatteringly (and remuneratively), scripts were coming in. Fan mail coming in. Contracts offered ('Write your own ticket'), photographers and reporters training their lenses and pens on me. The 'full treatment.'

"All my life I'd dreamed of this, of becoming an actor, a successful actor, and here it was, come true. But in attaining the dream, I had lost the dream.

"How? When? Where? Most of all, why? I asked myself. I probed the questions. I did a lot of self-analysis and I finally came to the conclusion that *nothing in life is as fabulous as you dream it*. This is a truth we should all anticipate and for which we should all be prepared. I hadn't anticipated it. I wasn't prepared to face it. I didn't face it. This was my trouble.

"My dream of becoming an actor had been an adolescent dream, a romantic dream of playing exciting roles to thunderous applause, my name in lights; a rags-to-riches dream of dwelling in marble halls." For a fraction of a moment Kirk's lips tightened, then he went on, "A Hollywood hacienda with all the trimmings. I had not visualized the hard work that must be done, the mad race that must be run before this halcyon state of affairs can come to pass; if, indeed, it ever does, or can.

"I had run that race in the beginning, every day a mad race to get a job, a part in a show, a part on radio, one radio show to another—a race, literally, to get something to eat. In-between shows, any job I could get (part-time work at Schrafft's Restaurant, anything), in order to eat.

"I was used to working, you know, it wasn't that. As a kid, in my home town of Amsterdam, New York, a constant shortage of cash in the family till and a minimum of food in the icebox made me a wage earner while I was still in grade school. At five every morning I rose to deliver papers before school and raced from my last class of the day to deliver the evening papers. I used to count myself

lucky if I was through my labors by seven o'clock. After graduating from high school I spent the following year working in an Amsterdam department store in order to earn money for college. At the end of the year I took my savings, totalling \$163, and hitch-hiked to St. Lawrence University in Canton, New York. The final stage of my journey still amuses me—I arrived atop a truck filled with fertilizer! Thanks to a part-time job as a waiter I managed to graduate with an A.B. degree and with a record as undefeated intercollegiate wrestling champion for a period of three hard-fought years—which stood me in good stead when, later, I barnstormed with a carnival as an exhibition grunt-and-groaner."

(Stood him in good stead as the muscular and mighty *Champion*, too.)

"Yep," Kirk said, "I was used to working and, although I was the only boy in a family of six girls, I was *not* used to any coddling and spoiling. No time in our family for anything softer than," he grinned, "hard work.

"But poor boys dream tall dreams—taller dreams than luckier boys. They dream of rags-to-riches. My dream was of becoming an actor, a successful actor which, when accomplished, would mean that the race was run, the struggle over.

"When it wasn't over, when even after I'd made 'The Champion' I was still running to find stories, material, still fighting, still breathless, I was confused—this, because I wasn't facing it, was the real cause of my confusion.

"I used to work at one period of my life in a steel mill. When I'd get through an exhausting day in the studios, tough scenes, things going wrong, I'd really feel beat—much more so than I'd ever felt at the end of a day in the steel mill. 'What price this dream, this lazy, luxurious dream, of becoming an actor?' I constantly asked myself.

"All this," Kirk said, "may be interpreted as a complaint. It isn't. It is an attempt at honest evaluation. And to be honest, much of my exhaustion was my own doing, my own fault. For my big problem was that for so long I had had to fight for everything I got, from enough to eat to a college education, from 'playing the part' of an off-stage echo in the Broadway production of 'Three Sisters' to the starring role in 'The Champion,' that I went into every scene I played, fighting. Attacked every scene I played like a lion on the kill. When offers began coming at me without any aggressive action on my part, offers of parts and contracts, I wasn't geared for this sort of thing. I expected to fight. That no one expected me to fight, this was confusion.

"When I read my own publicity, some very good indeed (too good for me), now and then not so good, I reacted accordingly—a word of criticism and the dukes were up; a flattering word and a kitten's purr.

"Childish? You said it.

"In every actor there is, and there must be, a childlike quality. This I'm sure of. Look at me, a grownup playing," Kirk laughed, "Ned Land, the harpooner in '20,000 Leagues under the Sea.' If I didn't have the childlike quality, I couldn't do it. Not without embarrassment, at any rate, and not believably.

"No man is completely a man who has lost out of himself all of the boy. Or, if he does, he becomes a very dull human being. It is also true if I begin to believe I am Ned Land or The Juggler, or Dempsey Rae the roving cowhand in 'Man without a Star,' this would be sheer madness.

"In the same way an actor should not believe all the good things written about him, or all the bad. Just as he is not really any role he plays, whether heel or hero,

so he is not either heel or hero in real life. In other words an actor should not react, as the child in him is prone to do, by extremes, as I did, between elation and depression.

"One neurosis I did escape, however, and that is the fear, common to the actor who has achieved 'sudden stardom,' that I might fall from the pedestal. I hadn't this fear because ground and grained in me is the theory that nothing lasts forever, that everything is a cycle, so now as then, I accept the fact that my success will not last (as my poverty did not last) forever.

"I also believe that if you have the opportunity to compete, you should not complain if you lose.

"As an actor, it's a wonderful thing to be in a position to play exciting roles, on screens all over the world. In Israel, where we made 'The Juggler,' kids ran up and said they'd seen me in 'The Bad and the Beautiful'—it was a thrill, as it was in Rome, being stopped on the street by people who told me they'd seen me in 'The Juggler.' This part of the dream comes very true. But as picture follows picture and the sense of excitement mounts, the sense of running accelerates, too. As one is achieving one goal he's already out, still breathless, to make the next goal, until . . . you begin to wonder *what goal?* and *why?*

"I think it's very true in this business that everyone runs so fast and for so long they forget what they're running for.

"I did.

"When you are cut adrift from your personal life," Kirk feels, "the confusion increases. To be accustomed all your life to home life, family, routine, then suddenly, to be in outer space and alone, you feel naked, vulnerable, lost.

"I did.

"After Di and I were divorced I felt a stranger to myself, and in my own land. Strangers never feel comfortable. Have no base. Can't relax.

"'On the loose, eh?' a few old goats would say, goatishly, poking me in the ribs. 'Playboy, eh? How lucky can you get!'

"But playboys are born, I'm convinced, not made. Nothing in the tough dog-eat-dog life I've lived, as boy and man, conditioned me for the playboy role. Nor anything in the close family life I'd lived as a child and, later, as a husband and father.

"As for being 'lucky,' you look around at every so-called playboy dating all the glamour gals and they are either unhappy or something is wrong with them. Something damned serious is wrong with them. For the playboy routine is a mad merry-go-round from which you never get off and on which there is no time to develop a real lasting relationship.

"I know about the mad merry-go-round. I was on it and I had it. Even while on it I knew that for all the flaws there may be in marriage, there is no institution to replace it.

"In this business more than in any other, a man needs marriage. An actor, who is exposed to so much, needs marriage more than another man; needs the island of safety only to be found in a solid human relationship.

"I need it," Kirk says.

"Without it I was a miserable guy. When I was in Europe, making 'Act of Love' and 'Ulysses,' I was a less miserable guy. The more leisurely pace of Europe made me realize that to be a success in the movies is a much tougher job than anyone realizes, and that *there is more than one kind of success*. Over there I had a chance to evaluate myself. I was less tired and had more time to be sort of objective.

"In Europe, looking around me, I thought, *I'm not going back to Hollywood, never to live*. Ever since I'd been living alone, lonely and restless, my friends had been saying, 'Trouble with you, you've been a rolling stone so long, too long for your own good. What you need is a base.'

"I then returned from Europe to a base, to the little one-story house my friends bought for me through Sam Norton, my lawyer, while I was abroad. Fanny Brice's daughter, Frances, did the decorating. All my friends got together, Sam and his wife, the Billy Wilders, the Ray Starkes, and furnished it—down to the last detail of food in the deep-freeze and toothpaste in the bathroom.

"'If you don't like it when you walk in,' my friends said, 'you can walk right out again!'

"I liked it. I loved the way it was decorated, all striking black and white. Liked the big comfortable lounges and chairs. The garden. The little swimming pool. More than liking, I was deeply touched. I didn't know they cared. Not like this. Not to the extent of taking all this time and thought and trouble.

"I was happy to have a place of my own. I've bought a few paintings. Many books. I read a lot. People came over and found me mowing the lawn. Friends came over for dinner and I cooked for them—barbecues mostly. I'm a terrible cook, but I insist upon doing it.

"I thought about marrying again and I invited Anne to Hollywood for a visit. I knew even before she got here that she would never go back—not to stay. We both knew. There wasn't much need of words. The question had been asked, and the answer given long ago.

"We were married and I," Kirk laughed, "am not running anymore. I used to be like the fellow who ran through the countryside so fast he never saw the flowers or the streams. I see them now.

"In my relationship to people I used to be like a steamship ploughing through an ocean, friends had to cling to you like barnacles. I don't want to be that kind of a steamship. I'm not any longer.

"I'm through fighting. I'm no longer the lion going in for the kill. When preparing for a picture, I do all the research I ever did, and more. But now I create, or try to; I don't fight.

"I'm calmer about my career, although I'm as interested in it as I ever was. But I no longer think of it as the be-all and end-all. There's less desperation.

"I don't want to always just act. I want to direct; want to be on the Broadway stage again; hope for new fields, for growth.

"And Anne, my wife, is interested in my career. She helps me in many ways. Recently, for instance, a German book was submitted to me as a picture possibility. I don't read German. Anne does. She read the book, told me the story. She knows about my work. But she is not trying to spur me on in my career. She is more interested in me as a human being than as an actor; more interested in my peace of mind, in *me*. We are both interested in growing *together!*

"For the present we plan to live here, in this house that was going to be," Kirk grinned, "my little bachelor haven. At least until we know what's ahead, whether I am going to do another picture in Europe, or where and for how long. Eventually we plan to build—when, where, as yet, we have no idea. Actually, it doesn't matter—when you live on an Island of Safety. . . . I did say, 'Nothing in life is as fabulous as you dream it' didn't I? Well I have one correction. The exception, said bridegroom Douglas, is a happy marriage."

THE END

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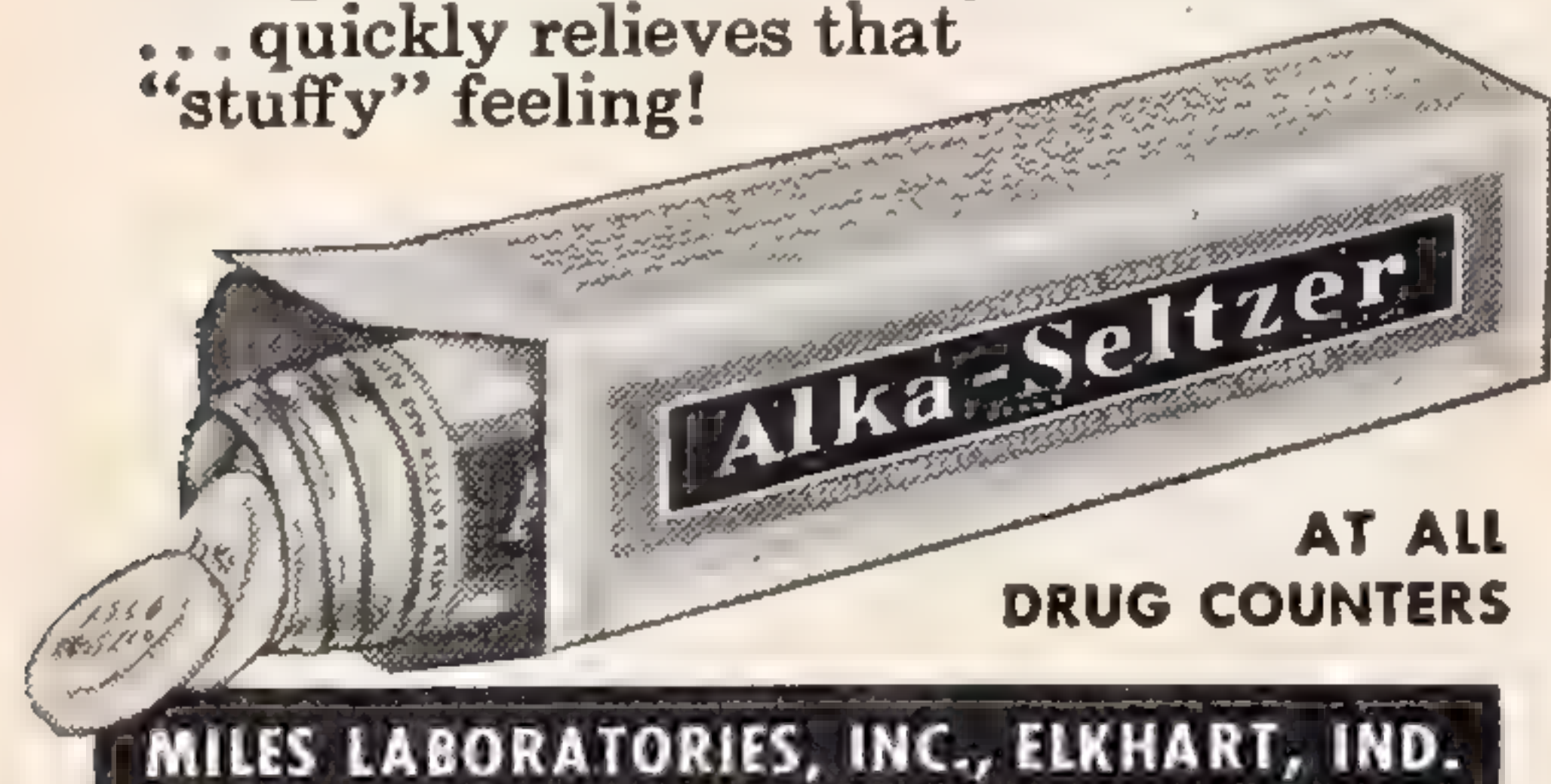


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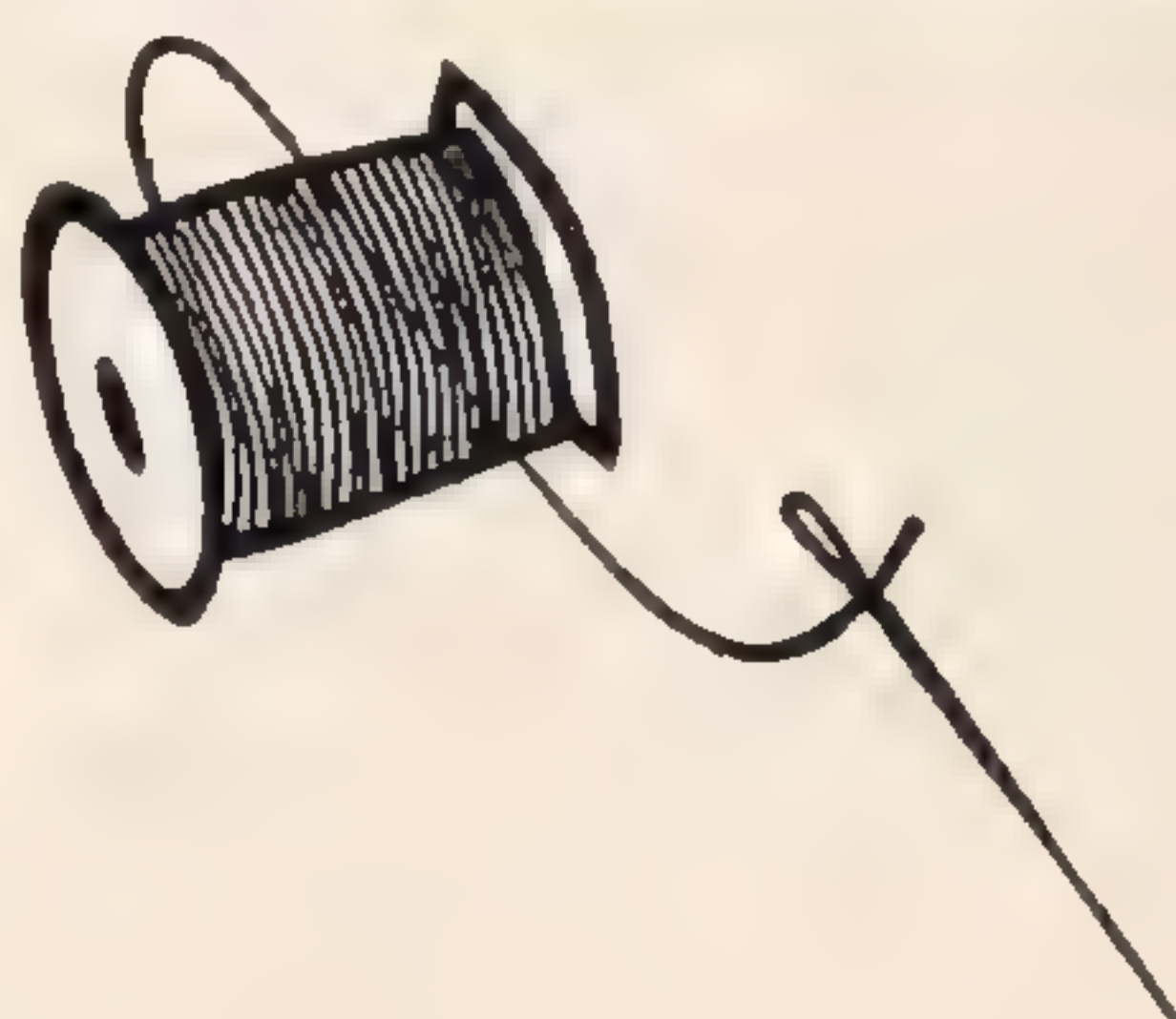
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"I Want a Divorce . . ."

(Continued from page 38)

out the carpeting—a warm beige design. There's something about all-over carpeting that seems stable.

They were sitting in the living room looking at television. Dale was going into the kitchen for a glass of milk when Jacqueline stopped him, saying suddenly, "Dale, I want to talk to you." He sat down. "All right. What is it?" he said.

Her voice was firm. "I want a divorce." Four words. Finally spoken for the last time. The pause seemed longer than it was.

"All right," Dale said with finality, and went to pack. An anti climax for a whirlwind romance and marriage. But divorce had already become a familiar word, too familiar, before this final disenchanting evening when Jacqueline threw in the hand without waiting for the final cards.

The charge? Mental cruelty. Two words which can't cover three years any two people in love share. Certainly not for a man like Dale, to whom marriage and home and family are meaningful words.

More restless, thinner by seventeen pounds, as Dale says slowly now, breaking a too-long silence as the year ends, "Divorce isn't a word to be taken lightly. Nor is marriage. Anybody can get a divorce. That's the easiest thing in the world to do. The tough thing is to keep sticking and work it out. Anybody can fall in love overnight and get married, too. But it takes time to make it work. I'd told Jacqueline the next time she mentioned divorce she'd better mean it. That I didn't want it thrown in my face all the time. I said that because I wanted her to think it over very carefully. Not just every little thing that came up to start talking about a divorce. I wanted her to really think about it, weigh it and if she said it again, say it because she really meant it. And I think she had thought it over. Whether or not she ever quite convinced herself marriage is a happy way of life, I don't know. I prefer to think she did. We'd just redecorated our house the week before. I assure you there was no thought in my own mind of getting a divorce. And there was no third party—not as far as I was concerned. . . .

"I'm not blaming Jacqueline," Dale goes on quietly. "She has her reasons. And it takes two to get married and two to get a divorce. If a man is all a woman wants him to be, she will work very hard to be all he wants her to be.

"There are things I can't talk about," he adds. "Things that could be remedied, but it would take a great deal of effort on both parts. And it would take a long time. I've known marriages to last forty years when people have fallen in love overnight, but they've really worked at it. And they've given it time to grow."

But time ran out too soon for Dale and Jacqueline Robertson, leaving them linked by some happy and not-so-happy memories. And linked always by a rosy-cheeked little two-year-old queen of an animal-kingdom nursery. A nursery her father painted three times because he wanted an exact shade of blue, and where he sang her to sleep at night, accompanied by a big friendly blue elephant with pink ears that tinkles Brahms' "Lullaby."

Only those very close to him would know how much his marriage, his home and that nursery could mean to Dale and how hard, in his own way, he tried to preserve them. Few know how both sensitive and earthy he is. An often antagonistic press is uninformed about Dale and he's shown little inclination to enlighten it—particularly when it pries too close

to his heart. He's guided, concerning his marriage, partly by a Confederate chivalry, partly by a stubborn conviction that it's nobody's Yankee business anyway.

For nine months following their separation, Dale kept floating around, hanging his hat at the home of friends where he could feel a warm and close family tie. He would stay in Hollywood with his stand-in, Kit Carson and Carson's family, or out in Woodland Hills in the valley with old friends he'd met through horse shows. "I'm going to have to get some place of my own," Dale kept saying then. "I dread to, but I can't just keep living off everyone else."

Now Dale and Chief, his German Shepherd dog, are batching in a "small sort of modern-type" furnished house in Toluca Lake, the section where Dale lived for a while before going into pictures. Chief, whose heart is beyond any court's custody, always keeps one devoted brown eye affixed watchfully on Dale when he talks, seconding every word. "Now that I have a place, whenever Jacqueline's out of town at horse shows, I'll keep Rochelle with me. You should see her now. Let me tell you, she's a dandy!"

"She's a dandy." Remembered words from almost four years before. "She's a dandy!" he'd said of lovely nineteen-year-old Jacqueline Wilson. They rode horseback. He had a ball team in the valley, and he took Jacqueline to some of the games. He took her out to his comfortable three-bedroom GI house in the small town of Reseda to play pitch with his Aunt Iona and Uncle Omer, who then lived with him. "They're crazy about her—and they've been married forty-six years!" he beamed to friends. And he told her of his ambition to write. Colorfully, he outlined the plots and characters in stories he'd written. The girl in each of them he was sure was Jacqueline Wilson. And to her, Dale embodied the hero in every story he told.

Theirs was a wedding for any bride to remember and a gay reception set to moonlight shining through the stately Eucalyptus and a strolling accordionist's "On Top of Old Smokey" and "Be My Love." A girl, radiantly beautiful, revealed she'd found out all the basic, important things about Dale from his stories. "In every story I realized he was the hero. He was describing himself. I knew him through them."

As they raced through a shower of confetti down the hill into the glittering world founded on boy-meets-girl, those there were sentimentally reminded that life can write better love stories than any scribe can imagine or the screen can tell. But life writes it's own realistic and unhappy endings, too.

One clue to basic differences in their troubled future occurred during the first hectic happy days before they were married. Dale wanted a simple ceremony with a minimum of fuss. Jacqueline wanted a home wedding. Her mother, an actress of the silent-picture days and socially minded, was making out the wedding invitations and asked Dale if there weren't some people at the studio he wanted to invite. She listed various important studio executives, including Darryl Zanuck, whom Dale had still never met. "I thought you would want them to come—the people you work with," she offered.

"Do you know these people?" he asked then. "Are they friends of yours? If they are, it's all right. But don't invite them for me. If you're going to ask my friends from the studio, ask them all, including the ones I work with, instead of just the

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people I work for but hardly know." When the stardust cleared, Jacqueline naturally didn't embody all the heroines in Dale's stories and Dale was no hero, but a man with all the sometimes maddening male qualities. He was as strong-minded as his heritage. And Jacqueline, for all her seeming poise and sophistication, was as young as her nineteen years and unequipped by background or experience to weather so soon the responsibilities of marriage even to one with Dale's stable, however strong-minded, values. While Dale's mother owns the Robertson Convalescent Hospital for older people in Oklahoma City—which she built from scratch—and they had always been reasonably comfortable, Dale had been educated for the finer arts in living but not the froth.

It was early evident theirs were different definitions for love and marriage and happiness and for what many of the important things in life are. Too different to be dissolved by moonlight shining through Eucalyptus or a week's heart-to-heart talks. With Dale's deeply rooted Cimarron background and Jacqueline's younger hot house experience, the little things that were to be adjusted after marriage began to close in, grew larger all the time. When it came to building a marriage, their values seemed as unrelated as building on rock and on sand, values that would take time to bridge.

Unfortunately there was no time for a honeymoon or any adjustment period after they first married—unfortunately for a very young bride. They were married on Saturday, spent their wedding night in Santa Barbara and Dale was due back on the set at 20th Century-Fox on Monday. They planned to honeymoon later at romantic Banff and Lake Louise. But Dale was thrust into one picture after another. "I'd like to be married all over again," Jacqueline once said. "It happened so fast. Sometimes I can hardly realize it." And then, before she could grasp many of the responsibilities of being a wife, she was a mother. When Dale finally got two weeks off, they went to Oklahoma City to Dale's mother's where the Robertson clan gather from far and wide for Christmas every year. This was Jackie's first introduction to Dale's home town, and to many of his people. She was ill from the first weeks of pregnancy. The whole trip was a pretty miserable experience. It's doubtful, too, whether Jacqueline ever felt at home in Oklahoma. And while Dale always encouraged her to spend time with her family, he seldom went along. He's no student of small talk he doesn't feel, and his is an inborn horror of, as he used to put it, "Just sitting there—feeling like a hypocrite."

Admittedly "old-fashioned" when it comes to marriage or his home or his family, Dale was determined to build his own marriage and happiness on values that would last. With patience, he hoped to persuade Jacqueline to accept his values. In her way, she gave it a good try. And Dale loved her more than perhaps even Jacqueline realized—in his way—which was not her way.

Mental cruelty.

Fragments of arguments, phrases, sentences, fears—and a few tears—walk like ghosts across a memory. Familiar ghosts to many marrieds who've survived them.

Jacqueline's half-laughing, "He'll buy me a set of golf clubs. But he doesn't understand women's tastes. He thinks clothes are sort of frivolous."

And Dale's, "We can't go off the deep end and make bills we can't pay. I'll get a mink coat when we can pay for one. I'll get another car when we can pay for it. I'll get a new home when we can pay for it. We'll have all these things—when

we can pay for them, but not till then." Jacqueline's rueful admission, "I have an irky habit of always asking him when he will be home. I seem to ask him every time he leaves. I'm not trying to pin him down or anything. I realize it's ridiculous because he can't know exactly what time he'll be through shooting at the studio and get home, but still I ask."

Jacqueline wanting to do part-time picture work, even working as an extra now and then. Dale's logical reply (for he has strong thoughts on such subjects), "You wouldn't want to take a pay check from somebody else who really needs it, would you?" And Jacqueline agreeing she would not.

Dale's frank admission, too, "I'm old fashioned and I know it. I was brought up to believe a husband is the head of the house, the bread-winner, and it should be that way."

Jacqueline's, "He says he loves me, but he never calls me and asks me to come out to the studio. He never takes me to a location or calls and says, 'I miss you.'"

And Dale's reflective, "I'll never forget before we were married, somebody in the family said to Jacqueline, 'This will be wonderful. You'll be going to premiere and parties. You'll be going on personal appearances with Dale, on location trips to the studio. You'll really have a good life.' And Jacqueline said then—and loved her for saying it—'No, I think a man has his work to do. A wife shouldn't expect to always be tagging along.' I thought then, 'This is just wonderful. I'll take her with me when I can, and when I can't she'll understand, too. This will work out just fine.' Well, that theory was blown to blazes the first three weeks."

How understandably upset a sensitive bride would be: When Jacqueline called the set one day to tell Dale their happy suspicions were confirmed—they were going to have a baby—on the other end of the telephone, he replied simply, "Oh I've got to run," and hung up. He explained later, at that second the assistant director called him for a scene and he had to hang up. Dale's joy in fatherhood was expressed in his own way. Working on the nursery in the evenings. Bringing Jacqueline back a glamorous lamé jacket and a very smart suit. The picture of a masculine guy like Dale shopping for maternity clothes would be more proof than words. But there were words, too. "You know, I never thought I would have a child. I've wanted one. I used to think about it a lot. It still seems just too good to be true."

Dale's preoccupied moods were sometimes disturbing to Jackie, and Dale had admitted, "They can be hard to understand. It's easier to see somebody else's shortcomings than your own. But I have my share. Of that I'm dead sure. I'm not too easy to live with. And I do get quiet and that isn't always easy to understand."

The strong and silent can be difficult for those less emotionally secure to understand. During one of Dale's silent moods Jacqueline once burst into tears, saying "You don't love me." On another occasion she once said, "Dale is so strong. Nothing bothers him."

But Jacqueline would have been surprised to know, too, how many times her husband needed his wife's strength. As he says now, "There are times when a woman is a little girl to be protected and loved. And that's as it should be. But there are other times when both a man and a woman must be strong and face their problems together."

And there were times when it must have been pretty difficult for a man with Dale's usual inner strength, a man as self-sustaining, to understand the need for constant reassurance, the fears that can beset a wife—fears, however unfounded

can undermine a wife's trust. unfounded reckless items in Hollywood gossip columns and malicious untrue stories in magazines used to worry Jacqueline. "But why would they say it if it isn't based on something?" she would say. Despite Dale's reassurance, the day ever comes when I come home at night and I can't look you in the eye, there's something to worry about. "These things . . ." he'd say, shaking his head. Nor could Dale understand why he didn't have more faith in him. One item linking him with a famous motion-picture star was so ridiculous a star-friend called a publicity man at the studio where Dale was going on loan—and asked him to set the columnist right before damage could be done. "What's wrong with being linked with a gorgeous doll like that?" he said, surprised. "Three things: Dale's wife and I—and he's never even met the girl!" Dale resented such items because they were so upsetting to Jacqueline. His own self-jawed attitude with such columns did little to help, and on occasion it would be Jackie who would defend him from them, resenting it, wondering, "Why do they say something bad about me?" because it was obvious Jacqueline needed to need so much reassurance and wasn't too happy when he was away from her. Dale tried to keep his personal appearances to a minimum. An outdoorsman, he limited any sports that would take him away from her, like hunting, fishing or playing golf. The one day he played golf, one day, he would get up at 5 A.M. to be on time by the time Jacqueline awakened, to be with her the rest of the day. Which would seem hard to reconcile in some barbed views Jacqueline's given since their separation, giving Dale's career as the cause for their trouble. Stathe cared more for his career than for his family and didn't have time to work on their marriage. Also that "movie wives have to take a back seat in marriage anyway."

"Movie wives take a back seat, it's her view—and it's always been his view. They get into it themselves. They have a career, too, in trying to make a home. I don't mean just keeping it dusted and covered and the dishes washed. I know it's very dull work. I never really cared about that. There's far more to making a home than that."

and certainly Dale's career should never have separated them. Any strong-minded man he's maintained which have sometimes been attributed to a star-swollen head, he would have maintained roughshod in his native Oklahoma oil fields. Dale, making movies is a business. He had to worry about his family's future, believing any actor should have a business, too, he invested in Everlast Laboratories. When he wasn't before the camera he would be out selling their product, or in overalls at the new plant tending nails, moving furniture and working as just another hand. But he still managed to spend an average amount of time with his family.

"Funny, when a man works as a butcher or a carpenter he has a job. But when he's an actor, he has a career." Dale says now, shaking his head. "Acting is just a means of support. An actor sells entertainment to other people. Like a carpenter, he needs money to support his family. I did not look more of success after I married than I ever had before. Because of Jacqueline and Rochelle. I wanted to be able to put everything aside, so if something should happen to me, they would have enough to go on. But in any marriage, if two people can be together as much as we were together, they spend ninety-seven per cent of their evenings together and ninety-nine

per cent of their Sundays together, there's no reason why their marriage shouldn't be right. And no couple, where the man works, can be together much more than that."

During those three years when they hoped to achieve understanding, he tried to make Jacqueline understand that adult love is guided by more than physical presence. "You can love someone just as much when you're away from her," he would say. And doubtless there were times when he left things—things a wife likes to hear—unsaid. In his marriage, as in his work, as in life, Dale was motivated by the words of Edgar A. Guest whom he loves and lives by:

*I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day—
I'd rather one would walk with me—
than merely tell the way—*

By deeds rather than words. His reaction to this, then as now, was, "We have to show that love and respect are there. To say, 'I love you,' isn't too hard. But to show it is something else. Maybe I didn't show it too much with words, but words are cheaper than water. A wise man can spout off many words, but so can a fool. You can take a breath and say thirty words. But if you don't back up those words, then it won't work out in the end anyway. We all want to be loved, but we can't just sit back and say, 'Love me.' We all have to earn that love and keep earning it. I tried to show Jacqueline I loved her. But my way of showing love wasn't her way."

Theirs was a different definition for happiness, too. For all the "preview" Dale gave her before marriage of the simple life they would lead, this wasn't Jacqueline's idea of excitement and gaiety. Dale took the long view of building happiness together and anchoring it. How far apart they were on this score he discovered one night when Jacqueline said, "I'm just not happy any more." Dale asked what it would take to make her happy. She said she didn't know. "Well, what did you do before we were married that made you happy?" he asked. "I went to parties and had fun." Dale said then, "You don't know whether you were happy or not. That wasn't real happiness, that was synthetic."

Reminded of this now, Dale says, "True, we didn't go out much. We didn't go to many parties, and she couldn't understand it. But parties are no source of happiness. They can get very boring and pointless. I tried to build happiness for us with the things that keep you happy for a lifetime—not just a short while: by learning to know people and like people, by building love for our home and for good friends. Real friends who would still be our friends after the tinsel wears off, after the movies and this temporary success. And everything I said or did wasn't because I didn't love Jacqueline but because I did love her, because of our future, because I believed I knew what would make her happy, too, in the future. I tried to build real lasting happiness."

"Who was it that said, 'Happiness is like time and space. We make and measure it ourselves'? It isn't easy to find at best, and I guess that's about the size of it. But if you could grab it out of the air, it wouldn't mean anything or be worth working for. I think making a home could be a source of happiness. And I wouldn't think any woman with children should find too much time on her hands. She has the greatest gift and the greatest career God was able to give her."

Divorce has never been Dale's idea. Nor his solution. Friends hoped their reconciliation after some brief trouble two years ago would achieve a better understanding. Jacqueline was hurt when Dale, under

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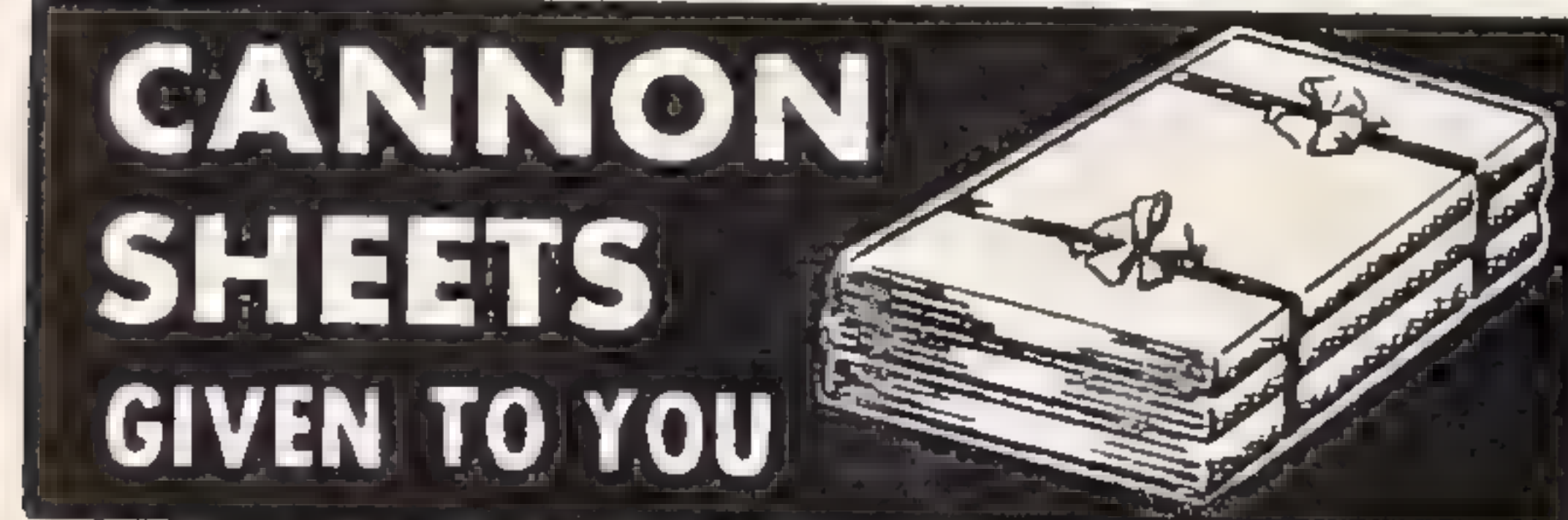
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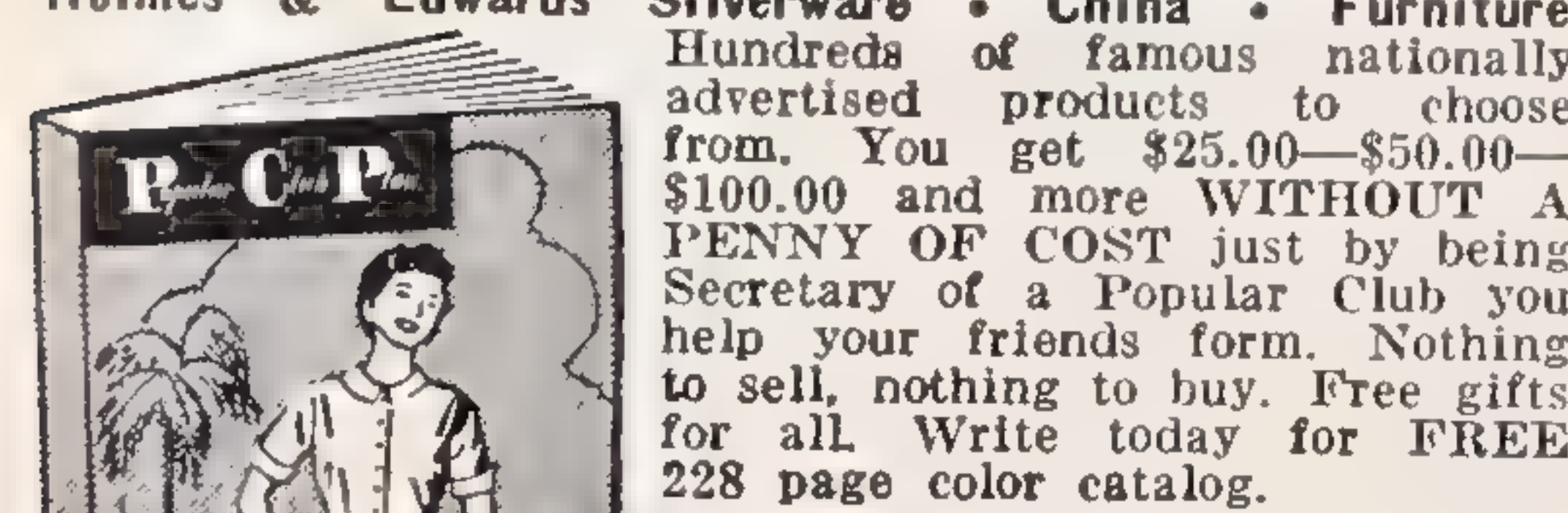
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great pressure, wanted to get off somewhere and think by himself for a few days, thinking this would be better for Jacqueline, too. She felt deserted and miserable, "Dale shouldn't be married. He wants to come and go, keep his freedom." But it was Jacqueline who constantly mentioned securing that freedom. Not Dale. He was the one who got upset if she mentioned divorce. Later they seemed very happy. As she put it, "We've both changed for the better. We're not as stubborn as we were before. I'm not as sensitive as I was. And Dale—well, he lets his emotions show more."

But the ranch-type home they talked of building in the Royal Oaks section of the valley, where the rolling hills roll up to meet the sky, will never be built. Not for them. . . .

The girl who fell in love with the handsome movie star "hero" of his stories and the guy who thought his love embodied every heroine he'd ever imagined know now that in the daily drama of two human beings living as one, heroes and heroines belong strictly where they are—in the storybooks.

Dale readily admits, "I'm quite sure I expected too much of Jacqueline. But I also think she expected too much of any one man. She frequently pointed out to me the good points of many men. But if I am expected to have the good points of seven or eight men then I'm bound to have some of their bad qualities, too."

"We went to a marriage counselor once. You fill out papers, and they make a graph from questions and answers. Our graphs went in exactly opposite directions. How much that means, I don't know. But I do know when it comes to building a life together, we didn't see things exactly eye to eye."

As for any chance of ever getting back together, Dale says, "I don't see how. I don't see how we could talk ourselves back together now. I'm no angel—I'm from Missouri. And I have to be shown. And Jacqueline's from the other side—same state. As I said, there are things that could be remedied. I still feel with more time and effort our marriage might have worked. But I think Jacqueline decided some time ago she didn't want to try any more. Now I just want to get it all over with, and see the baby's needs taken care of," Dale says slowly.

Her father has given a great deal of thought—and heart—to how their divorce will affect Rochelle. "I've made provisions for Rochelle's education that will take her right through college. I did that right after we separated in the event anything should happen to me. Jacqueline wants her to go to private schools. I'm not for that, but that will be up to Rochelle. I don't like the idea of shipping kids off to private schools away from their family, maybe against their will. When she reaches that age—if she wants to go—I'm not going to object. I've arranged for a settlement to be given her in a lump sum when she finishes college. I did that for her own protection. If anything happens to me, or to Jacqueline, I don't know who would raise her and I want to be sure she's taken care of."

"Jacqueline's afraid Rochelle's turning into a 'mama's girl,'" Dale goes on thoughtfully. "But I don't think so. Her mother will be with her most of the time, and I want the baby to love her and miss her—feel very close to her. Rochelle would never be too possessive anyway. She has too much independence for that. And it's important to give her all the love we have between us. She isn't going to have a mother and a daddy both, so I don't think there's any danger spoiling her with too much love."

"We'll always discuss together what's

right for her and hope and pray we're be right. We'll have to work hard to tea her the right things—things that will ma her happy and not spoil her. I'd like f her to grow up knowing how to make home, so if she falls in love with som body who can't give her what her moth and father gave her, she will be prepar and it will spare her a great deal of trou later on. I want her to know the real val in life—love, friendship, a home. The i portant thing is to spend time with he I don't think you can spend too mu time with a child. And to give her all c love."

A mother's love—Dale knows about th He remembers too well another kid. A b six years old when his father and moth separated. "I missed my father like a kid. But my mother worked doubly ha to see we didn't miss anything—and s succeeded. Rochelle will never need know what it is to miss anything eith And as long as she's a growing girl, guarantee I'll never be far away from he

The future? For months Dale has be dating Mary Murphy, talented and lov little Paramount starlet. With freedo matter of days away, Hollywood has be speculating about them. "Mary would a Godsend for any man," Dale says firm "She has so much understanding. I have gone out with anyone else because haven't wanted to. But I'm not thinking marriage at the moment. I have too ma problems to think about. I'm not say it can't happen, because it could. But not foreseeing anything right now."

Dale and Mary Murphy certainly kn each other better than Dale and Jacq line did when they were married. They co-starred and worked together in "S ting Bull." They've gone on personal pearances together. There could be problem, a source of possible disharmo Mary, 22 years old, very pretty and v talented, is under contract to Paramou As Dale goes before the cameras, starr in "Top of the World," Mary has just b given the biggest break in a very prom ing career, the important young drama lead in "The Desperate Hours," with Fr ric March and Humphrey Bogart—wh is indicative of what her studio plans her.

Dale has never believed too much career wives. "I can't remember when careers have been successful in one fa ily—when they're both in pictures," says. "I don't say they can't be. I'm saying whether or not it can work I don't know. And I don't intend to l into the future. That's for the prophe

But whatever the prophets decree the future, the past three years le much to be remembered, much tha good, and much that has been learn "I'd hate to think I spent three years didn't learn anything," Dale says slo now. "The things you learn stick in y subconscious. You don't talk too m about them. But you know where t are and they're the jury."

Then, as though thinking aloud of th two who descended from the hilltop the bright tomorrow—facing life toge so confidently . . .

"Our marriage lasted longer than s not so long as others. But in those th years we were married we knew n happiness than many who've been mar many more years. There were times w we had happiness you couldn't put any storybook."

And from their union there's a da ter Dale hoped for but never expect have. A little glamour girl who holds of her father's heart in her own chu little hand. And in the darkness of night—many nights—Dale Rober dreams his dreams for her.

THE END

Just What the Doctor Ordered

(Continued from page 40)

dependent upon both husband and baby son. Instead of excitement, she felt discouragement over the prospects of her first night-club engagement. Las Vegas seemed a million miles from home and Timmy and Jim. She made up her mind; she wouldn't do it, she couldn't leave them.

"It's funny," she thought. "You are a person and you are happy by yourself and the way you live. Then you meet another person and fall in love with him and marry him, and you are just exactly twice as happy. And after that a third person comes along, a very small one named Timothy Patrick McNulty and you are exactly twice as happy again. And then suddenly you realize that with all this happiness the many thing that used to seem so important before seem small and your big job now is keeping all your new happiness in good order."

Some people—and not just in Hollywood, either—tackle wedded bliss with the mental reservation, "Well, if it doesn't work, we can always get a divorce." Of course, such people are quite correct in their assumption: they can get a divorce, and usually do. But to Ann and Jim the possibility of a divorce is simply inconceivable, and not solely because their religious faith forbids it. Their own personal faith—in themselves, in each other forbids it, too.

That kind of faith doesn't come easily—certainly not from the simple act of falling in love. It comes from a good deal of living and growing-up, which both Ann and Jim accomplished before their marriage in June 1953.

Many little girls want to be actresses, but Ann made the dream a reality. From the age of five, when she sang and recited "The Chimes of Normandy" on the radio, she was a professional. It wasn't easy. With her mother and older sister, she lived in New York City cold-water flat. The family was very poor. To support Ann and Dorothy, and provide money for Ann's singing, dancing and dramatic lessons at the Wayburn's School, Mrs. Blyth worked in a beauty parlor, took in laundry, sewed late into the night.

Radio jobs came occasionally for Ann. Often, instead of a job she had hoped for, there was disappointment instead. But poverty and disappointment are not what she remembers best about her childhood. Rather, her memories are of her mother's love, of abiding hope and trust in God.

In her early teens, Ann read successfully for a part in a Broadway play, "Watch on the Rhine." The play was a hit, and after its Broadway run she toured with it across the nation. When it played Los Angeles, a talent scout from a major studio spotted her and offered her a contract. For two years, Ann was the sweet young thing in a series of quickly forgettable pictures. Then, against the objections of some who felt she lacked the dramatic fire necessary for the role, she was allowed to play the vixenish Veda in support of Joan Crawford in "Mildred Pierce"—and did such a stunning job that she was later nominated for an Oscar on the strength of it.

But it looked, shortly after "Mildred Pierce" was completed, as if Ann would never act again—nor walk either, maybe. Bogganing with some friends in the San Bernardino mountains, she was thrown from the sled. She got to her feet and dazedly walked the rest of the way to the bottom of the run, unaware that her back was broken, with a fragment of vertebra actually protruding through her flesh.

For seven months after that accident, Ann was bedridden, in a cast. Doctors were

unable to tell her with any certainty that she would recover the use of her legs. Now she needed every bit of courage, of faith, she possessed—to fight the fear and the pain and the endless hours. Yet she said later, "I don't think I ever really believed I would be crippled."

Nor was she. After the seven months in a cast and another seven wearing a steel brace, she was able to once more to do all the things she loved—dance, ski, swim, bowl, play golf and tennis—and to take up her career where she had left it off. But fate had another bitter blow in store for her. She had barely started work on her first picture after the accident, when her beloved mother passed away.

You can't undergo such experiences and emerge from them unchanged. In Ann's case, they matured her beyond her eighteen years. After her mother's death, she persuaded her Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat to give up their Connecticut home and live with her. She worked hard at her career, steadfastly avoiding the more hectic aspects of Hollywood social life. From time to time her name was linked romantically with that of some handsome young actor, and at first when this happened Ann would become so upset she would refuse further dates with the young man involved, for fear of giving gossip more to feed on. Later, she learned to accept columnists' interest in her activities as one of the facts of Hollywood life.

But there were some other Hollywood "facts of life" which Ann never did accept. She was completely co-operative with studio bosses as far as attendance at benefits and premieres went, and with studio publicity departments for interviews and picture spreads, but she was seldom seen in the glittering night spots and lived her own kind of life—serene, unspectacular, centered around her home, her aunt and uncle and a few close friends.

She rather baffled Hollywood. Along with her sweetness—no one ever heard her say an unkind word or raise her voice in anger—she had an innate dignity that led some people to think her dull. They worried, or pretended to, because Ann Blyth had reached the age of twenty-four without being awakened emotionally. Ann herself was not in the least troubled about the state of her emotions.

"I always knew," she told a friend shortly after her engagement to Dr. James McNulty was announced, "that I'd find someone like Jim. I was just waiting. Now I'm in love for the first time in my life and—oh, it's wonderful!"

Dr. Jim could have echoed those words for himself. He'd been waiting, too. Nine years older than Ann, he'd been too busy to be serious about any girl. Medical school, six short months of private practice and then six long years in the Navy, followed by the stresses and strains of establishing a new practice in Los Angeles as a specialist in obstetrics and gynecology—all this hadn't left him much spare time to devote to romance.

It would be wildly inaccurate to report that Ann and Dr. Jim fell in love with each other the instant they met at a Hollywood party. They liked each other, yes. Dr. Jim thought Ann was the most poised and beautiful girl he had ever seen; Ann thought he had the kindest, most understanding eyes of any man she knew. They talked; Ann knew and liked Dennis Day, Dr. Jim's brother, and they had other mutual friends.

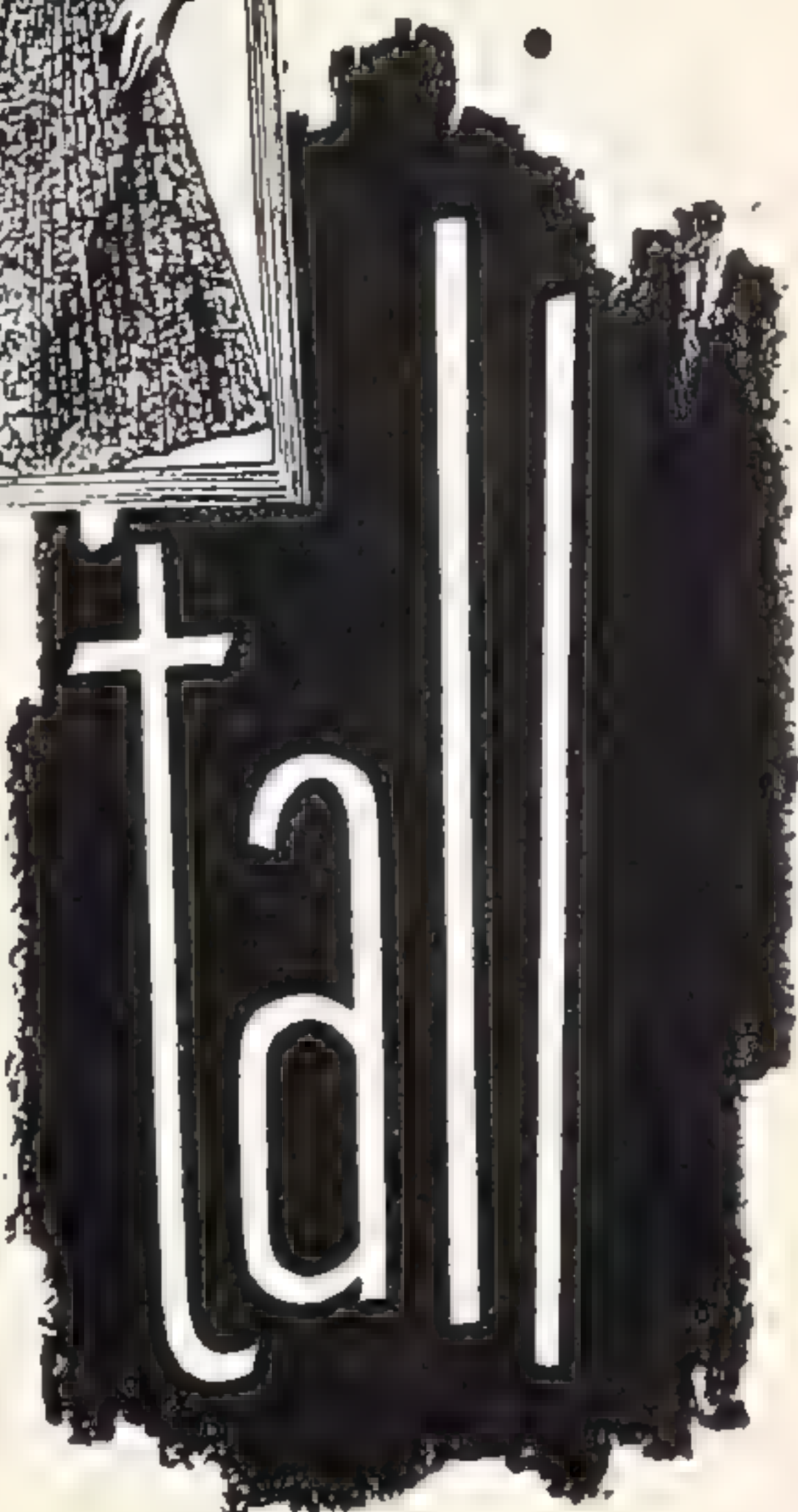
Five days later Dr. Jim called Ann to invite her to the christening of Dennis' second baby. There she met the McNulty clan—Mom and Pop, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick McNulty, Jim's sister Mary and his other

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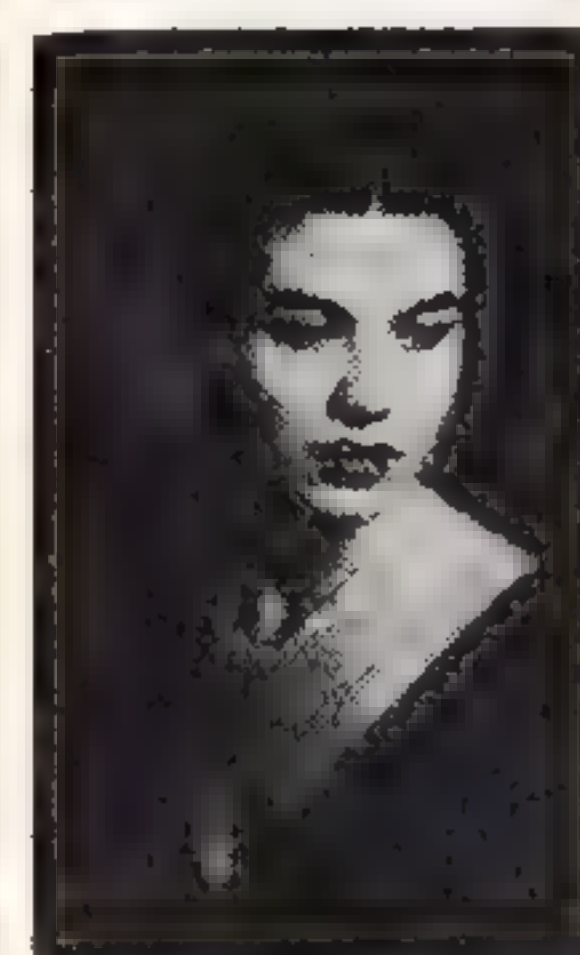
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brothers John, Frank and Bill. She admits to having noticed with some interest that of all the McNulty children, only Jim was still unmarried.

But it wasn't until three years later that Dr. Jim asked Ann to be his wife—asked her on Christmas Eve, in the old-fashioned way with, ready in his pocket, a diamond ring he wasn't completely sure she'd accept. Those had been three years when friendship and mutual respect ripened slowly, imperceptibly, into love; three unhurried years of learning that they liked the same things, thought alike on issues they both considered important, could laugh and play together or be quiet together with equal happiness.

Their wedding on June 27, 1953, was one of the most beautiful and impressive Hollywood has ever seen. Held in St. Charles Roman Catholic Church in San Fernando Valley, it was a double-ring ceremony presided over by James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, Archbishop of Los Angeles—the first time in Hollywood history that a star's wedding has been performed by a Prince of the Church. Later, in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel, Ann and Dr. Jim received more than 800 guests at a champagne breakfast.

One of the guests at that breakfast told me, "I was never so sorry for any man in all my life as for Dr. McNulty. Photographers kept saying, 'Look this way, Miss Blyth,' and 'Can you come over here, Miss Blyth,' and nobody paid any attention at all to the groom. He was the forgotten man."

When this remark was repeated to Dr. Jim, his eyes widened in honest surprise. "Why, I never gave it a thought," he said. "Isn't the bride supposed to be the center of attention at a wedding? And with Ann looking so lovely... Anyway," he added, "I know how it is, Ann being a famous movie star."

Which is precisely true, and one reason the McNulty marriage is on such a firm foundation. As Dennis Day's brother, Dr. Jim is no stranger to the crazy world of show business. The demands of Ann's career can neither surprise nor distress him.

Both Ann and Dr. Jim have a deep respect for the other's work. During those seven months she spent in a cast, helpless and in constant pain, Ann learned to venerate the medical profession. To her, there is nothing quite so wonderful as a good doctor, with the knowledge and skill, his dedication to humanity. And she finds it specially satisfying to think that Dr. Jim's

branch of medicine concerns herself with the miracle of birth.

For his part, Dr. Jim is an avid movie and theatre fan. He is intensely proud of Ann's fame, and once gently rebuked an acquaintance for intimating that his work was more important than hers. "People need entertainment," he said. "A fine play, a beautiful song, a chance to laugh or even to cry—these are good. I'm glad Ann has the gift for bringing such pleasure."

When "Gone with the Wind" was re-issued last summer, Ann, who had seen it four times herself, discovered that Jim had never seen it at all, and they went together. Jim was fascinated, and afterwards they talked for hours about different scenes and the performance of the stars. For her birthday, a week or so later, Jim's present included a copy of the book—"I suspect because he wanted to read it himself!" Ann laughs.

Another present was a trip to Reno, to watch brother Dennis Day perform in a night club there. Jim was able to spare only a scant two days from his practice, but they found time to run up to Lake Tahoe the scene of their honeymoon.

"This time, though," Ann says wisely "we kept out of the water. I think Lake Tahoe is the most beautiful spot in the world, but there's no denying its water is *horribly* cold. Jim and I both love to swim and on our honeymoon we put on our suits, walked to the end of the dock outside our cottage and simply dived in together. Oooh! It took our breath away. We didn't ever speak to each other—we couldn't. We just turned around and climbed out as fast as we went in and that was the last of our swimming."

What with the arrival of Timothy Patrick on June 10, just seventeen days before their first wedding anniversary, Ann's career came to a temporary halt after completion of "The Student Prince." It began again late in September with a three-week appearance at a Las Vegas night club—he first venture into this field of entertainment. And somehow that night-club engagement is typical of Ann; it sums up her attitude toward herself, her work and her marriage.

To begin with, she accepted it only after she and Jim had decided together. "Then when it came time to go, I couldn't think of being away from both Timmy and Jim for three whole weeks," she said firmly. "I will be bad enough being separated from them between weekends"—for of course Jim



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and already promised to fly to the Nevada every Friday evening, his practice permitting. So finally Timmy went along with the nursemaid to whom Ann reluctantly confides his care when she must.

For her act, Ann dressed in exquisite but completely modest dinner gowns. Her program consisted of songs from her pictures, and specially written material—some of it funny, some touching, some uplifting. In all of it, there was not one concession to the supposed sophistication of night-club audiences—which is to say, there was not one word Ann would have been embarrassed to have her own son hear, had he been a few years older.

And Las Vegas, which had loved Dietrich and Mae West, adored Ann. After her final performance she was given an ovation that was a spontaneous outpouring of affection and respect. Ann Blyth can come

back to Las Vegas any time she wants to.

"I'm glad they liked me," Ann says. "Awfully glad. But you see, I couldn't have done a different kind of act. I couldn't have been—well, flamboyant. That wouldn't have been *me*."

This personal integrity, this insistence upon being true to herself and what she believes in is Ann's greatest strength, and her surest guarantee of continued happiness. All her life, she has wanted to be an actress, and she has achieved that goal. But success and fame are not her gods. She's willing to work for them, and work hard, but she would never compromise, for the sake of her career, with her own sense of values. Important as her work is to her, Dr. Jim and Timmy and the other children she hopes to have are all more important. And will remain so.

THE END

That Crackerjack-of-all-Trades, Calhoun

(Continued from page 42)

golden blanket. "What's the matter, darling? Are you having trouble?"

"Trouble? I do a perfectly good job of turning eggs till they're just right, and when I try to get them off the spatula, the yolks break and the whites flow all over the plate."

"Don't worry, darling. It happens to the best of us."

That settled it for Lita—but not for Rory.

He kept thinking. Finally he came up with the answer: a spatula with a handle attached to the handle which slides off an egg so gently, even the hen couldn't object!

Having a business mind as well as being inventive, Rory had no intention of keeping the idea just for his own use. He planned to have it patented, and someday, quite possibly, make as much or more money from his royalties than he earns in movies.

He proceeded about it carefully, because a few years ago he failed to protect another original idea which was promptly stolen. And Rory isn't the kind of fellow who gets burned twice.

At that time he'd invented the first detergent cheesecloth, which might have made him a millionaire had he not talked about it before it was securely protected.

It would take too many pages to list all of Rory's original ideas, but there's at least one more which deserves mention, because in the years to come it might ease the burden of farmers all over the world. Irrigation has always been one of Rory's biggest headaches on his ranch. With comparatively little rainfall, not much will grow without it, yet it's a backbreaking job to constantly move irrigation pipes through which the water must flow.

One evening, so tired he could hardly stay awake through dinner, a thought occurred to him that solved his problem: Why not put wheels on the pipes, and roll them from place to place instead of carrying them?

Put into practice, it proved a practical and energy-saving device which today is being used by an ever-increasing number of ranchers.

Not only his ingenuity but a number of other revelations about Rory may come as a complete surprise to his many fans who are comparatively unfamiliar with Rory's life—in spite of the thousands of words that have appeared about him.

The reason? Unless pressed, he's not particularly fond of talking about himself. He feels that what he's doing away from the camera is his own business. To this, add the fact that his handful of

close friends—Howard Hill, Guy Madison, his foreman Eddie Sandlin, West Christiansen and Hal Biller—can't exactly be described as chatter boxes either! No wonder little is known about Rory except that he is happily married to Lita Baron, does well in pictures and is an expert hunter. Even on the latter subject there's a great deal of misconception.

It is generally believed that Rory took up hunting with bow and arrow as a result of his association with the 20th century Robin Hoods, Howard Hill and Guy Madison. That's not the case.

Actually, having used a .22 Winchester since his sixth birthday, he found hunting with a rifle somewhat dull. By the time he was fourteen, he exchanged it for a bow and arrow.

That doesn't mean he has lost his taste for fire weapons altogether. He owns ten rifles and would have double that number if Lita wouldn't protest so hard every time he brings another one home.

To the vast majority of Hollywood actors, a successful career is the ultimate goal. To Rory it's just a means to an end, a way to make money to promote some of his other projects till they become self-supporting.

Because he has no illusions about his acting ability, he has sometimes angered his bosses with his attitude. At 20th Century-Fox, where he was under contract for many years, he refused to attend drama lessons, reasoning that it would be a waste of time, that he would do better simply being himself rather than try for a more polished, more dramatic but less convincing performance.

The fact that his acting is limited to playing himself on the screen doesn't preclude a lack of creative spirit on his part. On the contrary: It's one of his many ambitions to become a successful writer. He has already sold one original story, "Shot Gun," which was made into a movie soon to be released, starring Sterling Hayden and Yvonne DeCarlo.

Hand in hand goes Rory's hunger for reading, though his taste and manner of reading are quite astonishing. It ranges from the scientific to the ridiculous. He can get equally enthusiastic over technical analyses, Book-of-the-Month Club selections and the Sunday funnies. Because his biggest problem is time, he reads fast, like he's worried he might miss out on something if he didn't get through one book quickly enough to start another one right away. When he accompanied Lita to New York last summer, when she appeared at the St. Regis, he read five books on the train between Los Angeles and Grand Central Station in New York City—a train



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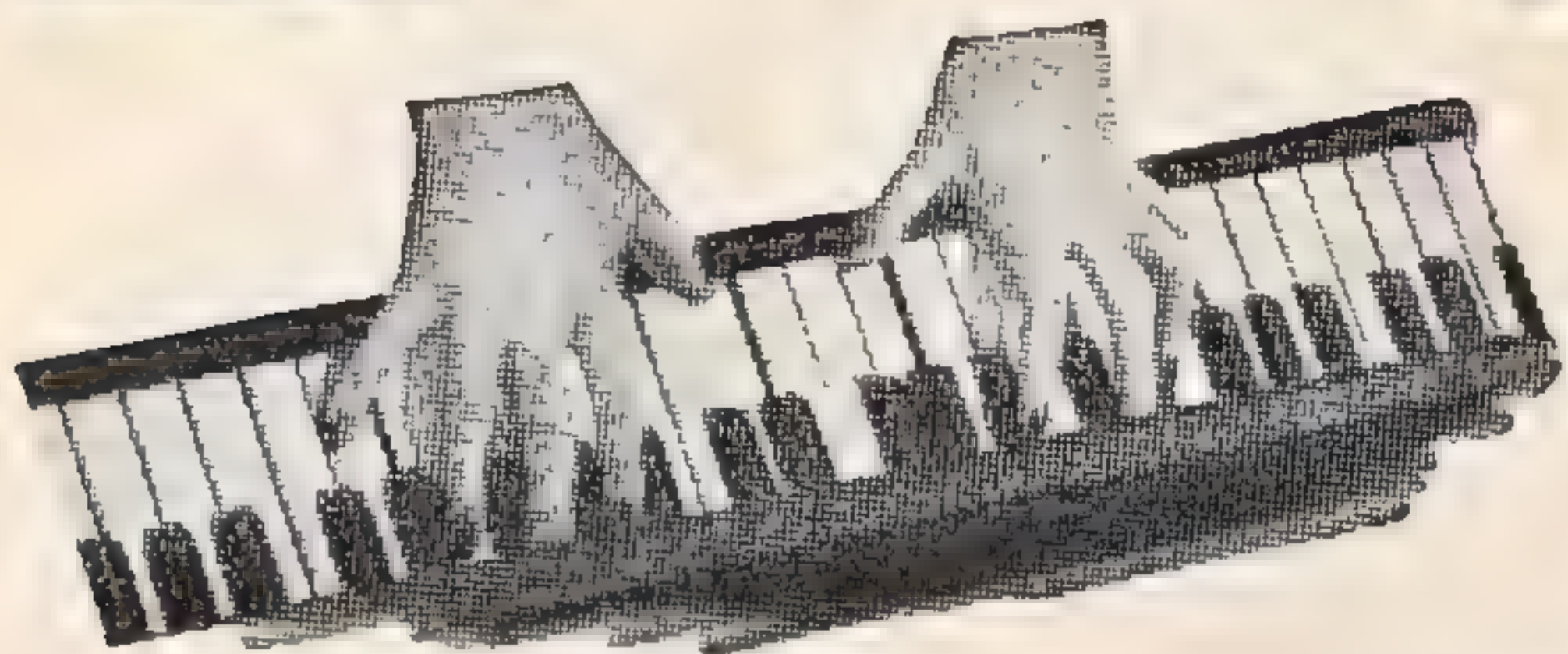
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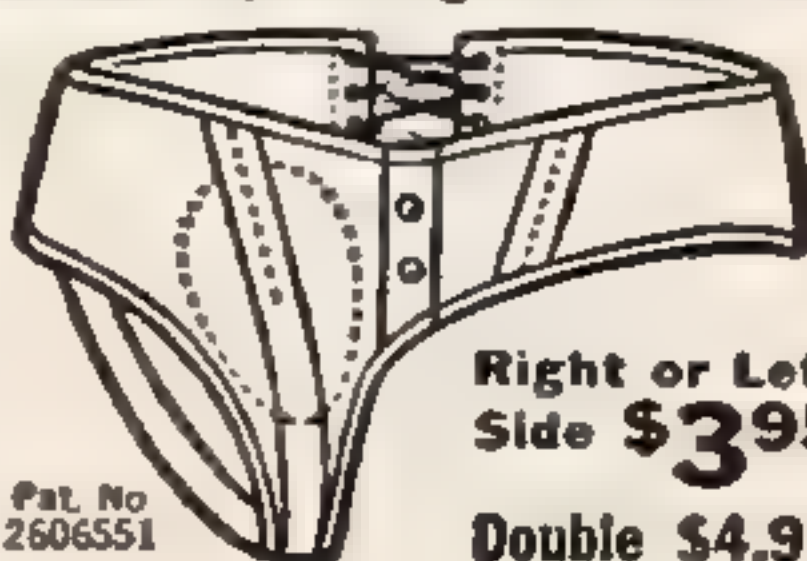
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On Sunday morning, his favorite part of the paper is the Home Section. To get ideas for his house, which he and Lita keep redecorating.

For that matter, Rory has all kinds of unusual domestic qualities. He loves to cook, for instance.

This inclination has paid off handsomely in recent months, since Rory has become a restaurateur ("I'm not in the restaurant business," he insists. "I own saloons, but the food is good!").

He first got the idea when he heard of a place for sale on highway 101, near Ventura. Food and drinks are basic commodities, he reasoned. If you give customers quality and service, you can't fail.

He gave them both and did so well that three months later he opened his second "saloon" in Ojai, and soon a third, nearby. He now contemplates opening additional places in Fillmore and other Southern California localities. It won't be surprising to anyone, least of all Rory, if within a few years, he's running the biggest chain of restaurants—or whatever he calls them—in California.

Rory is not an absentee proprietor. Although he has full confidence in his brother-in-law, Pete Castro, who runs his chain, whenever he finds time he stops in at one of his places. And not just for a quick checkup, but to work.

Many of his fans may wonder why a movie star like Rory—who could afford to hire manual laborers—himself does so much hard physical work.

He has two reasons: If something goes wrong, he has no one but himself to blame. Furthermore, working with his hands is so much a part of him that he can't do without it, no matter how much money he'll ever have in his bank account. It's a physical kind of independence, a desire to get along without help, of being capable to do any job anyone else can do. Rory would have made a good pioneer.

He always has been a self-made person, anxious to work for his independence. He earned his first money when he was seven, dragging nets on and off fishing boats.

At ten he was making twenty-five cents an hour mowing lawns, and at fourteen was in business for himself: he had the lubrication concession at his father's gas station, and by his own choosing, paid rent for it as any outsider would have to do. Averaging four dollars a day, a huge amount in those days for a boy his age, he not only saved enough to buy himself a '32 "Model B" Ford during his junior year in high school, but on his insistence also paid for his clothing. Not that he was particularly fond of clothes—he never owned more than four suits at one time—but he wanted to prove, mostly to him-

self, that he could get along on his own. He's been proving it ever since.

This attitude certainly comes in hand at the ranch—twelve miles from the nearest phone—where he is faced with constant emergencies. He has to be a combination electrician, plumber, carpenter.

In stories that have been done in the past about Rory and Lita, not enough credit has been given to the girl who has contributed so much to his success and happiness.

It was quite an accomplishment for the tiny, attractive singer to get adjusted to her husband's kind of life: camping out, going hunting and fishing, taking care of a four-bedroom home in Beverly Hills at the ranch doing all the cooking, cleaning, washing dishes, running the tractor, helping put up fences, sharing with Rory almost any other kind of manual labor. Yet she manages to keep up with her husband and still look as attractive today as she did in 1948 when Rory first heard her singing with Xavier Cugat and his band at the Santa Cruz Civic Auditorium.

A few weeks ago, the girl who six years ago didn't know the difference between a Holstein and a Jersey cow, surprised even her husband with her ever-growing knowledge of ranching. Rory and Eddie Sandlin were discussing how to stock the ranch when she suddenly came in with her ideas on the proper percentage of each type of cattle. What's more, she justified her arguments by quoting the exact price of beef at the Los Angeles stock market.

Curiously, although Rory doesn't object to her hard, physical work on the ranch, he considers her night-club appearances too strenuous for the remuneration. A top singer, says Rory, deserves top salary, and hers, he feels, has never equalled her popularity with her audience.

Rory's reasoning seems strangely contradictory—till you consider his own attitude in this respect: Because he works for himself, he doesn't mind getting tired doing physical labor for which he could hire a man for \$1.25 an hour. But in his films, he wants the best salary he can squeeze out of the studio. His present contracts are the envy of many equally successful actors who don't have his business sense.

Thus, in a way, Rory has a double concept of life: On one side, get all you can out of it, financially. Keep busy with no enterprises. Don't restrict yourself to one line of work. Expand constantly. On the other hand, don't let financial and career success interfere with the basic things of life. For the only kind of life, according to Rory, worth living is a full, well-rounded, productive existence.

THE END

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The Case of the Vanquished Bachelor

(Continued from page 61)

sis of Gloria Hatrick MacLean Stewart her first marriage. Wisenheimers in Hollywood still can't cite believe in Stewart, the Benedict Arnold—even after five years—bearing in mind as they do that until Jimmy was fifty-two, he was the archetype slippery sn, the bachelor incarnate. Five years later, the perennial bachelor might well be described as Squire Stewart. Marriage becomes him like his favorite weeds, and he finds fatherhood a comfortable and preoccupying condition. His ties to his children are always with him. A good example of this is when during the summer of 1954, Jimmy—with Gloria—made his first trip to the continent. As Colonel in command of an Air Force lumber squadron, he had flown over it hundreds of times during the war, but this was his first foot contact with the streets of Paris, Rome, and twelve other major European cities. In Rome, where "Harvey" was playing, Jimmy was presented with a huge white rabbit, alive! Naturally pictures were taken, and these made their way in due time to Beverly Hills where they were spotted by entranced Judy and Kelly. "We'll be so happy to have you home again, and we hope the big white rabbit you are bringing us will be happy here," wrote the twins, courtesy of their nurse who "knows how to spell." When this communique reached the Stewarts, they had gone on to Munich, leaving left the rabbit in the arms of a delighted Roman child. "We'll have to make arrangements to pick up a rabbit on our way home," Jimmy said chagrined, "But would have been impossible to tote that animal all over Europe." Even worse than toting that rugby football, agreed Gloria with a broad smile. Just a week before, Jimmy had been given football, autographed by all members of the team, at a rugby match in Rome. "The boys will be crazy about this," he had observed, and he made arrangements to have wrapped and tied with a system of cords and handle so he could carry it. Carry it he did—over the continent of Europe, and across the width of the United States! And the minute he got off the plane he headed for the pet shop for the girls' rabbit. Although only two of Jimmy's most recent pictures ("The Glenn Miller Story," "Dear Window," "Strategic Air Command," "The Far Country," and "The Man from Ramie") have been Westerns, the boys regard their Top Hand as strictly from Etoson. They bedeviled him until he agreed to build them a fort to hold off the Beverly Hills tribe of marauding Indians. Actually this edifice is a stockade (it lacks roof), but it has thirty-six square feet of grassy floorspace, and its chinked log walls are equipped with embrasures from which to fire Colt .45's or Winchester .73's. Although the boys were dubious at first about permitting the twins to help repulse the war parties, Jimmy made a settlement that all hands must share in defense. After all, he reminded them, "there are very few boys lucky enough to have two little sisters to help." As the family consisted Before Twins, of Jimmy, Gloria, Ronald and Michael, the Stewarts felt that they must move to larger quarters if they were to be six. They were shown hilltop moderns full of glass panes for children to break, and they were shown valley provincials full of painted stairways where children could break their arms; eventually they inspected a square-rigged, placid and substantial house in Beverly Hills. Its windows were ample, but they did not extend to the

floor; its stairways were shallow and wide. Its facade was overgrown with ivy. "It looks like a dormitory," said Gloria. "Well?" said Jimmy. Two of this dormitory's occupants were overheard taking an extensive interest in their forthcoming bunk mate before the stork had let his multiple intentions be known. "It's going to be mine, no matter what it is," insisted Michael. "That baby is going to be mine," countered Ronald. "The two of you are going to have to learn to share," ruled their mother. "The baby will belong to each of you equally, both of you together." She gave them a brief lecture on the beauties of cooperation and generosity, but their attention was spotty and restless. "After all, you feel that Belo belongs to both of you," she wound up. Belo is the family's huge German Shepherd dog, now ten years old and blind, hence doubly-deserving of a small boy's special love. Besides, he is older than either boy, thus commands respect. "Nope," said Ronald, "Belo belongs to you. You had him in the family before you had us. This baby is different. I'm the oldest so it should belong to me. If there's another one, Michael can have it when the time comes." And so it stood until Gloria learned that she was to have twins "right out of left field, since there is no record of twins in either of our families." The boys were impressed. Michael said softly, "Gosh, that's swell of you, Mother. Now each one of us can have a baby all to himself." Ronald still discerned a problem. "Yeah, it's okay for us, but what about Belo? What about a baby for Belo?" "A problem Belo will have to solve for himself," observed Gloria dryly. The fact of Jimmy's double-feature fatherhood has been fraught with pride for papa from the day X-rays promised twin Stewarts. Promptly, Jimmy took Gloria shopping for nursery furniture. "We'll take two of these beds," Jimmy said. The sales woman was eager to be helpful. "One pink and one, perhaps, blue?" "No. Just alike. Two junior chests of drawers. Two high chairs. Two of everything." Impressed by the legends of Hollywood elegance, the saleswoman exclaimed, "How nice to plan two nurseries, one on the second floor and one, perhaps, on the first. Wherever the family is, the baby can be, too." Responded Jimmy without change of expression, "Not two nurseries. Two babies, twins." The twins were born, by Caesarian section, on May 7, 1951. If the birth had been ordinary, Kelly would have been the older twin, but Judy has always been larger, so she arrived first. The girls are fraternal, not identical twins. In appearance they are as different as sisters can be. Judy has thick straight, flaxen hair which is worn in a Dutch bob. Her eyes are almost elliptical, giving her a wise, contemplative look; and they're blue as the deep sea. She has a good deal of natural dignity and rarely rushes into new friendships. Some people think she looks and acts like Jimmy. Michael is positive that she looks and acts like him. "After all, she's my sister." Kelly has a cherub's mass of curly chestnut hair. Her eyes are hazel, her nose is tiptilted and she is filled with puppylike curiosity and gregariousness. More fragile than Judy, she takes her childhood ailments very seriously. She runs higher

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fevers than Judy, her colds last longer, her immunization shots produce stronger reaction. When Kelly is ill, Judy mothers her, brings her drinks of water (spilled only here and there), plays contentedly in the nursery as if there were no beckoning garden just beyond the windows, and in general tries to be of comfort.

Judy's serious-mindedness shows in other ways. She will sit for hours holding a book on her lap and turning the pages one by one studying pictures and puzzling over the alluring, mysterious lines of type. She never flips ten or fifteen pages at a time, child-fashion, but treats books with adult respect.

Yet it is Judy who has the temper. One afternoon she was playing with her mother's cinch belt which has a dual metal post closure, the left half sliding from the top of the right into a slot. In order to close the belt, a pair of small hands must first understand the principle and then hold steady enough to bring the solid cylinder and the hollow cylinder into juxtaposition and slide them together. Actually it is a problem to baffle a six-year-old, but Judy took it on.

She worked for long moments, her tongue extended sideways between her teeth, her forehead wrinkled in consternation. When she found she couldn't close the belt, she hurled it to the floor, clenched her fists and held them beside her head, as if in anger at the inadequacy of her own brain, meanwhile uttering brief squeals of infuriated frustration.

Then she tried again. Finally the nurse, Mrs. Wilson (who has been with the youngsters since birth) showed her how to steady an elbow against her side, bring the posts into alignment and slide them together. Judy's sigh of satisfaction could have been heard into Kansas.

Kelly is not so intense. She will work at placing those educational-toy colored posts into their slots, but if one proves to be stubborn she casts it aside with a shrug and goes on to something else. When Judy is going through one of her determined attempts to lick a problem, Kelly is inclined to pat her sister's head sympathetically. Eventually, Kelly may ask, "Why bother? I don't think it's worth it, do you?" So far, Judy cannot agree.

Kelly's great enthusiasm is clothes. It is she who decides (if allowed by her mother or Mrs. Wilson) which outfit she and Judy will wear. Judy never questions the choice.

Right now, Kelly—like most small girls—likes any color at all as long as it is red. Her favorite costume is a pair of red corduroy jumper trousers combined with a yellow pullover and cardigan sweater set.

From the Canadian location for "The Far Country," Jimmy sent the girls each a Scotch tartan beret topped by a red pompon. Unfortunately the berets were a size too small. That didn't bother Kelly. She was so enthralled by her new headgear that she perched it on top of her curls and walked around stiff-necked. A moment later she relaxed and the beret fell off. Chuckling, she picked up the topper and replaced it, pancake fashion, above her curls.

Judy tried on her beret before a mirror, discovered that it didn't fit, shook her head, and tossed the bonnet aside.

On another occasion, Jimmy bought blue jeans "just like Papa's" for his twins. For weeks Kelly would wear nothing else, and even clothes-unconscious Judy was inclined to examine her mirrored image with an expression bordering upon genuine approval.

Judy was the first of the twins to talk and her initial word was "Papa!" used imperatively because she wanted to call his attention to minor mayhem being committed by Kelly. Miss Kelly, the mischievous sister, was biting dignified Judy's arm. Judy, instead of retaliating in kind (she

has the same number of teeth), called on higher authority.

Papa acted. He paddled Miss Kelly on well-padded area; no real damage was done to anything except Kelly's ego, but she carried on as if Belo had died. She's the dramatic one.

Kelly is the more garrulous sister, too. When Jimmy brought home a pair of Indian dolls, it was Kelly who gasped, "Oh brother!" When Judy, driving her tricycle with magnificent verve, bangs it into the fence or a tree, it is Kelly who shouts "Oh, brother!"

Incidentally, the two Stewart tricycles are the only objects the girls have ever owned which do not match exactly. One has a blue frame and the other red. Gloria and Jimmy decided to award the tricycles as a unit without designating which vehicle belonged to which sister. The girls seemed to accept them in the same manner. Neither child has laid positive claim to one or the other. Sometimes Judy will ride the red, some times the blue. By some sort of tacit arrangement however, Judy is the one who decides who is to ride what.

Kelly it is who carries on long conversations with the servants. She's a round-eye admirer of Panlichet, the French butler and she has learned a surprising amount of French from being with him. One day she marched into the dining room where Panlichet was polishing silver, climbed onto a chair, composed herself, and delivered her first complete sentence: "Panlichet, I want to talk to you." She also tells him "Bonjour" in the morning, "Bon soir," at night and "Au revoir" when she leaves the house during the day.

Judy is inclined to observe her sister linguistically with an indulgently humorous expression which is a miniature of the wryly amused Stewart look so familiar to motion-picture and TV fans.

Judy seldom attempts to copy her sister but Kelly is inclined to mimic anything that blond Judy does. Curlytop Kelly seems to be somewhat envious of Judy's flaxen Dutch bob and on two occasions has eluded the nurse and her mother long enough to lay hand on a pair of manicure scissors and a comb, attempting to cut bangs as she has seen the barber do for Judy.

The result is, of course, a ruffle of tin rebellious curls instead of the sedate coiffure into which Judy's hair likes to fall.

The general give and take of the twin relationship stops short in one area: each knows her own particular nicknames and refuses to be called by any other.

The Stewart family is quick to apply sportive labels to its loved ones, so shortly after birth Judy became "Tweedledum" and Kelly became "Tweedledee." There were other aliases: Judy became "Fox Blue Eyes" and Kelly became "Irish." Judy became "Pretzel Puss" and Kelly became "Needle Nose."

While Jimmy was tucking the girls in bed one night he said to Judy, "Oka Needle Nose, you've horsed around long enough. Into the hay you go this minute."

Judy's eyes flew wide with indignation. "Me not Needle Nose," she corrected. "Kelly, Needle Nose. Me, Pretzel Puss. Say it, Papa."

Mr. Stewart bowed. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I'm sorry to have made such an obvious mistake. Please get into bed now Pretzel Puss. And goodnight to you, Needle Nose."

Two little girls pulled the covers up around their necks and two little girls were lost in giggles.

Jimmy turned out the light and considered the situation as he descended the stairs. Were the girls pulling a fast one on him? Was Judy really? . . . Or was Kelly? . . .

"I'll never know," he decided.
THE END

If You Like What You Love You're in Luck

(Continued from page 49)

the nose. I'm always the one who loses." Marty is the voice of authority at home," Chris explained. "Terry is crazy about him. Sometimes I think that's why Marty married me."

Don't forget Nana," Mr. Melcher objected.

Nana is my mother," Doris explained, and Marty dearly loves her.

You see, I'm just an 'also-ran' at home," Chris said. "I don't count much."

Not much. You should see her do her gardening."

I like gardening, but I need a little help," Doris admitted.

Doris reminds me of a surgeon," Marty explained. "Scalpel—sutures—scissors! With Doris it's: 'hoe—shovel—sprinkler!'"

The steaks arrived, sans potatoes for Mr. Melcher. "Let me at least try one," he said, tearing several off my plate. Miss Day added her tomato juice with a glass of buttermilk, admiring the pink hue she'd concocted. "It's delicious. Try it," she said, offering me her glass.

I took a sip while Marty, having followed suit mixing the brew, downed half the glass at one swallow. Like taking medicine. I nevertheless wasn't quite ready to lend him my sympathy. "Tell me," I asked. "Does she leave the cap off her toothpaste?"

"Invariably."

"That's only the half of it," Doris concluded cheerfully. "I'm a tube wrestler. I can't help myself. I squeeze them all out of shape."

"And when she's through with hers she starts in on mine," Marty observed.

As husband to husband, I was beginning to feel an affinity with Marty Melcher. "What about late snacks?" I asked.

"No problem," Marty said. "I have nibbles, though."

"I make him jumpy at times when I rearrange my lines," Doris elaborated. "I always do before I go to sleep."

"I'm peacefully dozing off and she'll suddenly shout: 'I'm going to have you arrested, you cad,' or something like that. It's enough to make a nervous wreck out of anyone."

"Never mind," Doris said. "You get even with me when I'm having my massage. I get relaxed, feeling wonderful. Suddenly there's a scream. 'Shut up. Don't make a move,' someone says. 'What's the matter, darling?' I shriek. No answer. Then—'Get out of that coffin, sister,' the same voice. By that time I finally realize it's the television. It's the one time when I can't stand television."

"You see," Marty said. "It's not always so easy being married to Doris."

"Anyway," I said, "you can have Doris' singing whenever you want it."

"What do you mean?" Doris protested. "Marty does all the singing at home—in the power."

"I sing pretty good," Marty said, somewhat injured.

"A great voice," Doris affirmed. "My gain as the Met's loss. Marty dances, too. Clad in a bath towel."

Several people stopped at the table to say hello." Doris Day incorporated greeted them with her customary charm. You could see them brightening up, literally like a darkened room whose shutters are suddenly thrown open to the sunshine and daylight.

"They're nice," Doris said after the visitors left.

"Doris thinks everybody should be happy," Marty commented. "Or at least to try to be happy—think happy thoughts. She's right, too. It's one of the things I've

learned from her and I'm grateful for it."

"What's the use of making yourself get depressed? The whole world would be a happier place if everybody tried harder to think only in positive terms. This is not just a line. I'm convinced of it. It's worked pretty well for me. It can work for others, too. I like things that are nice, wholesome."

"I'll have banana cream pie for dessert," Doris told the waitress.

"Coffee for me, black," Marty ordered balefully. "Look at that girl—banana cream pie—and she doesn't gain an ounce." Doris looked slim and trim in a sky blue, pleated all-around shirtwaist dress with pleated cap sleeves and collar.

"I work hard—I've got to eat," Doris said, putting her fork in position for that first, delicious bite.

What, incidentally, was she doing when she was not working? I asked.

"Rearranging furniture," Marty answered. "Sometimes I come home at night and I think I'm in the wrong house. It's a good thing we're not living in an apartment. I'd really be in trouble."

"It's a good thing you're not a drinking man," Doris added gaily.

"You can see it's not so easy," Marty said again. "Come see me alone some day and I'll give you the lowdown on our marriage problems."

"You do that," Doris encouraged me. "And come see me later. I may have something to say on that, too."

I had a warm glow taking leave of Doris and Marty, the kind one always feels after meeting a couple who are happy and in love. For underneath the kidding and the banter that was quite obvious, they're congenial, enjoy each other's company, and there's genuine trust, friendship and affection between them. They like each other. Which is even more than being in love.

It's easy to see why they should be attracted one to the other. Doris and Marty are a study in contrasts, a composition in black and white. Marty—a good deal handsomer than he appears in snapshots—is very dark, the perfect foil for Doris' fairness. Where Doris is bubbling over with enthusiasm, is straightforward and direct, Marty is wry, suave, very calm and restrained. Such differences frequently generate the spark of attraction.

However, the Melchers have now been together for close to four years, and from the looks of it they're going to stay married till the end of their lives. What was it that seemed to tie them together so securely?

The Marty Melcher I met alone in his office was different from the urbane man he'd been at the luncheon table.

"We love each other," he said simply.

"Doris is a wonderful girl. She has—how shall I put it?—she has confidence. Not just confidence in herself; a lot of people have that. Doris has confidence in life. It's more than faith, she has that, too, very strong faith—it's a deep instinctive confidence that life is wonderful and that everything that happens is for the best. It's a sense of belonging, of being right and fitting for this world. I admire her for it, and I envy it."

"Sometimes I think of her as Pippa," Marty smiled. "You know, Browning's poem, 'Pippa Passes'? When I look at Doris I know that all's right with the world."

"Incidentally, how is Doris in the morning?" I asked.

"Sleepy, but cheerful after she's had her breakfast. You'll never see her grumpy."

"That's the miracle about this girl. Doris has actually had more than her share of setbacks and heartbreak in her life. You probably know that she nearly was crippled in an automobile accident when she was just a kid. It took her over a year to get back on her feet and cut short a prom-

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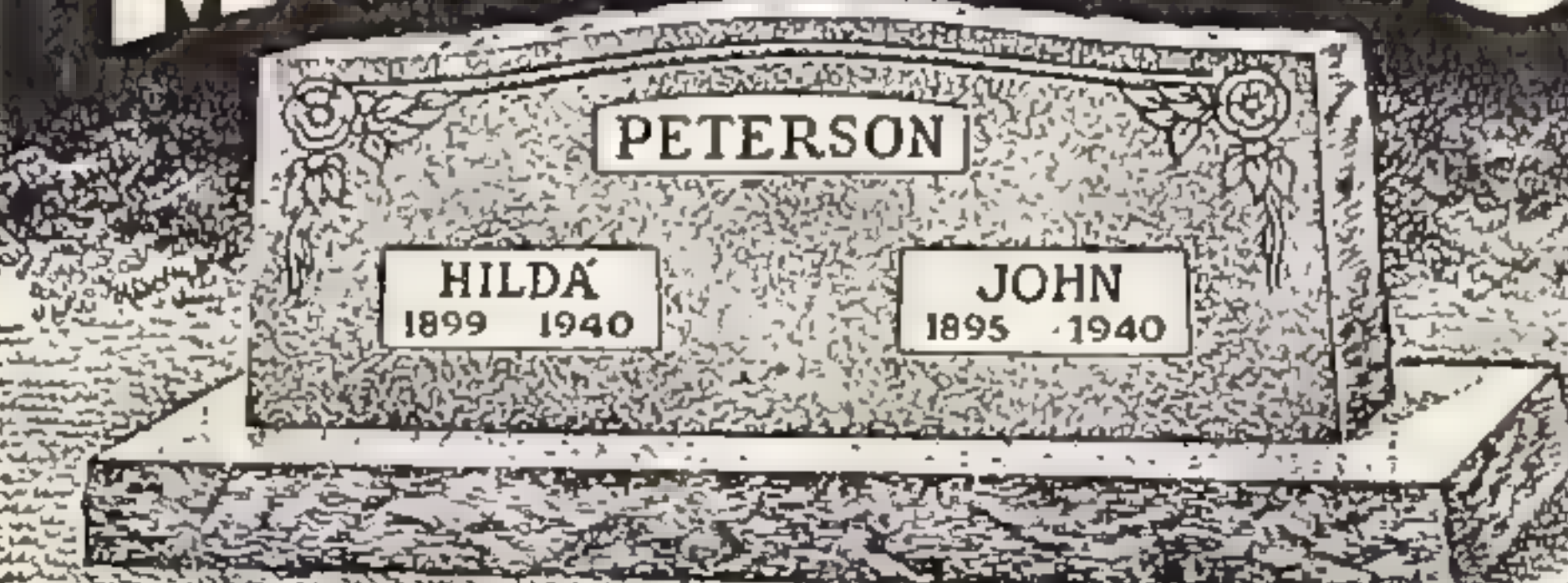
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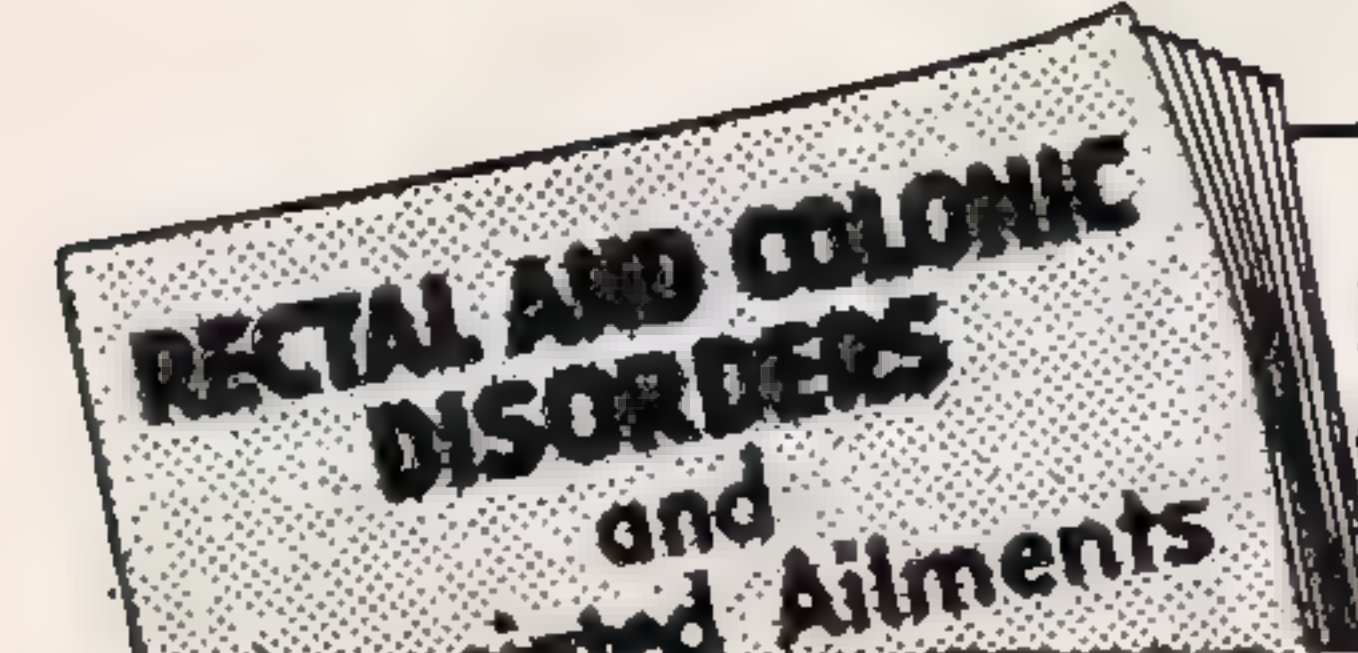
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ising career as a dancer. She took up singing only as an afterthought. She saw her parents divorce, was married herself by the time she was eighteen and had Terry to take care of and make a living for at an age when most girls are just beginning to take their first, shy look at life.

"Most people would have become sour and hard with the kind of tough sledding Doris had, but not she. Believe me, that sunny disposition is no pose. I don't think there's anything that could take away her joy of living for very long.

"Don't make the mistake of thinking that Doris is not sensitive or doesn't feel very deeply, though. She's a warmhearted girl whose grief can be as poignant as that of any other human being. That's part of Doris' make-up and part of her charm. She feels intensely, and she'll give all of herself. She'll never hide part of herself under a mask. You always know where you stand with Doris.

"Another thing is, she'll grieve, but she won't brood. Sooner or later her natural buoyancy always breaks through. She's quite a girl."

Marty's and Doris' own romance started slowly, blossoming into love through mutual trust, friendship and understanding. The first evening they spent together was following a recording session to which Marty had taken Doris reluctantly to help out his partner, Al Levy, who was then Doris' agent. Neither of them was in a mood for romance.

They found they liked each other's company, though, and pretty soon Marty got into the habit of dropping by Doris' home and having dinner with the family. Terry, Doris' son, seemed to take a shine to Marty immediately. Marty has since adopted him and feels not in the least like a stepfather.

Marty and Doris were married on Doris' birthday, April 3, 1950. Doris' mother had to shoo them out of the house for their honeymoon. They made it brief. Both were longing to settle down with each other. At long last they'd found peace.

Peace—with all her exuberance and all her success—wasn't one of the things Miss Day had an oversupply of before her marriage to Marty Melcher. A trooper since her teens, she'd been on the move almost constantly, leading a restless though frequently exciting life. Even before her near-fatal automobile accident at the age of fifteen she'd played a series of summer bookings, teaming up with her school chum Jerry Doherty in a kids' comedy dance routine. She expected to do big things as a dancer, but the accident at a railroad crossing in a car crowded with youngsters shattered those dreams. The year she spent in a plaster cast trying to get well and back on her feet wasn't exactly a peaceful one either. For a long time it looked as though she'd never walk again except on crutches, or at best only with a bad limp. The idea of becoming a dancer, of ever again expressing with her feet the rhythm she'd felt in her blood since she was a baby seemed definitely out. But Doris, a born performer, was irrepressible. If she couldn't dance, she'd sing.

At first she only sang for her own pleasure to give an outlet to the exuberance and rhythm that bubbled up again despite the setback. Then a friend of her mother's who

happened to be a singing teacher took her in hand and worked on her range. Fourteen months after her accident, still hobbling on crutches, she was back in business at the old stand, the local dance in her home town of Cincinnati, Ohio. E where she'd once hoofed, she now sang, and sang well enough to attract the attention of professionals. A song plugger, Danny Eng recommended her to radio station WLW voice coach, Grace Raine, who in turn recommended her to Barney Rapp who was looking for a singer for his band.

"I can't use that name," Rapp said when he was told about Doris Kappelhoff. "Send over the girl. Maybe I can use her." Doris sang for him "Day After Day," which was hired on the spot and changed her name to "Day" after the lucky song.

Doris was mighty happy over that first break; but she couldn't stand still; she had to move on. Always on the go, she went from Barney Rapp to Bob Crosby, and finally to Les Brown. Then came a ballad, "Sentimental Journey," that sold over a million platters and spread her fame from coast to coast. The next step was a successful screen test for Mike Curtiz, a starring role in "Romance on the High Seas," and a Warners contract.

Success came to Doris fast after that, but happiness still eluded her. Mom and Terry moved out to Hollywood at last and she found a great measure of contentment, perhaps without being fully conscious of herself, she felt incomplete not being married. The famous grin came back pretty quickly, and the exuberance, but the inner glow was added only when Marty Melcher entered her life.

"Marty is a very kind person. That's what I love perhaps most in him," Doris told me when she, in turn, spoke to me alone. "Times he'll make a pretense of being cynical, but underneath it he's one of the softest, gentlest men I've ever known."

Doris needs kindness, always has needed it. Even as a child, she often used to wake up crying, plagued by nightmares and fantasies conjured up by the dark. When she ran into her parents' bedroom for reassurance her father would send her away. "Doke," he'd say. "You go back to bed. A let's have no more of this nonsense." Then she'd stand shivering in the hall, waiting for her mother to come tiptoeing out to comfort her in her arms.

"Terry knew Marty was all right the minute he laid eyes on him," Doris continued. "Kids seem to have an instinct for that sort of thing. Marty is a wonderful father to Terry—and a wonderful husband to me.

"Sure I was in love before. I knew heartache and misery and thought that was the way it had to be and always was. I was wrong. Since I've known Marty I've learned that love really is the most beautiful experience two people can share.

"It takes a little growing up. This isn't kid stuff. But most of all you have to be lucky and find a guy who's good, patient, a sweet, a guy who'll never hurt you; someone who cares about your welfare and happiness as much as he does about his own and you about his. Never mind all this talk about friendship, security, understanding. In my book, that's love."

THE END

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Hollywood Has Designs on You

(Continued from page 64)

the skirt all the way down, which gave it the look of a one-piece dress when accessorized properly.

"I chose flannel, and still recommend it highly because it is always a good fashion buy. The price range is excellent, for you can buy a good flannel suit for around fifty dollars and know that it is always in good taste from nine to five, and always in season. In the autumn and winter months you can open the lower buttons of the skirt and show underneath a bright red flannel petticoat. A small red beret and red mittens which are inexpensive make excellent accessories. In the late winter, replace the red flannel with a gay print petticoat, wear a matching scarf and it's spring! Spring-into-summer you can use the skirt with a vest or suspenders and wear the coat with a pleated skirt. There's really just no limit to the flexibility of flannel.

"I happen to like black faille (again, you may prefer another color, perhaps navy, gray or biscuit). So when I planned my European wardrobe I selected a four-piece black faille costume: a slim skirt, a full skirt, a wrap-around jacket with push-up sleeves for late afternoon and a strapless top with shoestring shoulder-straps for formal wear. I often wore the full skirt over the slim skirt and on occasions over a fancy petticoat.

"With black faille, the perfect accessory should be in white or pink. A small white hat with white gloves looks neat and feminine. For myself, I always insist upon keeping the basic color basic and use color only in accessories.

"As for accessories, a good rule is to repeat a color or pattern at least once in every costume, coordinate your gloves with the scarf, your bag with your shoes, or your hat and gloves.

"Hats are coming back, but very small ones—the little beret, the small stitched cloche of the same material as the dress or suit, the little bandeau. In order to be completely groomed, you must wear something in your hair—if only a flower or a veil."

A very good example of a round-the-clock wardrobe is the one designed for Barbara Rush when she visited New York. Bill Thomas of U-I was responsible, and the costumes were stunning.

"She had a very simple little gray flannel suit with a slim skirt and a loose boxy coat," Bill says in describing the wardrobe. She had just two little hats—one dressy and one semi-dressy. For late afternoon, I designed a white organza ankle-length dress that was embroidered in rust and black. For a wrap, Barbara wore a thin black wool jersey bolero with push-up sleeves. For formal occasions, we chose a strapless blue net in floor-length. I'm all for long formals; they make you feel dressed up, festive. As for jewelry, wear just a single strand of pearls with a formal. You can't ever go wrong with pearls—unless you wear too many of them. In fact, one of the big fashion don'ts is: Don't ever wear too much jewelry. Too much of anything detracts.

"For unreasonably warm weather, we made Barbara a very gay black and white checked gingham to wear over a bright blue cotton petticoat. Another good suggestion for late Spring is a little navy cotton dress with a wide white collar, polka dot gloves and matching scarf. Add plain pearl earrings, small ones, and you've got a wonderful basic outfit.

"Barbara wore the gray flannel suit with a small-collared white blouse and a tiny black felt hat, black kid shoes and kid bag and, for fun, red gloves to catch the eye. A touch of color is wonderful, but never use more than three—for instance, a white

blouse, black shoes and bag and red gloves. This does it. I'm partial to white around the face—there's nothing more flattering.

"If you're budget-conscious, separates are your answer. Instead of putting a lot of money into one formal, for instance, get a few separates and mix them up.

"Julia Adams knows how to use separates. She has four skirts, pencil-slim (she also has a divine figure) and four full skirts in bright tomato red, blue, yellow, and green which she wears around the lot when working. By alternating the colors, she always looks trim and tailored and never the same.

"For a girl with a modest budget, I wouldn't suggest such bright colors as tomato red (Gee, she's got that red skirt on again!), but instead one cotton skirt in a solid, softer color, or perhaps a small print or a plain dark faille.

"Scarves make interesting belts. So do Dad's ties. If he has a couple that look alike, you can use them as suspenders held in place with gold-plated safety pins.

"Teens look wonderful in full or semi-full skirts, provided they're never, never seen wearing flats with them. With ballerina skirts, always wear a medium heel. With slim and not-so-slim skirts a big don't is: Don't wear them too tight. You'll look more feminine and graceful if your skirt fits just a little easy.

"After all, a girl's fashion aim should be to look feminine.

"Says Piper Laurie, 'I believe that women should look feminine always—and everywhere. On the beach, in the kitchen, on horseback, in the office as well as in the ballroom.' She's right, too."

M-G-M's Helen Rose has very definite ideas about clothes. "Money, where good clothes are concerned, is not important at all. Smart fashion is simply a matter of patience and planning," she insists.

"Most of us are guilty of a very horrible thing. We go through a store, see a dress ('A bargain, my dear, marked way down'), buy it because it's a bargain and take it home. Only then do we realize that we have nothing to wear with it—no shoes, no bag, no scarf, no gloves!

"A girl should shop only twice a year—in April, again in August, the time of the big sales—and shop only after she's studied the fashion magazines, window-shopped and thought it over. Women buy too many clothes. If most of us cut our wardrobe in half we'd come out better-groomed for the simple reason we'd take better care of our clothes.

"When we design clothes for a picture, everything is thought out, down to the last accessory, before scissors are put to the cloth. In 'The Last Time I Saw Paris,' Elizabeth Taylor had some twenty-seven changes and each one was planned to fit Elizabeth's circumstances at the time she wore it.

"Another thing we do at the studio is start every dress with a foundation—a bra and a cinch combined. A good foundation is important.

"I realize clothes for pictures are quite different from clothes for everyday wear. Yet if a girl would diagnose her wardrobe as we do for pictures, she'd save money, time and look wonderful.

"To be well-dressed, a girl must use her head. The first rule of building a wardrobe is to make sure you have the appropriate costume for the time and place. Rule number two is make sure your clothes are interchangeable so that a few things do the work of many.

"For late spring-into-summer, my favorite mix-and-mingle outfit is a black linen strapless dress, black linen jacket, cocktail sweater in black or white, white crocheted gloves and pearl earrings. With the jacket,

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you can wear the dress to the office in the morning. If, unexpectedly, you go out after work, you can remove the jacket, put on the sweater and you're ready for dinner. At dinner, you can remove the sweater and you're bare enough for formal. With no trouble at all, you have three different outfits for three different occasions. A smart trick is to carry your sweater in one of those big baskets that are both useful and smart.

"The most important thing to me in designing clothes is not whether the skirt is long or short or whether it is sheath or full. The important point to always remember is that fashion begins with the woman herself. If a girl isn't tidy in her thinking, I can do nothing for her. But if, like Lana Turner she is tidy in her person and her thinking, if she's proud of her skin, of her figure, and, in short, has pride in herself, you have something to build from."

Jean Louis, who incidentally designed Marlene Dietrich's famed "nude" dress for her night club engagement in Las Vegas, believes that this year, "The working girl's salvation is the jumper dress. He likes a thin black or charcoal gray wool worn with a white blouse or a turtle-neck sweater and matching stole. In the evening, she has only to take off the blouse or sweater and she's set for any date, anywhere.

"The décolleté dress with a little jacket over it, linen for summer, wool with a velvet jacket for winter, answers the same dual purpose as the jumper," Jean Louis says. "Tweed, which is so popular and so good-looking these days, is perfect for winter and is in good taste around the clock. Herringbone is always excellent.

"As for specifics, I feel cold colors (blues, grays, greens, white) are for brunettes; warm colors yellow, brown, orange, some shades of pink, red) are for blonds.

"Overweight girls should wear dark colors and the dressmaker suits or dresses that play down their size. Tailored suits are bad on girls with large busts and hips. For them, the coat dress is particularly good.

"One good tip: After you are finished dressing, take a good look at yourself in the mirror and take off all the extra gim-cracks that spoil the outfit!"

Charles Le Maire of 20th has a simple formula for a basic wardrobe: He suggests. "Two suits, perhaps in tan and brown or blue and gray. Two coats, one for sportswear, one for dress-up. As for color, keep in mind the color selection you've made for your suits. A basic dress, without adornment, that can be dressed up with jewelry, scarves and belts. Then add two wool dresses, and as many sweaters, blouses and skirts as you can afford. For accessories,

you'll need one leather carryall pouch and matching kid shoes and one suede or velvet dressy bag worn with very simple pumps. Remember, color is the key to a well-designed and balanced wardrobe. Make sure your clothes and accessories are coordinated."

A few do's and don'ts that should be of benefit to girls of all ages and occupations are these suggested by top Hollywood designers.

1. For the slim, not-so-slim and teenagers, the ballerina skirt is the best thing that's happened in fashion in years. It's graceful. It sits well. It moves gracefully. And whether it costs \$4.95 or \$49.94, there is nothing more attractive to the legs or provocative to the male than a wide skirt with little ruffles peeking out at the hem. With full skirts go medium heels, no flats.

2. Shoulder pads are optional. Most girls don't need them. On Elizabeth Taylor, with her lovely shoulders and well-developed bosom, pads would detract from her figure. On Donna Reed, who also has a beautiful figure, a little lift to the shoulders looks good. So, go to your mirror and experiment! The rule to follow is, the girl with the long slender neck can wear them; if your neck is short, they probably will make you look as though you're hiding your head in your shoulders.

3. Strapless dresses don't look too good on teenagers, look better on older girls. However, no one should wear them if her shoulders and back are not perfect.

4. Good fashion needs a good foundation. Make sure your foundation garments are well-fitting. Never wear a strapless dress without a good strapless bra.

5. Sheath dresses are difficult to wear and only girls with a great deal of poise and style should wear them. To wear them properly you should know how to use your body. This is the reason most teenagers don't look good in sheaths. If you're tired of the ballerina, the permanently pleated wrinkle-resistant Dacron skirt is an attractive compromise. Pleats are pleasing and provocative.

6. Skirt length depends upon you—and has for the last ten years. If your legs are not good, don't wear too-long skirts. It calls attention to them.

7. You're overweight. The best advice is to loose it, second best is to remember never to wear broad belts; wear narrow ones and of a color that blends in with your skirt and blouse. For the chubby, the contour belt is the best of all, since a straight line around a wide waist adds inches. You'll find adding a medallion, for instance, or a small change purse, a gold or copper piece takes eyes off the 'spanse of your waist and makes it seem smaller. The

neckline of blouse or dress should be small trim and tailored—definitely not round, lo or boat shaped. Also stay away from sheer tops. Overweight should be covered up. A trick to remember is that overweight can be camouflaged to some extent by wearing the next size larger than you usually do. you're a 15 wear a 16, for the minute thing get too tight on a heavy girl, she bulge. Keep your colors neutral, or dark; flaming reds call attention to any kind of figure. Dressmaker suits and dresses look best on the heavy figure.

If your ankles are thick, wear plain pumps, the simplest available. And never toeless shoes, nor ankle straps (this is true of slender ankles, too). They break the lovely flowing line to the calf. With dark suits and dresses, wear dark shoes. With light evening gowns, nude color. And shoes and hose should always match as exactly as possible.

8. For the thin girl, full skirts are the best. Very wide belts look terrific as do blouses with big full flowing sleeves, round low necklines and scarves that tie and float. A slender girl looks wonderful, too, in a tight skirt with a big full flowing blouse. She can also wear large buttons, more detail stripes and patterns, long full sleeves, and three-quarter sleeves. The important thing is to be careful that her arms are not hanging out of two-short sleeves.

9. That one basic dress certainly doesn't have to be black. "I know many blackhaired girls I wouldn't dream of putting a black dress on—their skins are not clear enough. There are also blonds with very dark complexions who would look drab in black. On someone like Arlene Dahl, with her bright red hair and very fair porcelain skin, black is stunning. I also put fuchsia, tangerine, a shades of pink on Arlene. But unless your complexion is clear, stay away from the basic black," says Charles Le Maire.

10. For the tall girl, two-piece dresses and suits are terrific—especially in contrasting colors. They bring the tall girl down. Belts are good, too; they cut the figure in the middle. Grace Kelly is a tall girl. "For 'Rea Window' I designed Grace a cocktail-length dinner dress which had a fitted bodice of black silk jersey and a skirt, worn over multiple petticoats, of white silk organza embroidered in sprays of black jet and straw and a black patent leather belt. She looked stunning," emphasizes Edith Head.

11. Always remember clothes have to fit properly! If you have a fitting problem treat yourself to a couple of sewing lessons—it's worth your effort (When Jean Louis designed Marlene Dietrich's famous nude gown she flew in from New York once a week for ten weeks for fittings!).

12. And remember, too, that smart fashion begins with the person. Good fashion means proper make-up, a correct hair-do, shining hair, a sparkling eye. It means everything is clean, well-pressed. It means white blouses, white clean gloves, shining black shoes . . . freshness and femininity. For an example of this, just study Mitzi Gaynor. She's done for teenagers what Loretta Young and Gene Tierney did for the older woman.

"In parting, I would like to suggest that all you girls take everything out of your closet. All your dresses, coats, suits, hat shoes, gloves. Everything. Lay them clock wise on the floor, sit down in the middle and with pad and pencil take inventory. Separate the things that can be used for spring, such as skirts that can be worn with sweaters and jackets, then put away everything that can't be worn until fall. Put away, not give away, because clothes come back into style. Then take what remains and start developing your own wardrobe coordinating your accessories and getting your outfits into shape. You will never ask 'What can I wear?'" says Le Maire.

THE END

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